THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 172[illegible] Benj. Franklin

JULY 16, 1910 5cts. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

The gum that is
good all through

More Daylight For Factories

Some Facts About Increased Profits

THIS is the "Daylight Era." Everywhere the value of plenty of daylight in *all* industrial institutions is being recognized. Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash means *more daylight* for factories—for mills, foundries, car-shops, power stations, garages, etc. It means that large window openings can be fitted without obstructing frames or heavy mullions—thus saving in cost, as well as giving more light.

Please notice the illustration of the Hennegan Building, in the center of this page. No mere words could tell the story it reveals. Note the vast expanse of windows. Picture how light the building must be within. See the four rows of ventilators, showing but three rows open. Think of the fresh air that floods the interior.

In a building lighted and ventilated as is this—in any well-lighted, well-aired factory or mill—employés reach the *maximum efficiency*. They are capable of better work—do more work. All seem more ALIVE.

Your cost of production is cut down—your profits *increase* thereby.

Detroit-Fenestra Sash—because of its all solid metal construction—is absolutely fire-proof. It will resist fire until wire glass has melted away from it. It will stop the spread of fire in a group of factory buildings.

Thus your employés, machines and materials are safeguarded. *You* are protected from heavy losses.

No ordinary sash can equal Detroit-Fenestra in strength. For the "Fenestra" Joint—an amazing, yet simple invention—gives each intersection more strength than ever was possible before.

Practically *no metal is taken out* of the "Fenestra" Joint to weaken it. A small cross slot merely is made in the vertical bar—only sufficiently large to allow the horizontal bar to pass through.

The moulded portion then is pressed out so as to fold closely around the moulded portion of the horizontal bar, in which a small notch is made to act as a *lock*. Note the illustration.

The metal is simply spread and put together by pressure—when the joining is perfected. Then the "Fenestra" Joint is locked—and *stays* locked.

We have room here for but a few of the notable users of Detroit-Fenestra. But you will see by even so brief a list that the largest institutions of the country have awakened to the value of this steel window.

Great railroads and corporations never take up untried experiments. Their experts investigated Detroit-Fenestra for months. Its adoption by them is a *seal of approval* worth while.

Architects and engineers who specify Detroit-Fenestra insure themselves *permanently* satisfied clients.

Manufacturing executives will do well to insist that all window openings be planned to take Detroit-Fenestra standards.

The strength of Detroit-Fenestra illustrated. Sash about 18 ft. square, shown supporting 20 men.

The Fenestra-Fitted Hennegan & Co. Printing Plant in Cincinnati, O.
Samuel Hannaford & Sons, Architects

Detroit-Fenestra
PATENTED

Solid Steel Window Sash in Standard Sizes

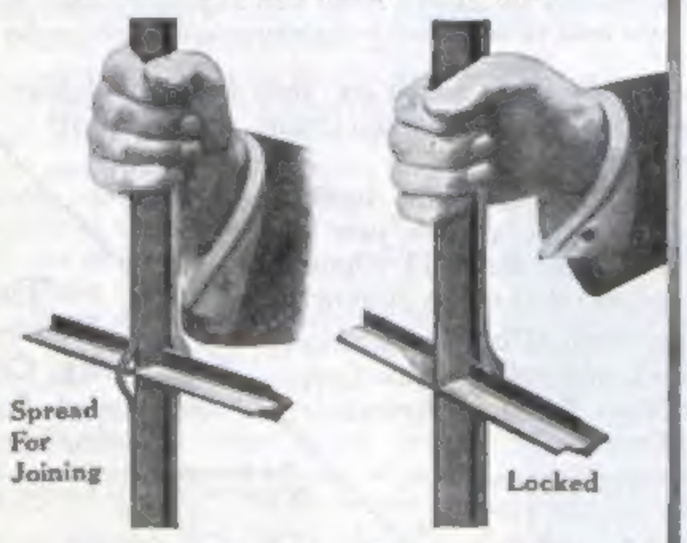
"Daylight for Factories"

institution—to go thoroughly into the subject of this solid metal sash with the patented joint.

A Few of the Notable Users:

Pennsylvania Railroad
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.
U. S. Navy Department
Oregon State Insane Asylum, Salem, Oregon
Deere & Company, Moline, Ill.
Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit
Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit
Lozier Motor Car Co., Detroit
Detroit Stove Works, Detroit
Detroit Shear Co., Detroit
Commonwealth Power Co., Jackson, Michigan
Interborough Rapid Transit Co., New York City
Nelson Valve Company, Philadelphia
Anderson Forge Company, Detroit
M. J. Whittall, Worcester, Mass.
Hennegan & Company, Cincinnati, Ohio
Dodge Mfg. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.
Carnegie Steel Co., Bellaire, Ohio
Procter and Gamble (Ivory Soap), Cincinnati, Ohio
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.
Indian Refining Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Southern Pacific Ry.
Solvay Process Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
American Radiator Co., Kansas City and Buffalo

The "Fenestra" Joint



Practically No Metal Lost

Detroit-Fenestra actually increases the intrinsic value of a building with little additional cost. In fact, the original cost is little, if any, more than ordinary wooden sash. And once bought you have an *enduring* investment, that pays constant dividends.

The day of wooden sash—really *expensive* in the long run—is past. This is the age of steel window sash—as well as the "Daylight Era."

Detroit-Fenestra Sash is made in standard sizes. It is shipped ready to install. All standards are interchangeable units and can be combined, for filling large openings.

Steel mullions are supplied when they are to be used in combination. We have 104 standard sizes and near standards always ready for shipment.

We urge you—whether you are an architect, engineer, contractor or official in a manufacturing

Detroit Steel Products Co.
Manufacturers
Department 71 **Detroit, U. S. A.**

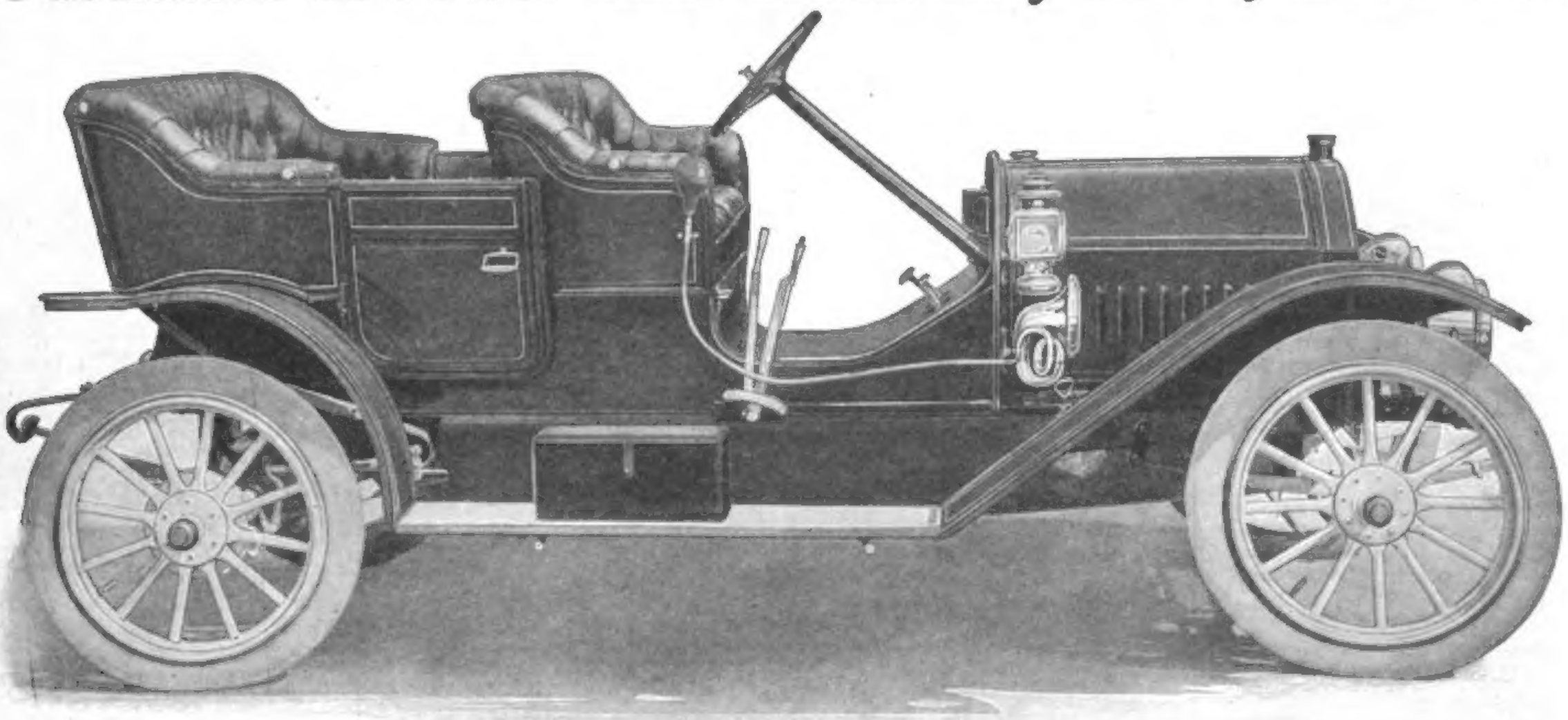
Get the Details

Kindly write today for our Pamphlet Y, telling all about the "Fenestra" Joint and Detroit-Fenestra. Diagrams and dimensions of various standards are included, with instructions for erecting and glazing. Tear out the reminder.

A Reminder

To write the Detroit Steel Products Co., Dept. 71, Detroit, U. S. A., for their Pamphlet Y, and details of Detroit-Fenestra.

With This Patented Improvement Even the $1250 Elmore Outclasses in Power and Action Any Six Cylinder Car



MODEL 25—TOURING CAR—30 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 108 in. wheelbase; 32x3½ in. tires— $1250

Model 36-B—Touring Car for five—50 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 114 in. wheelbase; 34x4 in. tires— $1750

Model 46-B—Touring Car for seven—70 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 125 in. wheelbase; 36x4 in. tires— $2500

A new Elmore, costing only $1,250, which outclasses, in point of power, any six cylinder car in existence—

a vital improvement in the Elmore engine, protected by patent, which raises the two cycle principle to absolute perfection—

a factor of immense importance introduced into the automobile industry which furnishes a new kind of efficiency and a new element of economy.

Eminent engineers have long prophesied the advent of a new two cycle engine which would be the most powerful gas motor in the world.

In this prophecy they have given an accurate and a detailed description of the Elmore engine for 1911, because they have predicted:

1 That this ideal engine would be of two cycle type, without cams, valves, springs or other complications;

2 That it would do away with crankcase compression;

3 That it would insure a volume of gas which would completely fill the combustion-chamber;

4 That it would admit the gas early or late;

5 That it would be absolutely regular in its impulses under all conditions, full load or no load.

Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle

It was this prophecy which has spurred us on for years and which has resulted in the perfection of the new Elmore High Duty motor.

In every single detail the new Elmore cars about to be shown, in all parts of America, fulfil this description of the most powerful engine of its size and weight in the world.

Ten years of progression and improvement have been crowned by the refinement of the Elmore principle of gas distribution.

This principle enables even the "little" Elmore Touring Car, at $1,250, or the Elmore Roadster at $1,200 to outclass in power (size and weight considered) the costliest six cylinder car on the market.

We consider the Elmore motor with its patented improvement the most valuable asset in the automobile industry today.

MODEL 25—ROADSTER—30 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 108 in. wheel base; 32 x 3½ in. tires $1200

We believe that the quota of 3,000 cars, which we shall begin to deliver coincident with the appearance of this announcement, will be utterly inadequate to meet the demand.

We believe that when the public discovers the inefficiency of the average four cycle motor, alongside of this new High Duty engine, there will be a demand for the 1911 Elmore which has never been paralleled by any other car in America.

Immense new factory buildings, inspired by the success of this engineering triumph, are in course of construction, but we cannot supply more than 3,000 of the new Elmore cars for the present season.

If you are interested in a car which opens up new possibilities in motoring, lose no time in visiting the local Elmore garage.

The Elmore Manufacturing Co.
704 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio
Licensed under Selden Patent.

The Elmore Mfg. Co.
704 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

Send description of Elmore High Duty motor and 1911 Elmore cars.

Name _____

Address _____

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The Enforcement of Law in Cities

By BRAND WHITLOCK

MAYOR OF TOLEDO

"REPUBLICS," said Emerson, who said everything worth saying, or that will be worth saying for the next two hundred years, "abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city; that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on ideas build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force."

And nowhere is the truth of this statement of our great philosopher so well exemplified as in those statutes that are intended to compel observance of the Sabbath. The fate that has everywhere befallen these enactments illustrates the whole problem of enforcement of law in cities. The statutes enjoining observance of the Sabbath, or prohibiting its violation, were passed by state legislators long ago in all states, and are enforced in none. If there were only one city in the country where they are not observed the effect might be attributed to the laxity of local officials; but the fact is that they are observed and enforced in no large city for any considerable length of time, and the fact further is that where it has been attempted to enforce them such action has not had the support of the public. Those who contend for the efficacy of these laws base their faith on what seems to them to be logic. They are committed to a syllogism, and they postulate their argument thus: All laws should be enforced. The statutes relating to Sunday observance are laws. Therefore, the statutes providing for Sunday observance should be enforced.

A Simple Question That Great Men Cannot Answer

MANY speak as if this were accepted by everybody and could not be otherwise than accepted by everybody, as if it were impossible that it should be controverted, that all are agreed on this point, and that if any one disputes it he is either hypocritical, cowardly, disingenuous or dishonest. The first premise, that all laws should be enforced, is undoubtedly correct; the second, that the statutes relating to Sunday observance are laws, contains in it the possibilities, at least, of discussion. We are led to inquire at this point just what law is. It is unnecessary to attempt any review of the several definitions that have been given by jurists and philosophers such as Demosthenes, Xenophon, Cicero, Hooker, Kant, Savigny, Austin, Hobbs, Bentham, Dernberg, Blackstone and others. Their writings would lead us to agree with Sir Frederick Pollock in the statement that "The greater a lawyer's opportunities of knowledge have been, and the more time he has given to the study of legal principles, the greater will be his hesitation in face of the apparently simple question, 'What is law?'"

Such a discussion, though not altogether beside the purpose, is unnecessary in this place. In a monarchy the law is the will of the monarch, who used to declare that it was also the will of God. In an aristocracy the law is the will of a select few—selected, of course, by themselves. In a democracy the law is, on theory, the will of the people or of a majority of them, though even in democracies there are continual attempts, frequently successful, to substitute for the will of the people the will of a very few of the people, who consider themselves wiser or morally better, or in some other manner superior to other people—that is, the autocratic sentiment strongly survives, and there are those who feel that they themselves, and they alone, are competent to judge and to say what is best for people. When, as generally happens, their views are not accepted, they seek to impose them on the people by force—for the people's good, of course. "Mankind should be ruled by the good," they say, "and we are the good, and the only superlatively good among mankind." Like the elder monarchs, they say that the will of God must prevail; and when asked how that divine will is to be ascertained they modestly say: "Ask us, and we will tell you." Or, to quote the sarcasms of Bastiat, who, in opposing the idea that mankind sustains to the legislator the relation of the clay to the potter, says: "Happily there are some men, termed legislators, upon whom Heaven has bestowed opposite tendencies [to those of mankind], not for their own sake, but for the sake of the rest of the world. Whilst mankind tends to evil, they incline to good; whilst mankind is advancing toward darkness, they are aspiring to enlightenment; whilst mankind is drawn toward vice, they are attracted by virtue; and, this granted, they demand the assistance of force, by means of which they are to substitute their own tendencies for those of the human race."

Differences Between Statutes and Laws

AND never, under any circumstances, do they prohibit the acts they themselves wish to commit. It is just as Huckleberry Finn said of the Widow Douglas when she would not let him smoke: "And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself."

And yet there is, after all, no human force greater than this same public will, this same mass intelligence, and it prevails even in monarchies and in aristocracies. It was upon a recognition of this fact, and the principles to be deduced from it, and by the insistence of this most tremendous of all forces, that democracies were founded, and in America the law is, in theory, the will of the people.

As we investigate this subject we inevitably come to a point where we discern a distinction between law and a statute, and though no doubt Golden-Rule Jones would have been amused to find himself quoted in the category of the world's jurists, he used to say that "Law is not law simply because a political machine has caused something to be written in a book," and he used to quote with peculiar relish, as his idea of law, Mr. Charles Ferguson's saying that "The law in America is what the people will back up." There are differences between laws and statutes. The statute may say anything: by political tricks, by maneuver, by chicanery, by the control of party machines, by the hire of political bosses or by bribery it can be induced to say this or that thing; to say that one man or one set of men shall have privileges that no one else enjoys.

Sometimes the statutes represent the public will, at other times they do not. When they do not represent the public will, though most men would say that they should be respected and observed as laws—as, no doubt, they should—yet they are not in themselves laws. Just as there are in Nature certain eternal and immutable laws, governing in the field of physics and biology, so are there laws that govern in the field of sociology. Society has advanced in the discovery of these laws in the realm of physics and biology, but not in discovering the laws of sociology—that is, those laws that govern men in their human relations. And, failing, there have been attempts to enact statutes, and some of these statutes, no doubt in contravention of law, have wrought mischief and woe, and even produced poverty and vice and crime in the world.

We have in the history of our country numerous examples of the differences between a statute and a law. For instance, before the Civil War a statute was enacted known as the Fugitive Slave Law, with its several amendments, intended to operate in the Northern states. But these were not laws because they did not represent the will of the people and could not be enforced. People not only violated them, but violated them with impunity and even in pride, and in the Northern states legislatures passed acts in contravention and nullification of them, called "personal-liberty laws." And it was no doubt a consideration of their action that led Emerson, our great philosopher, who is so much admired and so little read, to say that "good men must not obey the laws too strictly."

At this distance of time, and considering the progress of the species,

it is not strange that men view that condition with equanimity and complacency, and few could be found who would condemn those men who placed their faith in a higher law than human statutes. Indeed, we honor them and glory in their resistance.

And yet there are other examples, not so lofty in sentiment, which show this force similarly at work. A current example is found in the enactment which requires people to return for taxation their personal property at its full valuation. This is a statute that is universally violated—openly, flagrantly and admittedly. One would run little danger of being disputed even if one were to risk that form of assertion most easily disproved, namely, the general statement, and say that there is not a man anywhere who returns his personalty to the assessor at its full value. This is a common, universal practice, so generally followed that it does not content itself with the violation of one law, but involves in each instance the infraction of another law, namely, that against false swearing. For not only does each man falsely return his personal property but he makes oath that this false statement is true. This is the universal practice, so long followed and so universally acquiesced in that it amounts to a custom in society, and operates as a law in supersession of the state. And this is done and not objected to or complained of, or even criticised. It would be a dangerous apothegm to assert that in all instances such conduct, even when universal or general, is justifiable, and I most emphatically do not wish to be understood as asserting any such thing; though I will say that this is a foolish and unwise law, based upon an absurd theory of taxation, and, in form as it has been in fact, should be repealed.

The Weakness of Man-made Law

WHAT seems to be clear is that a statute cannot be fully enforced in a community where the public sentiment is opposed to it; that where it is attempted to enforce it there oftentimes results more evil than good, more harm than benefit, and that all kinds of disorders and difficulties are brought upon us by that attempt. "Law and order" is a fine phrase, beloved by the Pharisee. Law and order, indeed, are loving sisters who present a beautiful spectacle of harmony; but statute and order are not always synonymous, nor indeed compatible. The law in any community is, after all, the will of that community; and executives, perhaps more than men in any other branch of the government, are guided by the will of the people whom they represent.

Inasmuch as authority frequently appeals more strongly than mere reasoning, it may be well to cite the late James Coolidge Carter, who, in his great work, Law: Its Origin, Growth and Function, presents this view of law. He argues that the only thing sought to be affected by law is human conduct, and that the extent to which it can be affected by the conscious interference of man is much narrower than is commonly supposed. Habit and custom, he says, furnish the rules that govern human conduct, and the principal function of legislation is to supplement and aid the operation of custom; and that, far from supplanting it, its own efficiency is dependent upon its conformity to habit and custom. Law, he says, always has been, still is and will forever continue to be custom. He declares that it is not possible to make law by legislative action. Its utmost power is to offer a reward or threaten a punishment, and thus furnish an additional motive to influence conduct. When such power is exerted to reënforce custom and prevent violations of it, it may be effectual, and rules or commands thus enacted are properly called laws; but if aimed against established custom they will be ineffectual. Law not only cannot be directly made by human action but cannot be abrogated or changed by such action. The written law he finds to be victorious upon paper and powerless elsewhere, and the attorney-general is sensible of the feebleness of the command resting upon him to enforce a law the enforcement of which would send a hundred of the most eminent citizens to jail and throw the industry of the country into confusion. And Carter does not hesitate to say that any legislation that bears the characteristics of tyranny, as he defines that term, is vicious in theory and has never yet succeeded, and never will succeed, in gaining its avowed end, or in having any other than an injurious effect; and he ventures to add that "if the zeal and labor which have been employed by what are called the better classes of society, in efforts to enact and enforce laws repressive of liberty, had been expended in kindly and sympathetic efforts to change and elevate the thoughts and desires of those less fortunate than themselves, a benefit would have been reaped in the diminution of misery and crime which compulsory laws could never accomplish. Moral ends can never be gained except by moral means. All the advances in civilization and morality which society has thus far made are due to the cultivation and development of those moral sympathies which find their activity in coöperation and mutual aid."

The basis of the several statutes requiring Sabbath observance is not, as will be at once apparent, the contention that the acts prohibited are in and of themselves bad. They are not primarily concerned with the mere moral problem, for these acts are allowed on other days of the week. These statutes prohibit such activities as "sporting, hunting or shooting on Sunday, theatrical or dramatic performances, equestrian or circus performance of jugglers, acrobatic shows, rope-dancing, sparring exhibitions, variety shows, negro minstrelsy, living statuary, ballooning, or any baseball playing, or any tenpins," or "other games of similar kind or kinds," the open saloon, and a legion of other acts that fall within the blue laws. Besides, there are in every state statutes forbidding the transaction of business and "common labor" on Sunday, and the only activities excepted are, according to the statute, "works of mercy or necessity," and, according to the courts, "intellectual labor"—the latter exception, no doubt, more likely than the former, inspired by the lawyers.

The basis of all this legislation was the contention that the Sabbath should be observed, and its object was to enforce the observance of the Sabbath—that is, to enforce an observance of the Sabbath in a certain way devised by the Puritans, brought by them to this country, and handed down to and impressed upon their descendants. In any community composed of people among whom the Puritan ideals and traditions prevail the enforcement of such statutes was easy, because there was a general wish to observe them, and the other tendency was an exception; they represented the will of the people, they were in conformity with their customs and habits and employment; they were, in a word, law.

But America was not for the Puritans or their descendants alone—it was for all men; and there came here others, of a different tradition, of other less severe and in some respects more cheerful ideals: people of different customs and habits and ways of viewing life. They wished to observe the Sabbath in a different manner. So here a first difficulty arose. A second presented itself upon the appearance of another powerful factor, namely, the economic aspect that the problem assumes. In dealing with what are called moral problems we are just beginning to take into consideration the influence of economic conditions in determining human conduct. The Puritan mode of observing the Sabbath and the statutes enacted to enforce it found their rise in purely agricultural communities. Men accustomed to work out-of-doors all the week, coming at last wearily to a day of rest, were quite ready and willing to spend that day indoors. For rest, primarily, is change, and men who have been out-of-doors all the week find a change within doors. Consequently the statutes relating to Sabbath observance were the more easily and readily accepted by the people, because, aside from any consideration of religion or piety, they were in conformity with their impulses, their desires and their necessities.

In the city, however, a different state exists. Here the conditions of employment are such that men, for the most part, are indoors all the week, and when the day of rest comes they, or at least those to whom it does come, naturally, as their country cousins went indoors, seek recreation in the open air. Again, when we reflect upon the intensity of the modern struggle for existence, the rigorous demands made upon the vital forces of men in the economic conflict, the long hours of toil in close and often ill-ventilated shops, stores and factories, the nervous strain, the risk and danger in operating machines, it will be seen that some relaxation is necessary; and this fact, more than any other, explains the search for amusement, the theater, the ball game, and all that. These things become a necessity under the economic conditions of today. The saloon, it is true, stands upon somewhat different grounds; yet, where the resort to it cannot be explained on the ground of real or fancied social necessity, it being the only public place where many men may meet freely as equals and enjoy each other's society, it is found to be due to the necessity for stimulation decreed by this same insatiable machine, which, by exhausting men's bodies in the mad greed for profits, drives them to stimulants in an impulsive effort to restore their wasted forces and exhausted bodies. And beyond all this, deeper, sadder, more pathetic far than all this, is the fact long since attested by Miss Frances E. Willard that thousands through society's grim machine are driven to drink by poverty quite as often as they are driven to poverty by drink.

The Sabbath realized by our Puritan ancestors has been altered by the conditions of our economic system. And if, as is often said and the fact deplored, the Sabbath has been destroyed it has been commercialism that has destroyed it. I have already tried broadly to indicate how the necessities of making a living under our present conditions have affected the customs and habits of men. Specific instances might be given which show how directly and positively the Sabbath has been wrested away from the people. It is a common thing in our cities to see large stores closed on Sunday, the curtains duly drawn, and the employees, some of them at least, thus granted a day of rest and recreation. But meanwhile, all over the land, there are freight trains running, and engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, switchmen, flagmen, dispatchers, truckers and numerous other employees toiling long hours, at hard and dangerous labor, to rush goods to those emporiums by Monday morning. It is not fair to lay the blame of this condition on the proprietors, for they cannot help it. They, like the men and women working for them, are in the grip of the commercial machine and cannot escape. All they can do is to use their undoubted influence to bring about conditions of toil less onerous to the masses; and, abandoning the effort to have statutes passed and enforced to make men good by compelling them to observe the Sabbath, see to it that more fundamental statutes are so altered and amended that every man will have the same chance, the same opportunity, to be good that they have. Men cannot be forced to be good, but they will become good if given the opportunity of enlightenment.

Universal Enforcement Impracticable

ONE may be permitted, I trust, to indulge in these reflections and to advance these suggestions without being understood as saying that the Puritan method of observing the Sabbath is the correct one, or that it is not the correct one. How the Sabbath should be observed is, perhaps, a question that should be left to the individual conscience. Nor would one wish to be so unfortunate as to be understood or represented as advocating any kind of nullification of state statutes. I am simply trying to show some of the human obstacles that exist to an absolute enforcement of all statutes in these modern cities of ours. There are on the statute books, Federal, state and local, something like sixteen thousand statutes, and to enforce all these, absolutely, all the time, is, of course, to any mind but that of the theorist and the doctrinaire, impracticable and impossible.

An executive must do the best he can with the means at his command, according to the light he has. In doing this, he cannot, of course, satisfy all men; if he could be imagined as absolutely enforcing all these thousands of statutes all the time, he would satisfy no one, but succeed only in dissatisfying and provoking all; for at some time or other every man doubtless must violate some of these statutes, and as no man ever, under any possible circumstances, wishes the law enforced against him or against his relatives or friends, it is clear that no man really believes that all laws should be enforced all the time. And, indeed, few are to be found who would insist on the enforcement of them all, because all men of affairs know from experience and observation, from their knowledge of men and of the world, and, above all, from their perception and recognition of the customs and habits and necessities of the community, that their enforcement

(Continued on Page 34)

THE DERELICT TRAIN

The Control That Made an Outlaw of Nick Wheedle

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

The Sheriff and the Deputy Were Strong Men, but They Were Slight to Jerry Coffin

SURE, 'tis many an ould tale creeps into mind a night like this," declared the Old Switchman when the yard crew, standing around the hot stove, shook off the still clinging garments of icy air, and listened to flaws of sleet burst scattering against the shanty.

They stared at the speaker suspiciously, but no one answered. Yet Denny was not discouraged.

"Wurroo!" he half whispered, appalled by a mighty gust that shook the stove to its foundations. "It is a night av whistling keyholes and clanging bolts, when a heart shud leap in a frozen body to hear a tale av good cheer and ixcitemint."

"Be still!" commanded young Hogan, raising his fist. "It was yez last story av sacrifice that led me to close the switch for ye at the Bridge Siding; and I went through rain which wud drown a whale, whilst ye sat dry and warr-rm in the shanty. 'Tis a fatal infloonce ye have over me; and I know ye are due to let out 36 a mile down the yard at midnight."

"I mind the story av a man which will make ye ashamed of taking such thrifles into account," resumed Denny sternly. "Ah, he was a man, though a passenger agent, was Nick Wheedle, the crew av the derelict thrain."

Young Hogan glanced sheepishly around the group and squirmed uneasily.

"What is that?" he asked finally in a weak, reluctant voice.

"Ye may hear," replied Denny, "though such an ixample av a man is beyant ye to follow." He drew out his pipe with one hand and groped absently with the other, while he transfixed Hogan with a vacant eye.

"Give me th' pipe and I will fill it myself," said the Foreman cynically. "Ye are too absent-minded to be trusted with th' sack." He snorted apologetically for his weakness. "It is a long hour till midnight," he explained; "besides, I wud not have even Denny go to sleep with this lie on the soul av him. We will listen to wan more; but I warn ye, Hogan, to pay little heed ——"

The Old Switchman interrupted him.

. . . . . .

It was Nick Wheedle who stood before his General Passenger Agent at headquarthers a morning I have in mind.

"I will dock ye the price av a rug," said the official sourly. "I have had ye on the carpet so often it is worn out. However, if I thought more av ye, I wud discharge ye oftener from this road."

Nick was a boy av spirit, but he trimbled befoore the man who cud break all the rate laws in wan day, and put the blame on his soobordinates the next.

"I have a family depending upon me for suppoort," says Nick.

"Ye mean the family av Flannagan, the saloonkeeper at Gold Hole," risponds the official. "Why don't ye attach the deed to that saloon to yez ixpinse account?—the coompany buys it out for ye ivery month av the year. Why are ye silent?" he went on as the other stood reflecting, on first wan fut and then another.

"I was casting about for an ixcuse," admitted Nick; "but it is av no use. It is impossible to deceive ye."

"Ye mean an ixcuse for conspiring with ticket scalpers, bad cess to 'em!" says Rivets, the G. P. A.

"It was a timptation," answered Nick.

"Ye will yet go to the penitentiary, and I will not even honor ye for it. Whist! How many did ye sell?"

"Fifty; to the coast," replies Nick.

"That will mean ten years for ye," remarks Rivets, rubbing his brocaded vest. "Still, I may buy ye a drink for yez good intintions."

They walked hurriedly into the last room at the end av the hall, where there was a bar so the officials wud not be inconvenienced in business hours. Standing at the ind av it was a gintleman, larger and redder and with a vest more brocaded than the General Passenger Agent's. All this was as it shud be, for he was Prisidint av the P. D. Q. for the day.

"Ye prison bir-rd," says Prisidint Scrymie to Rivets, "ye have been cutting rates again. I wash my hands av ye."

Rivets scowled down the line at Nick. "It is criminal imployees will be the ruin av me," he protested.

"Whist!" says Scrymie. "How many did ye get?"

"Fifty; to the coast."

"God speed thim," says Scrymie. "We had betther start a funeral thrain afther thim."

Afther a time the Prisidint remarked: "I am a throubled man this morning, Rivets, or I wud not dally here with the likes av ye. Ye know I am owner av the Yellow Core Mine, beyant Gold Hole Station?"

"Ye have struck it rich?" suggested Rivets.

"It is thrue," answered Scrymie. "And ye are aware that myself, with three friends and wan who is only a relative, conthrol the branch which runs thirty miles from Poker Station on the main line to Gold Hole in the mountains."

"It is the Steeplechase Division," says Nick.

"Be silent and attentive, as an eavesdropper shud; it is official," instructs the Prisidint sternly. "Well, this day I have received a bid for the mine and the stock av the branch line from a New York syndicate which has its ear to the ground.

"It was two hundred thousand dollars for the mine," he concludes. "I will take two million. I have the game in my own hands."

Then, having confessed to so much money, he hastened out, for he wud not be stung by bar-flies.

"Two million," repeated the others, staring afther him through the door, "and him owing his grocer from speculating in P. D. stock."

"I must advise him to take the offer as it comes," says Rivets. "The ould grasper will niver get another bid."

"Leave him go; maybe the strike will play out and he will lose it all."

Rivets stared in astonishmint at his soobordinate. "Wud you give such advice to me?" he ixclaims, "and Scrymie owing me twinty dollars on four queens held in '82!"

"Let him go," urged Nick; "I will pay ye the twinty dollars and put it in the ixpense account."

He was in earnest in this, and the laugh av Rivets died away as he noticed the other's face. It was pale, his jaw hung down and his hands were trimbling as he spoke.

"It is envy has seized ye," says Rivets; "afther the ould man has continued us in honarary positions with salary—when ye can collect it too! Ye know the prisidincy av this bedlam railroad is here today and gone tomorry. And wud ye begrudge Scrymie the chance to light on a soft spot whin he is prisintly discharged for cause?"

"He is rich enough now," says Nick in great stubbornness; "he has the mine and the branch road too."

"There is a fortune in them which it is impossible to get out," says Rivets significantly. "Sure, Scrymie is impoverished by this wealth his wife left him. Away with ye, Nick Wheedle; ye have deceived me five years with a passenger-agent smile; now I learn ye mean well to nobody."

They were walking through the hall at the time, and as Rivets turns into his door he adds bittherly: "And I have walked the floor at night, figuring how I might get the business without getting you in jail. Sorrow the nights I did so, for I find ye are not worthy ——"

"He is right," thinks Nick, luking afther him; "I am not worthy. I am a shcoundrel to wish ill to the Prisidint. But I am a lost man from the day he sells that scrap-iron railroad and his hole in the mountain for two hundred thousand dollars. Bad ocss to his wife for leaving thim behint her!"

Now, av all the people in the wur-rld who might have gone through that hall about thin, only wan cud have made any throuble for Nick Wheedle.

"So it is at the penitentiary ye are due now," said this particular person, arriving on time and overhearing Rivets' parting word.

"Sure, Katy O'Boyne," cries Nick, turning with a bright smile. "Ye take a great intherest in me, don't ye? And are welcome to do so, for your voice is like the steeple-bells—though I stay away from church, I am the betther for their reproaches."

She luked at him from deep down in her blue eyes, and there was niver a dimple or a smile on the pleasant face av her.

"Ye are cowardly," she said, "or ye wud not seek to put me off with flatthery, instid av ixplaining why ye shud go to the penitentiary."

"These are coompany matthers," says Nick. "Besides, ye must remember I knew ye befoore yez uncle married the prisidincy av a railroad, and will stand none av the lofty airs."

"That has nothing to do with my asking," replies Katy; "but it is grieved I am that yez reckless ways ——"

"Ah, but ye have changed," interrupted Nick sorrowfully. "Ye have been to a boarding-school and stuffed yourself with the pride av intellect—and now," he says, shaking his finger, "ye wud luk down upon me with scorn, and use a pleasant word av Rivets'—may the saints curse him by turns—as an ixcuse for reproaching me."

"Oh, then it was only by way av a joke," cries Katy, and there was mist in her eye, for well she minded Nick Wheedle av the ould times.

"Now the joke is all ixplained," says Nick, with a pained luk, "and we will have no more av them." Then he changed the subject at wance, for he was not so reckless as she had accused. They strolled to the door av the Prisidint's office, and Katy was laughing with ould fellowship. "I will test her," says Nick in strict confidence to himself, and follows her into the Prisidint's office.

"If a soobordinate may make so bould, Mr. Scrymie," he says with respect, "I wud urge as a frind that ye take the offer av two hundred thousand for the mine."

"Two hundred thou——" began Katy with sparkling eyes.

"I am a lost man," thinks Nick, and the heart av him ran down like an ould clock. "Niver again will she take stock av me, for good or ill, with so much money in sight."

"Ye mean well," the Prisidint answers him, "and wud not let my one million eight hundred thousand stand in the way av your advice. It is the way av passenger agents. But I have known ye long and will repay your kindness with advice av my own—ye must not break the laws av this state with such enthusiasm," he says.

He turned to Katy, and Nick retired with a loud chuckle and a silent curse.

"It is black conspiracy," he mutthers outside, lying in ambush for Katy. "They will make her think I am not to be trusted with repytation. That is his gratitude for advising him dead against my own intherests." So he spent the hour hoping that Scrymie wud refuse the bid and be sold up for taxes. When Katy came out she glanced at him coldly as he walked beside her.

"Ye have deceived me," she said.

"It is so aisy to spot a characther like mine," ixplained Nick with earnestness. "I am without habits av any kind, and the slightest speck, which ye wud not notice on another man because av its black surrounding——"

But she wud not listen to him.

"It is news av the two hundred thousand which makes ye luk down upon me," he says bittherly. "Ye may investigate my characther, but ye will not, because then ye wud have no ixcuse to turn against me. Very well, Katharine O'Boyne; I disown ye first, because I am the betther man av the two."

With that he leaves her quickly at a corner, and goes into a café, where he has an ingagemint to drink, and eat if possible, with the claim agent, who is Barney Hoolan.

"Ye are in haste," remarks Hoolan, setting his other fut to the floor; "is it a jail delivery, or what, Nick?"

Nick gave him a black luk. "Ye have always a pleasant word," he says; "but it is a point av my politeness niver to be late at a lunch ingagemint."

"Is it an ingagemint to lunch?" asks Hoolan thoughtfully; "thin give us the dice-box." As they sit down he adds, "What throubles ye? Is there any more grief at headquarthers?"

Afther a time Nick confides his throubles to Barney.

"I do not see that you have a claim against Katy O'Boyne," observes Hoolan with his official manner. "She may have incouraged ye some in times agone; but, having been to school at a boarding-house, she wud not care to share your home on the ixpense account. If Scrymie gets two hundred thousand she will despise ye. I wud do it myself for much less." At this Nick is so downcast that Hoolan tells him: "I will have my wife, who knows Katy well, hold ye up all covered with whitewash to luk like snow. If characther will do any good, ye will have it; but ye had betther stay out av town while it is given ye."

And so persuading Hoolan to guard him past the billiard-halls, Nick made his way safely to the yar-rds, and avoided timptation by playing poker in a caboose along av the crew till the thrain pulled out.

Having left his characther behint to be whitewashed, Nick settled down to selling tickets at auction in a quiet way, for it was dangerous to charge passengers according to law in those days on that road, and meet them afterward. He traveled up and down, making Poker Station his headquarthers, that being near the end av the line, and to Flannagan's, at Gold Hole, also.

Afther two weeks av worry and wondering how his characther was prospering during his absince, he received a letter from Miss O'Boyne.

She asked forgiveness for unjust suspicion. Dear Mrs. Hoolan said there had been nothing but praise and admiration for him all the time Miss O'Boyne had been away at school. And Mr. Hoolan said that his only regret was that he had iver lured such a characther into a dice game.

"I will stick him again for that," grumbled Nick.

And she went on to say that they wud get the two million for the mine, and throw in the branch line; and she knew Nick wud rejoice at their good fortune, for now they cud go abroad.

"Divil a bit will I celebrate such good fortune!" he reflected. "Just as I suspected, that money will make her too fine for me. Yet, from the tone of the rest av the letter, I might have won plain Katy O'Boyne, in spite av the boarding-school, if her dommed uncle had not struck it rich." Then he fell into despondency, for it had not booted him to save his characther. The day afther this

"Then Worst Has Come to Worst"

wan he was beaten with four jacks, and went into headquarthers to collect his ixpense account.

"It is a sorry day here," says Rivets, afther he had reduced the account by half. "There will be no circus gilding on the Prisidint's car."

"Do ye mean he has lost the sale?" asked Nick, trimbling with joy av the occasion.

"He has," answered Rivets. "The syndicate has more up its sleeve than in its pocket. I do not know what it can be, but they have withdrawn the offer, and I feel that they have some scheme in operation."

"Can't ye lay your finger on it?" inquired Nick.

"Not yet; but I have been in consultation with Mr. Scrymie, and was reflecting when ye came in."

"It is the relytive; the wan who owns so much stock in the Steeplechase Branch," declared Nick with decision. "It is a weak point in the line av defense."

"I have his very oath that he will not sell that stock," cried Scrymie, who had come in behint them. "Ye are no ferret, Wheedle, though ye burrow into ivery hole."

"I do not mean to introode my advice," said Nick, "but how many men own that branch line?"

"Four av us, though I don't know why I answer ye."

"And yourself alone owns the mine?"

"I do," replied Scrymie, "but even if they shud all bethray me, the state law will prevint the syndicate from raising the ore rate, and forcing me to sell the mine."

"Ye take iverything into account," ixclaimed Nick with admiration. "Iverything but wan," he continues to himself as he goes out; "but ye are too puffed up to take counsel av a soobordinate, and I will let the bolt fall on ye."

And he was thankful that misfortune wud soon humble ould Scrymie, for the prisidincy av that poverty-stricken railroad did not pay enough salary to cover taxes on his idle property.

It was the part av accidint for Nick to dally near the Hoolans' house that afthernoon, until Barney, coming by, asks, "Why do ye loaf here, giving the street a bad name?"

"It is accidint," ixplains Nick; "I wud as well loaf somewhere else."

"My wife said Katy wud visit her this afthernoon, and I will invite ye in to see her, though Scrymie blacklists me for it. Mrs. Hoolan," he commands loudly, stopping at the gate and luking back down the street, "here is my young frind av good characther. I wud be proud to have ye commend him to Katy O'Boyne. Ye must obey me in this, woman, or leave my roof foriver."

"Do ye hear how I talk to her?" he asks proudly.

"Where divil a soul can hear ye!" replies Nick with disgust.

"What!" argues Barney in a low tone. "Wud ye have me convict myself befoore witnesses?" And going inside he greets the ladies respectfully, leaving Nick to commend himself.

Katy shakes his hand with a smile and a little blush, though very little is spoken betwane them till they are all walking to the station where Barney is to take a thrain. Then Nick wud speak in confidince, but she interrupts.

"I will not listen to your blarneying tongue. I have heard good av ye lately, and will not inquire any further lest it prove false." With that they join the others and see Barney on his thrain.

Turning back into the street, they are met by Scrymie, who glowers hard at Nick. "Come with me, Katy," he says. "I am starting east this evening and wud have a short word with ye." Then over his shoulder he raised his voice to Nick. "Beware," he says. "It is official; ye will get us all in jail."

"It was a foul blow," reflected Nick while on his road home that night. "Now the situation is whittled down to this: Ould Scrymie will have none av me as a nephew. And I notice that Katy is friendliest when hard times threaten and the sale is lost. She does not deserve a good characther like mine without paying for it; still, I must play a generous part with her."

But he is sore at Scrymie and resolves to secure none but lawful business. Then, as he cannot bear the sight av impty thrains, he runs down to Gold Hole at the end av the branch line.

"First and last," he said, "I will call on Flannagan." And this he does at wance.

"I am reformed and will not drink," he tells Flannagan, "or break the law in any way."

"I have a wife who had a cousin who was an innocint man," says Flannagan, "and yet an ould Merino ram who got tangled into a rope, which the cousin was dragging along the road for his amusemint, was evidince against him. I will show ye the rope"

"Ye will not," declares Nick. "And if ye mean that appearances are against me in coming where ye are I will answer that I come on business."

"It was a Merino ram, mind ye," says Flannagan, "and the joory agreed that he wud follow no man unless he was dragged."

"I care nothing for yez ram or th' wife's cousin, Flannagan. I am not dragging a rope to attract timptation, and ye are not a hangman to preach me a sermon. I wud only requist ye courtheously to refuse to sell me drink while I remain here on business."

"That will leave ye entirely without business; yet I will promise," replies Flannagan; and so the traveling passenger agent remained in Gold Hole five days and resisted timptation.

At the end av this time comes a telygram from Mr. Rivets, asking Nick's pardon for interrupting the game, but wud he mind visiting his own office at Poker Station, to receive instrooctions regarding a movemint av immigrants?

"Can I secure party at full rate?" answers Nick. To this he hears nothing, for Rivets considers him unfit for business.

Now, on that same day a rumor had gone abroad that the branch line had passed from the conthrol av Scrymie; and Hoolan, drifting in to dispute a claim with a shipper, informs Nick av the peculiar circumstances.

"It is the relytive, av coorse," says Barney, "and yet he has not broken his pledge to Scrymie. 'I am an honest man,' he tells himself and iverybody who will listen—for I know him well, Nick—'I will not sell the stock, but I will give a certain option on it to the syndicate for fifteen days.' And he does so, and also accepts a bid from Scrymie at the end av that time, to be made good by a mortgage on the mine. I am a man av intellect," confesses Barney, "but if ye can tell me the reason for such a deal as that option it will be an education to me," he says.

"Ye are a numskull av a claim agent," cries Nick, laughing over the good tidings he hears. "It is kindergarten wur-rk for the passenger departmint; but I will not ixplain; nayther will I go afther immigrants. We will have a stroke av lightning down the wire tomorry."

True to his prophecy, the next morning a telygram is showed them by the station agent, who is also night and day operator and general manager av the Steeplechase Division. It was signed by the new Prisidint, who was also bulletined from P. D. headquarthers.

"What does it mean?" cries the agent, who was bareheaded from anxiety.

"Make out a repoort to the claim departmint," Nick tells him. "Ye are short a railroad; that's all."

And Hoolan with bulging eyes reads the order to abandon all thrains on the branch line until further orders.

"Why, the fools!" cries Hoolan; "their charter will be forfeited to the state."

"Ye are a man av law," says Nick, with ideas swarming like bees through the brain av him; "how many days can they abandon thrains without losing the charter?"

"Only five," answers Hoolan; "unless by the act av God."

"And ye say that the syndicate got possession av the stock three days agone: so, afther seven days more, the option will be av no effect!"

"Nobody will benefit by this," cries Hoolan, bewildered; "the line will go to the state."

"And be sold to the highest bidder," says Nick. "And who is the highest bidder? The New York syndicate! Hoolan, I am ashamed av ye."

"I will take the morning thrain," Barney tells him; "it will be the last wan out for some time, and ye had betther come with me."

"I came down here on wan kind av business; now I will stay on another," replies Nick with a sudden change av humor.

In fact, afther his friend had gone the boy fell into a black mood. Recognizing nobody he walked apart, mutthering, and striking his forehead with his fist.

"It is remorse for good conduct," ixplains Flannagan.

But Flannagan was wrong, and here is the reason av Nick's distress.

Even while rejoicing at Scrymie's misfortune, a sudden rage at himself came boiling up within him, till he was sickened and disthracted by it.

"A curse on Scrymie!" he wud mutther. "Oh, Katy O'Boyne, shall I wish ruin to the uncle who has been kind to ye, all orphaned as ye are ixcipt for a drunken father and a quarrelsome mother? And shall I wish ye the loss av comfort and the joy av living abroad—may the fiend haunt the place!—so that I might have the more chance to win ye on an ixpense account reduced fifty per cent?"

So he reproaches himself most bittherly all the day until the last thrain which shall be run rowls into the station at evening—and down the platfoorm comes Katy herself.

Ah, but there was the smooth, graceful swing av a thrain flying toward ye about Katy O'Boyne; and her manner carried the spirit that thrills from the rails when the speed is high—it is a danger-music ringing over th' system av a thousand miles, which no thrue man iver lets die away in the soul av him.

Nick is so lost in the dusky thought and remembrance av her that, when she comes like a dream stepping, sound in flesh, into the morning light, he gasps with a paralytic stroke av love, and gets behint the corner av the depot.

Befoore his nerve comes back ould Scrymie himself follows down the platfoorm and the two are driven over to Flannagan's residence, which serves as an inn in Gold Hole. The Prisidint's luks are so gloomy that even Nick feels a little sorry for him.

"Sure," he thinks, "if he loses out in this game the office may be taken away from him. It was only pull and the prospect av the mine which gave it to him and they will both be buried in the smash av misfortune. Wud the ould man give me justice if I do this thing? He is an uncertain man who wud rise up from the gutther with a hundred thousand to kick the friend who tossed it to him. Scrymie—I will say this befoorehand so I may niver reproach myself aftherward for a sucker—I know ye for what ye are!"

So, having cleared his skirts from future repentance, he began casting about quickly for the means to a desperate venture.

"Flannagan," he tells his friend an hour later, "ye are a man and a judge av men. Now, I am in desperate need; I must have an assistant who will do as he is tould without question; stand to me, make or break; who will not be bribed, and will answer a threat with a black eye—and I will make his fortune."

"So it was not remorse ye were mutthering over," says Flannagan, observing him keenly. "Is this a lawful business?"

"It is wan ye will approve. Come, I will not ixplain or ask ye to trust me. Ye are a judge av men, or ye are not. Find me the assistant who wud go to jail rather than lose the venture."

"Is it go to jail?" says Flannagan, much intherested. "If there is a chance for that I will get him for ye. Niver wud I miss the golden opportunity."

Then he calls into the back room:

"Jerry Coffin, I have discoovered a scrape for ye to get into. There may be brawling and black bruises, or slate-writings and ghosts who give warnings with a whisky breath. I do not know the nature av the throuble; but it is dark and desperate, and there is money at the bottom."

A dead silence answers him till he comes to the last words. Then a great hollow voice that shakes the room and rings the glasses along the bar responds:

"I am coming, Flannagan!"

Some chairs and a table crash as when a man flips a child's toys aside with his little finger, and Jerry Coffin walks into the room.

"I take pleasure in inthroducing my wife's cousin, who is now at large and is come to live with me," says Flannagan; "and I warn ye, Cousin Coffin, to beware av Wheedle, who is quick and deadly as the shot av a gun."

For an insthant Nick stared at the man, who wore a long black coat, a black slouch hat and a white tie. His nose was beaked as the divil's own and his blue-black eyes had circles av red around them.

Nick gave the big white hand a fierce grip, for Flannagan's hint was not lost upon him; but he observed with doubt the hairy wrists and heavy shoulders av the other.

"Ye wud make a valuable helper," he remarks. "And, as a rebel, wud be the ruin av me," he tells himself. "But there is hard, rough work ahead av ye in this job," he informs Coffin, "and ye are not dressed for it."

"He is like a railroad system," recomminds Flannagan. "His brain is strung with telygraph wires; he can digest soft coal like a firebox; he has muscles av rope. With all this, I have seen him conthrolled by the spirit av a Sioux papoose; but that is only when the papoose has been nursing at firewather." During all this time not a syllable has Mr. Coffin spoken; he stands luking at Nick, aslant down the divil's beak, with his blue-black eyes.

"Whist! Have ye heard them?" he inquires now in confidence. "There is no voice so sweet as the screech av the slatepencil."

Mr. Wheedle starts back in surprise at this statemint, and Flannagan says dryly:

"If Jerry do not well by ye, Nick, ye must sprinkle him with powder—aither bug or gun. And if worst comes to worst ye may bury him where he falls, and I will swear ye an alibi. But mind, Jerry will prove a friend av worth, if the papoose will only stay out av it."

Afther this hint the conversation closes with Jerry saying confidentially that he is desperate for toil, and Nick soon has him busy loading groceries into a box car on a siding near Flannagan's.

"Ye are a man av mysthery, Coffin," says Nick, then; "but ye are nothing to me," and they prowl through the dark yards till a monsther shape looms befoore them. It is the only ingine av the Steeplechase Division, which has brought in the passenger thrain that evening, and Nick Wheedle swings himself aboord.

"Ye are cold and dead—bad luk to it!" he tells the ingine; "but it is Coffin and myself who will blow up the spark in your vitals and set life to whisking the iron limbs av ye."

"Is it steal an ingine?" inquires Coffin in admiration. "And with its own steam? This is a great convenience over the ould method," he says, for theretofore he had always been obliged to furnish his own power when escaping with property.

"A railroad! We will steal a railroad!" says Nick in a whisper, which yet rowls and trimbles like disthant thunder. They light kindling in the firebox, throw in ties and scatter coal above them, till the crawling fire settles into a crimson glow. Then, while they stand shivering in the chill morning air and stare like owls in the fluttering light, the needle av the steam gauge moves ahead, and from her flaming heart life whistles in gusts through the ould rusty ingine; her pulses drum.

"Now for the coal chutes," says Nick, breaking the silence av hours—for Jerry Coffin wud scorn to tarry with questions when there was throuble to be got into for the wur-rking. So, presently, the tender high with coal and the box car av supplies coupled behint, Nick has the engine up to the station as the agent, hearing the noise, comes running down the platfoorm.

"What is it?" he gasps, with a wave at the bobtail thrain.

"Am I not Passenger Agent av the P. D. Q. and associate lines?" answers Nick sternly. "It is a personally conducted tour betwane here and Poker Station, back and forth, on the Derelict Special."

"But it was ordered that thrains shud be abandoned. Prisidint Scrymie shall know av this!"

"He is fired and has no authority on this branch," says Nick.

"But it is conthrary to the syndicate's expectations; ye will be an outlaw; and as for Jerry Coffin in the cab with ye, he wance sold this very ingine to a farmer for a stump-puller."

With that Jerry ejects the agent with a whiff av the hand, Nick calls "All aboord!" and the derelict thrain steams contemptuously out av Gold Hole.

"Are we late?" inquires Jerry anxiously.

"Do not luk at your watch; we are always on time," replies Nick, and taking two hours he runs his thrain slowly up to Poker Station; then he runs back again in the afthernoon.

The rumor av the order to abandon thrains had gone abroad; but Nick answered the yardmen's questions at Poker with a shake av the head, and at Gold Hole, where Scrymie and the agent waited for him, he referred to Jerry Coffin.

"Back away," says Coffin. "Do ye not see I have him under conthrol?" Then they took the ingine two miles out on the road, and stopped.

"It was fair today," says Nick; "it will be cloudy tomorry, and afther that will be electric disturbances in the Rocky Mountain states."

Av coorse he knew that agents av the syndicate were in the neighborhood, and wud not be long in getting

The Air Crushes Past Their Ears Like the Discharge av Cannon

wurd av his trespass to their headquarthers. But what worried him most was the nature av Katy O'Boyne's opinion.

"I dare not consult her," he tells Jerry, "because she is a crank on law and order. Even ould Scrymie thinks I am drunk or crazy and will only excite the rage av the syndicate against him. He believes still that the order abandoning thrains is only some kind av bluff or to arrange a new schedule; that is all he can make av it. Why, the syndicate will have this line confiscated by the state and then hang up the cale av it in the courts, until Scrymie sells his mine for the price av an ordinary hole in the ground or is bankrupt. Niver a thrain will be run or a pound av freight carried till they own the mine. Then they will bid in the branch line."

"I will send him a spirit warning," says Coffin.

"They will tell Katy O'Boyne I am an outlaw or worse. She will niver hear the trooth at all; for if I carry the scheme through I must flee for the life av me, and will niver see her agin. Wirra!" he says, "why can't I iver do anything right, on the side av the law?"

"It is enough," says Coffin with sympathy. "I will send her a ghostly message. Here is a piece av slate from the coal heap."

Nick scowled at him. "Ye are not a happy medium when ye are sober," he declared; "and sober ye will live or die the next four days. Ye shall not go to Flannagan's, who has given me orders to bury ye where ye fall."

Now that Steeplechase Division squirmed like an ixcited wur-rm through the wildest part av the mountains, and there was only wan flag betwane Gold Hole and Poker. Ivery railroad in the wur-rld has a Dead Man's Gulch, and it was here betwane two steep mountainsides that Nick made his station for the night.

"It is a homeless thrain we conduct, Jerry," he says; "without yards or roundhouse. And we must guard it against thieves in the night, with steam up."

So they did the first night, without adventure, and afther breakfast in the box car they ran their thrain near to Gold Hole, and with a whistle and a ring av the bell pulled

It Was Much For a Proud and Modest Lass to Do

out quickly for Poker. "We are not obliged to go up to depots," ixplains Nick. Returning in the evening, they passed the second night in the gulch. This was a place av great advantage, for no wan cud steal down the mountainside without a noise like an avalanche, or cud enter the ends av the gulch without looming against the skyline.

"Sure this is weird and ghostly," confesses Nick, eating a piece av bacon, fried at the firebox, for breakfast, "to stand sentinel at midnight in the mountains, on a fort that lives and pants beneath ye, with the cold stars staring like dead faces rubbed with phosphorus, and the wind crooning in the pines."

"It is so," agrees Jerry, his eyes glowing with green fire. "I have felt it. There will be no need av inspiration or stimulant; tonight I will be under conthrol."

"Listen," interrupts Nick, "and let my words be like the tick av the death watch: if I find ye under any conthrol but mine I will take a shovel and disarrange the switchboord in yez head. I will not have ye raising divils out av my firebox."

They run up to the yard limits in the gray morning light, and find that the hand av the hidden inimy has reached over the skyline to do them mischief. The coal chute had been opened, and the last lumps scattered on the ground.

"Quick, Jerry, some av the ties!" calls Nick; and his fireman pitches several into the tender as a man comes running down the yard.

"He must be a sheriff," thinks Nick, and houlds open the valve av the whistle while taking Jerry aboord and starting out av the yards.

"Ye bear witness, Coffin," he says afther a time, "that I cud not hear what the man shouted for the noise av the domned whistle."

"He had a paper," remarked Jerry.

"I did not observe it," declares Nick, "and passengers must ixpect to be anywhere at any time to catch the Derelict Special.

"Now, shake your wheels, ye castiron ould jack-rabbit!" he goes on to the ingine; "it is the first lap in your race for life." He takes her up to Poker Station, sneezing and roaring, with Jerry piling in the ties, and a smudge that blackens all the skies pouring out av her stack. There he races into the yards and in ten minutes is back on the line with a car av coal stolen from a siding.

"We may as well make our larceny a grand wan," he says grimly. Then filling up the wathertank he runs back to the gulch, heeding no signal nor nodding from the cab to nobody.

During this afthernoon two men come into the gulch, but he charges them and they take to the mountainside like bobcats. (Continued on Page 44)

The Democratic Situation

III—Missouri and the South

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

AT THE present time there is no more doubtful state, politically, than Missouri; nor has there been a more doubtful state for a good many years. Of course the returns do not show this, except since 1904, and it is a political adage that there is no going behind the returns. If there were a way of going behind the returns the truth of this statement would be acknowledged. If Missourians had used their state maxim, "Show me!" on the returns for a good many years past it would have been discovered that what happened in 1904, when the state went for Roosevelt, was not sensational but normal, or even subnormal.

However, all that is past, and the most inconclusive and unsatisfactory occupation in life is casting up. Whereupon, to return to the original statement that Missouri is the most doubtful state of all, politically, it may be well to quote a few figures and have that part of it out and over. In 1904 Roosevelt carried the state by 25,137 and Joseph W. Folk, a Democrat, was elected governor by 30,100. The total vote for President was 643,861 and for governor 643,969. The Republicans elected all their state officers except the governor. In 1908 Taft carried Missouri by 629 votes, while Hadley, Republican, was elected governor by 15,879. The Republicans squeezed through with a lieutenant-governor by 177 votes, after a recount. All the other state officers were Democrats, their pluralities ranging from 626 to 3112. Taft's total vote was 347,203. In addition to this the Republicans have overthrown the Democrats in St. Louis and Kansas City since 1908 and now have the control of the police and election machinery in St. Louis and the police in Kansas City—an advantage not to be overlooked in case of a close election.

Until 1904 Missouri had been Democratic, so far as the returns went. Then the mysterious stranger appeared in the Republican ranks, and since that time it has been touch and go. There will undoubtedly be three-quarters of a million voters in Missouri in 1912 and, under the reapportionment, a not unlikely increase of the state's strength in the electoral college, from the present eighteen to twenty. This will mean a corresponding increase in the state's representation in the national conventions, and makes the state a stake worth striving to win. Hence they are striving for it already, striving good and hard; and, proudly taking the first place in the procession, Missouri has at the present time three candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912—one avowed and two receptive, but three candidates none the less.

The natural result is that Missouri is already whirligigging with politics and will continue to revolve rapidly until the Presidential election. To Ohio with Harmon, New York with Gaynor, Indiana with Marshall, Missouri adds her three Presidential candidates and possibilities, which makes it apparent that the Missouri Democrats, at least, are convinced the Democratic party will have a good chance in 1912, and that, in politics, the best rule is, "the sooner the quicker."

Missouri's avowed candidate is Joseph W. Folk, governor for the four years from 1905 to 1909, and before that of national celebrity as "the man who cleaned up St. Louis" and sent various boodlers and grafters to jail, exile and other undesirable places. Since he left the governor's office Folk has been establishing himself in the minds and hearts of his countrymen by the approved modern method of lecturing. He has been a popular attraction, demanding and getting fees equal to those of Mr. Bryan and other famous exponents of that method of publicity. There has never been a minute, since Folk became famous as the implacable prosecutor of the grafters in St. Louis and elsewhere in Missouri, when the Presidential bee has not been buzzing in his ear, and the bee that began the buzz developed into a swarm when he was elected governor at the time the state went for Roosevelt for President, in 1904.

Folk has faith in his destiny and so have a great many other people in Missouri, and it was easy for him to begin the work of establishing himself as a bona-fide Presidential candidate. He was encouraged in many quarters. He knew the state and knew he was very strong in the country, whatever idea the cities may have had of him. So, after he left Jefferson City, as governor, the preliminaries for launching his boom were easily arranged. His friends organized the Missouri Democratic League, a Folk-for-President institution and nothing else, and at the right time, which was June second last, Folk was publicly put in the running.

They had a big banquet of the league that night. Men were there from every section of the state. All the Democratic state officers went and publicly indorsed the movement. At the proper time Folk made his speech. He announced that he "would lead or follow, as the cause demanded," but intimated that he hoped and intended to lead. He also enunciated a few principles. He is running in total and eternal opposition to privilege of every kind, including the protective tariff, which he assailed violently and eloquently.

Politics is complicated, especially in a state like Missouri, and the Folk movement was much complicated at that time, and is yet, probably, by the contest for the Senatorship. Folk said in his speech he would not be a candidate for any office of any kind this year. That eased the minds of several people, including David R. Francis, former governor, former Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's second Cabinet, president of the St. Louis World's Fair and Missouri's biggest citizen. Francis is a candidate for the Senatorship to succeed Senator Warner, the Republican, whose term expires in March next.

The most formidable opponent Francis has, as yet, is James A. Reed, former mayor of Kansas City. Reed was a candidate for the nomination for governor against Folk in 1904. In the natural course of events Reed and Francis were invited to the Folk dinner. Reed went and Francis did not. Reed had been miffed over Folk's defeat of him for the nomination for governor, and had been severe about Folk, being a severe person when he likes; but, along early in January of this year, there was a harmony meeting at Kansas City which was attended by most of the Democratic leaders of Missouri. Reed, Francis, Folk and Champ Clark spoke from the same platform, clasped hands across the bloody chasm, wept on one another's necks and agreed to bury all hatchets and live happily ever afterward.

Reed, however, had an eye out toward Folk. He works the "Show me!" maxim unceasingly. Thus, when Reed learned that Folk was not and would not be a candidate for Senator this year to succeed Warner, Reed took a long running jump into the Folk band-wagon—the Folk-for-President band-wagon. Reed, who is a good talker, made a speech at the Folk-for-President banquet in which he praised Folk and his principles, and Reed had a lot of his followers there to whoop it up for Folk at the opportune moment, not forgetting to do a little whooping for Reed

David R. Francis, a Missouri Possibility

from time to time. Francis sent his regrets. He had to bring his family East to their summer home. He gave out an interview, however, in which he said: "If Missouri indorses Folk for President I will support him most cheerfully."

This occurrence, in the minds of many Missouri politicians, seems to indicate a Folk-Reed combination. It is thought Reed will get the support of Folk for the Senatorial nomination. It is said that most of the Folk men have been favorable to Francis, and that Francis lost something by not going to the banquet and helping to launch Folk for President. Francis, however, is an old and experienced and skillful politician. He knew exactly what he was doing. His managers believe he will gain more than he lost by refusing to go to the dinner.

This complication cleared up, it seems time to announce that the two receptive candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912 are David R. Francis and Champ Clark, the present minority leader in the House of Representatives and the probable Speaker of the House in the next Congress in the event of a Democratic majority, which is rather more than a possibility. Francis has always cherished the idea that some day the lightning might strike him in the shape of a Democratic Presidential nomination. He has been identified pretty generally with the conservative end of the party, but has been regular, so far as Bryan was concerned, for a good many years. His politics is to win the nomination for the Senatorship this fall and thus be in excellent shape for anything that may happen. He apparently is concerned in but one thing at the present time, and that is his nomination for the Senate. He undoubtedly argues that it will add greatly to his strength as a possible candidate for the nomination, or as a receptive candidate at any rate, to win the Senatorship. And he is probably right. He is organizing the state and working hard, and will continue at it, hammer and tongs, until the Senatorial primaries, which are to be held at the same time as the general election, in November.

Francis has been doing a lot of campaign speaking in the state and has made several addresses at commencements and other similar functions. He made an address at Bowling Green, Champ Clark's home, in Pike County, a few days before the Folk dinner, and said Champ Clark might be President some day. The Folk men lit on this like a ton of coal. They construed it to be an effort on the part of Francis to start something for Clark. So a Folk-for-President man, also one of Clark's constituents, sent a long telegram to Clark in Washington asking him how about it, and Clark telegraphed back that he was a candidate for Congress from his district and for Speaker if the House is Democratic, and concluded cannily: "No one is authorized to announce me for President."

This was just what the Folk diners wanted, and they cheered Clark's telegram almost as much as they cheered Folk. They sent a telegram to Clark telling him the diners would support him for Congress and for Speaker. The Folk men took it, from Champ's telegram, that he is willing to step out of Folk's way for President, but neglected to observe that Clark did not commit himself to Folk for President. Rather, that orotund statesman, Mr. Clark, appears to have engineered things to keep all the Folk men in his district in line for him for Congress, and to see what is to be seen in the future. Clark does not say he will not be a candidate for President. He says no one is authorized to announce him. Moreover, Mr. Bryan has thrown a few bouquets at Clark for President recently, and it is sure enough that Clark has the suspicion away back in his head he may be able to put it over. Clark has always been a supporter of Folk, and was wise in not antagonizing Folk before the Congressional election next fall with the alluring prospect of the Speakership in sight.

Although Folk has an apparent combination with Reed, it will not be all beer and skittles for him, for there is a good deal of anti-Folk sentiment in the state, especially in the cities. That is natural enough. Folk's career as prosecutor was calculated to make enemies of city politicians. When Folk ran for the Senate against the present Democratic Senator from Missouri, William J. Stone, in 1908, Stone defeated Folk by a plurality of 14,794. Stone beat Folk in St. Louis and Kansas City, where the saloon and anti-reform crowd hammered Folk hard. Folk, on the other hand, carried the state outside of the cities. He is strong in the counties—and there are a lot of counties in Missouri and a lot of voters in them.

Folk and Francis to the Fore

AFTER Hadley was in office he charged that Stone had stolen the election from Folk, but got nowhere with the charge, which fell flat when it was pointed out that Hadley signed Stone's commission to the Senate, knowing then what he charged against Stone later. This was political byplay. Folk never—publicly, at any rate—charged fraud in the primaries where he was defeated.

If Folk had decided to try again for the Senate he would have been a formidable candidate. As it is, the fight between Francis and Reed will be bitter and exciting. Francis has the support of the conservatives. Reed is, in some respects, more radical than Folk. He is a fine speaker, running largely to invective, and fights fiercely. Two big newspapers, the St. Louis Republic and the Kansas City Star, will be against him; likely as not they are now. Francis has the benefit of many years' campaigning in Missouri. He is building up an organization in every county, and has already spoken in twenty-five or thirty of the counties. There are more than a hundred counties in the state, so he still has some campaigning to do, as has Reed, who will cover the state also. Still, they have until November to do it in, and a lot of oratory can be exuded in six months if one keeps conscientiously at it.

Francis has never said he was a candidate for President, but there is no more doubt that he is a receptive candidate than there is that he is running for the Senate. His plan is to keep still until he sees how the primaries come out, which is a wise plan. The politicians in June said Francis will win in the primaries, but it is a long time to November,

Joseph W. Folk, a Former Governor of Missouri

Champ Clark, a Piece of Democratic Speakership Timber

as I have pointed out. When President Taft was trailing down the Mississippi last fall, convoyed by a lot of governors and such, there was a luncheon on one of the boats of the fleet, and Governor Shallenberger, of Nebraska, rising to the occasion and to make a speech, nominated Francis for President, amid great applause. Of course a nomination for President at a luncheon on a boat on the Mississippi cannot be said to be much of an asset in a struggle for a real nomination, but Shallenberger is governor of Bryan's state, and the wise ones thought the speech was significant. Probably it wasn't. Presently President Taft slapped Francis on the back and saluted him as "old victim." (Lawfter.)

With all these curlicues in mind it will be seen that a good deal in the way of future enlivenment of the politics of the country—that is, the Democratic politics—depends on that Senatorial primary. The candidates for Senator will go to the polls and the people will express their choice. This choice is supposed to be binding on the legislature. Thus a Democratic legislature will elect the high Democrat, and a Republican legislature will elect the high Republican. A new legislature, with the exception of sixteen holdover Senators, will be elected this fall and will have the choosing of the Senator. The last legislature, which returned Stone to the Senate, was Democratic by only nine on joint ballot. The House had four Republican majority and the Senate was Democratic by thirteen. The probabilities are that the next Senate will have a greater Democratic majority and that the Democrats will get control of the House. There are more than a few counties in the state that fifty votes will change either way, which accounts for the feverish work of organization that is being done by the Democratic Senatorial candidates.

The Republicans will try hard for the legislature, as there isn't much chance to get into Congress more Republicans than there are now. The present Senator, Warner, probably wants to go back, and his opponent may be Walter S. Dickey, of Kansas City, a millionaire sewer-pipe manufacturer, who is chairman of the Republican State Committee. It may be that Governor Hadley will run—that is, it is a possibility, but hardly a probability. Hadley is very popular and would beat Warner. Still, no governor of Missouri has ever sought another office while governor, and Hadley may not desire to upset the precedent.

Again, there is a chance that the Republicans will not engage in a primary fight for the Senatorial nomination, but wait to see if the legislature turns out to be Republican. Then Hadley could accept the honor and Dickey might not stand in his way, provided Warner had been appeased—a nice Presidential appointment, perhaps. However, the candidates do not have to file their papers for the primary until September, and Roosevelt is now at home.

Just at this point it seems necessary to inject a little more Republican politics in order to clarify the Democratic atmosphere and show what is going on in Missouri, with her one open and two undercover candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination. There have been

(Concluded on Page 31)

EMIL, THE WAITER

By Maximilian Foster
ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

HE TALKS ON THE ETHICS OF EATING

IN THE last few months a great many stories have been published about my trade. I am a waiter in a large Fifth Avenue restaurant, so I know what I am talking about. Thus I can tell you that many of these tales are untrue. As for the remainder, they deal mainly with exceptional cases that give anything but the right idea of the situation.

Some weeks ago a friend of mine, who is an average good man at his work, was haled into court by his wife, charged with non-support.

"Judge," said the woman, "this fellow gives me only twelve dollars a week."

"Monsieur Is Too Good"

"Excuse me," said the judge, who was impressed by her manner; "but can't you keep yourself on that?"

"Oh, yes, if I pinched myself," the woman replied; and then she added: "but on twelve dollars a week, your honor, I could never maintain my position."

I need hardly tell you that the magistrate was greatly astonished.

"Excuse me again," he said very politely; "but I understand your husband is a waiter who draws only twenty-five dollars a month."

"Yes, sir," replied the woman very promptly; "but he averages between seventy-five and a hundred dollars a week in tips."

Naturally, this statement made a great deal of talk. It even became the subject of editorial comment, none of which was kind to us. In many instances we waiters were held up to view as sharks and pirates. If the article sought to be humorous we were usually pictured as having either a sandbag or a pistol tucked beneath our aprons. It was all very funny, no doubt, to those who were poking fun at the waiters; but for us it was anything but funny. If the facts justified such treatment we could afford, perhaps, to smile at such things and say nothing. But the facts do not justify it.

Our tips are by no means what the public believes them to be. Furthermore, each year sees them growing smaller; so that before long, unless I am greatly mistaken, they will become relatively less than those that are given abroad. And so I can say truthfully that I was as much astonished as the judge to learn what my friend was making. Or—excuse me, please—what his wife said he was making.

A Man of a Dozen Countries

NOW, if you will bear with me for a moment, I will tell you something from the inside about tips and tipping. Also, I will give you other facts that will show you why we waiters as a class are not overpaid. I will take my own particular case, in fact.

Like the majority of waiters in America, I am a Swiss. In my time, though, I have had to be something else besides a Switzer, a great deal more than a man of a single flag. This is required of all good waiters. One usually cannot succeed at my trade unless he is able to speak anywhere from three to five languages. No other trade requires so much fluency, nor does any other calling so much demand that a man shall sink his nationality. In whatever country he finds himself he must be of that land, as loyal as a native—that is, he must if he cares to get on. Thus, in France, for example, on more occasions than I can remember, I have been of the French, a patriot. *Tiens! vive la patrie!* Therefore, too, have I cried *Hoch!* in the Berlin streets, as also have I huzzahed for royalty in Vienna, Prague, Budapest and Fiume, in Rome, Turin, Florence and elsewhere. Once I was very near to becoming a Russ, only that the Muscovite tongue proved too great a bar even for willingness like mine. So, after my stay in Moscow, like the little Corsican I fell back upon Paris. Now I am here under the Stars and Stripes, and, in my way, as loyal a citizen as you are. If I were not, or showed I did not care to be, I could not hold my job, as would be the case in any other land. But at heart I am really Swiss. Switzerland is the great country from which the great majority of us waiters come. You and others believe the most of us to be French. But this is only because almost all speak French. Without it I could not get a place. In addition, I, for one, speak German, Hungarian, two of the Czech dialects and Italian. If required, also, I can make my way in a smattering of Arabic, which I picked up in a season on the Nile steamers. But, all the same, I am by no means the exception. At the Waldorf-Astoria, last year, I had a friend who spoke nine different languages. He was discharged in the fall for resenting the abuse of a certain rich guest who could not speak his own tongue properly. However, that is neither here nor there. *Au fond*, I am a Swiss, as are the majority of waiters. Afterward, in point of numbers, we are German, Austrian and Italian. The French make only a poor fifth. But, whatever our nationality, we are compelled to learn at least two other tongues. Therefore, we must needs be educated, though we are paid very little extra because of that fact. In my own case a great many of the tips come grudgingly. This is true, though it has taken years of patient effort to raise myself to my present place. Years, yes! for as long as that does it take to make a man capable in my profession. I will show you now.

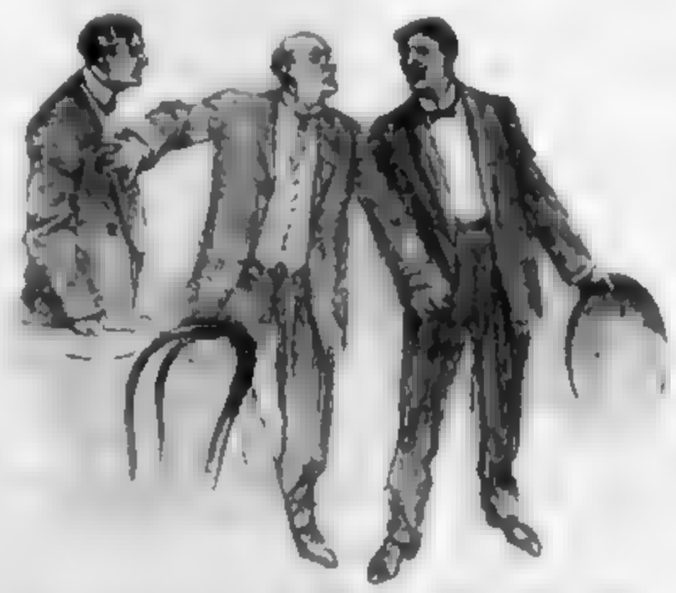
I was but twelve years old when, one day, my father called to me.

"Emil," said he, as blandly as one calls for a café cognac, "go thou to a place now, and learn."

It was as I wished. Therefore, in good heart, I washed my face till it shone, took my little bag, and having dutifully kissed my good father, my good mother and my six little brothers and sisters, I went joyously up the road. It was the same road that all of us, as a family, must one day travel; for to serve is as much an honored tradition among my kin as it is among the princes whose royal arms bear the legend *Ich dien!*

Of this foreign experience I shall say little. I would say nothing but I wish to show you what must be gone through in order to become good at my trade. In my own case—oh, well, I have seen the world merely. I have become, like the many in my trade, a wanderer. There is hardly a corner of the Continent I do not know as well as you know the buttons on your coat. I have served coffee on the Bosphorus and sherbet in the Balkans, and I have smoked my cigarette in Tunis and Algiers. Once, as I have said already, I worked on the Nile steamers for a season, so that even yet I can slang a little in the lingo of the fellaheen. Khartum, also, have I seen, where Gordon died; but that is no good place for the waiter. Piasters are too few, the season too short. New York is best of all; but even in New York the tips are not so good. I have traveled much. I speak five different tongues. I am in a way educated. Still, there are many mechanics that draw higher pay than I can get. This is true, though they have not more skill and very much less information.

In all places where I have been I have met Americans, many of your countrymen. They brought me to America. Some were well bred and cultivated gentlemen, as polite and as distinguished as you would wish to see. And, speaking frankly, some were not; in fact, only the Germans send as many different kinds and qualities traveling, and then, too, in far less numbers. But the vulgar ones among the Americans do more to hurt America abroad than the Germans to hurt Germany. This is so because they have more money to spend and are seen in far more places. It used to be that we waiters squabbled among ourselves to serve them. Though we laughed at them behind their backs, we still were glad for the money they would throw around like sailors. Today this is not so much the case. Travel has improved even the vulgar; and the more one's patron is cultivated the less—perhaps I am sorry to say this—does he make of himself a fool with reckless liberality. As I tell you, one may buy attention by flinging gold about, but one cannot buy real service. This goes only with respect. Many Americans are beginning to learn this, so that in Paris, for example, your countryman is now rated much below the Russian in the matter of giving tips. After a while, I believe, the American will learn to give as sensibly as the *bourgeois* French. For to measure the *pourboire* to the service is an art, a refinement. It is never acquired by those who are vulgar, since the vulgar person must always pay for his vulgarity too.



There Was Likely to Have Been a Fight Among Us

However, after I had seen a few rich fools of Americans throw their money about, I said to myself:

"Money must be free in the States if such clowns have so much of it."

Indeed, it seemed so; and early in my experience would I have come here but for the advice and pleading of a wise old friend of mine. He had worked long in New York and the New World's other cities, so that in the end he had grown weary of the big noises, of the bustle and the hurry. Now my friend is *kellner* in a small Vienna restaurant. There the tips are smaller and the hours even longer, but there, too, contentment is much easier to have.

Said he:

"Emil, *écoutez!* In America there is more, but there, as well, you must pay more to get it. Believe me, you will have to pay higher for even the higher pay."

Though I failed then to understand him clearly, his words are now not so vague. He meant that you Americans demand much of a man, and that you demand it not so graciously besides. Often, as I find, a man pays high for his higher pay by giving for it his self-respect. And that is not good, I tell you.

In the end, however, I heeded my old friend's counsel no more. Spring called to me as it calls to the swallows. Over the heads of those I served I listened to their talk, their chatter of many lands. I was gripped by the same *wanderlust* that sets so many of my class apacking round the world. Also, I had a greed for some of this American money, so that I threw up the place that paid me nicely and bought passage to New York.

Emil Comes to New York

PESTE!—and a fine young fool I was, was I not, my friends? Twenty-nine I was at the time, and old enough to have had some sense. But no! I would listen neither to my old friend nor to others who had been here. One thing they said was that I would have to learn all over again. They told me, one and all, that service in the States was not like service abroad. They said that, to get a place, I must begin at the bottom; that, to succeed, I must take years to work up step by step.

"*Allons! allons!*" I laughed disdainfully. "Am I not Emil—Emil, who is of the best? Oh, the Americans will pay well for such service as I can give to them!"

"Nevertheless," said they, laughing too, "these Americans will require of you a particular service of which you know nothing. A clever man will think to learn it in two years. At the end of two years he will think he may learn it all in five."

At that, also, I laughed. "But, my friends, to serve is but to serve, is it not?" I said. "Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London—where you will—it is the same for the waiter. Oh, yes!" I laughed easily; "and so shall I find it in New York."

"Go thou and learn, then!" said the last one sourly. "Believe me, my Emil," he added at the end, "you are of the sort who learn through the soles of their feet and with pain. You will walk the streets, say I, and be glad of a place as the omnibus."

Quel diable! An omnibus?—and what was that? Again my friend laughed darkly. Again he said, "Go thou and learn!"

But another thing had happened just then to give me final decision. Before this I had seen many Americans of many kinds, but this one who settled Emil was a marvel. Enough to say that he was what you call a steel man, a fellow who had become suddenly and, if I may say so, shockingly rich when the big trust was created in the iron trade. At the time he came abroad I was taking my season's usual airing at Unterwalden; and there, too, arrived my American. He stepped from a large, very much painted motor car, attended by a retinue large enough for royalty; and, by all that's true, he made as much uproar in his brief sojourn

as if Arnold von Winkelried had risen from the grave and walked. For of such tips—save us!—I had never dreamed. Here, in one minute, he would throw down a banknote of fifty francs; in another, it would be one of a hundred francs. I myself saw him toss to a *portier* gold of forty francs, so that the boots of Pittsburgh were to be brushed before all others' boots. Believe me or not, I swear it to be true. Or, as well, I remember the *fille de chambre* who came white and trembling from the royal suite. Madame, the ironmaker's wife, had but tipped her a separate note of a hundred francs, so that the poor *fille* dreamed that either she or Madame must be mad or tipsy, or both. Nor would the girl believe us when we said neither was the case; that these were but the vulgar rich of America whose manner was always such. Nothing could satisfy the girl, who was also a fool and honest, but that she must tell Madame that Madame had doubtless made a mistake. Indeed, she would have done so had not the *portier* come down just then with the boots and the two pieces of gold.

My friends, for a time we were all drunk with it. We laughed and we shouted. We waiters made coarse jokes about Monsieur and Madame, the ironmonger and his wife; and in the same breath we squabbled, too, for the privilege of attending him. Yes! and there was likely to have been a fight among us, but that the *maître d'hôtel* took a hand by deciding that all tips from the couple must be divided pro rata among us all. This being settled we no longer fought to wait on him, because, though he was loose and free with his money, he was also free and loose in his manner. Indeed, I have heard him raise his voice across the dining-room because his *tranche de veau* was not crisped to his liking. Therefore we drew lots, so that, as it fell out, two of the least capable among the staff were assigned to wait on him. Nor was our chief, M. le patron, the proprietor, in the least sorry that the pair should have poor service. For already the man and his wife had disorganized the entire staff, and, as the other guests soon began to murmur, M. le patron wished himself well rid of his visitors. But for three days they tarried, throwing their money about and avoided by the other guests. As for us servants, we laughed and shouted in the cellar. We mimicked Monsieur and Madame at a great rate, and when they were going one impudent fellow mocked them to their faces; but that is neither here nor there—and still further, the jackanapes did it in a way that only nice people would have been able to understand and so to resent.

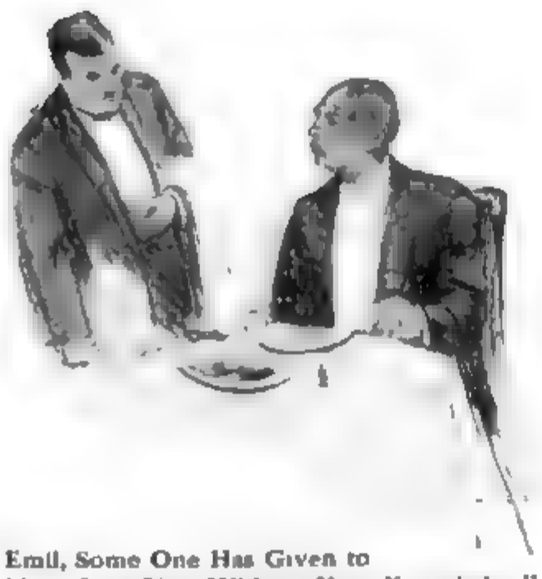
American Ignorance of How to Dine

BUT worse than this, my friends. It became not only a poor day for America and Americans about Lucerne; it was a poor day for all concerned. Money tossed about that way in tips does no good for any one. It gave, first, the black eye to all your countrymen that followed this pair. If M. le patron received them they were made to pay through the nose. Then, again, our house was at sixes and sevens; the service had gone to pieces, and such was the general disorder that in order to restore it our employer began discharging right and left.

I was not among the ones who got their walking papers. No; for I left of my own accord. I left because once more I said to myself:

"Emil, get thee to the place where even such as these have money!"

That was seven years ago, and now here I am. Since then I have worked in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, Denver and San Francisco. And, as my friends had told me fairly, I have indeed learned through the soles of my feet. Oh, yes!—for I have walked the sidewalks looking for work. As they said, too, I have had the job of omnibus, which means that one must follow the waiters and clear away the empty plates. I, Emil, have done that, the Emil who has waited on royalty. This was because service here is particular and peculiar. In the best restaurant they would not give me a stand, as we waiters call the table or tables we serve, until I had learned anew. I must learn the American drink, each in many kinds. I must learn your many foods, a multitude of dishes, the unknown, the undreamed with Emil. So, to learn I must be first an omnibus, which I in truth became. Afterward, for a while, I served the employees, the clerks, and from that went to the post of floor waiter in an apartment hotel. There was much labor in all this. There was pain to the mind and to the feet. But in time I learned, and now——!



"Emil, Some One Has Given to Me a Cold Plate Without Your Knowledge"

Believe me, friends, I know better now what you eat than even you yourselves know. I know also how you eat it, and in what a hurry it is eaten; and, further, I have seen what little thought you give to what you are eating. Oh, I shake my head at you! I do—yes! For not one in ten of you Americans knows either how food should be eaten or how it should be served. In Fifth Avenue or in Sixth, it is the same. It is the same in New York as it is in Denver. In Baltimore this is not so much the case. There you will find many that still know how to dine and to be served. Also, you will find many such in San Francisco. In Philadelphia they used to know, but now—no more! Philadelphia was too near to New York. There, in Philadelphia, they used to have a little restaurant and hotel. Its food was superb; its service the best the art could provide. Indeed, I had heard its fame long before I booked passage for the States. But even this one place with its perfections could not last. Its littleness was un-American, for in the States all must be large, must be grand, magnificent. So the little place gave way in the end. It went, and when it went there was more than one gray-haired gentleman that wept. Those that mourned were like our people abroad, who have learned to make of the *diner* a sacrament—those who know how a dinner should be cooked, how it should be served and how it should be eaten.

For in the lack of this esteem is the trouble with service and servants in the States. Many of your hotels and restaurants are the best in the world, but the people we serve in them are not—that is, they are not if observed from the waiter's viewpoint. Of course you demand good service, and, as for us, we would like to give it to you. But, on the other hand, you neither know what good service is nor do you know the way to get it. Your national haste and impatience stand in the way. You will not give the proper time for the proper enjoyment of your food. Your restaurants are too large; your food is cooked too much en masse; there is too big a distance between kitchen and table; there is too much hurry, speed, excitement. Again, many of you do not know how to handle the servants. Many of you think that civility to a servant means familiarity. Or, the other way about, to reprove him you become insulting. I need hardly say that this is not required. A cultivated foreigner may often correct a servant so that the servant will feel flattered. Well I remember the reproof of a certain great patron of mine, a member of the St. Germain *haut monde*.

Said he quietly:

"Emil, some one has given to me a cold plate without your knowledge."

It was enough. I blushed scarlet, and, believe me, never again did M. le Duc have a lukewarm plate when served by Emil. Also, after my blushes, I felt a glow of satisfaction.

Of course, it is for the money there is in it that we are waiters. To say otherwise would not be to tell the truth. But at the same time, as I know well, every good waiter is highly influenced in the quality of his service by the quality of those upon whom he waits. I do not mean in the snobbish sense, however. I mean that the more you are able to appreciate good service, the more you will get it. On the other hand, the less you are able, the less will you get. No mere money can buy our best. To make this clear, let me explain.

Now, while waiting is an art, there is still much in this art that entails the most trying manual labor. A dinner, be it even the most ordinary, calls for numerous trips between table and pantry. Each plate, each cup and saucer, and every knife and fork, makes its separate demand upon the waiter's strength, as is the case each time each and every guest is served with food or drink. All is laborious and all is exacting. Add to this the thousand and one extra little attentions that raise the superior waiter to the high place of the artist, and you will get an idea of the drain upon both his physical and his mental stamina. Therefore, unless all his efforts be understood and esteemed, he will begin presently to rid himself of the burden. Bit by bit he will cut corners, as it were, until at the end he will have reduced his art of serving the guest until he deems he has reached a level where the service is good enough for that particular guest. This is the case in a nutshell. It is only human nature. In order to save himself useless extra effort, the instant that you seat yourself you will become subject to his scrutiny. By your speech first will he weigh you. Then he will estimate you still more exactly by the way you order your meal and what you order for the meal. By the time you have begun to eat he will have your character, as it affects his own personal interests, well established in his mind. It is a psychology the results of which are exact and definite.

But speed, it strikes me—this American hurry of yours—is the seat of trouble in the poor service of which both you and I complain. I have read the great Chesterfield, who says: "A gentleman may be in haste, but never in a hurry." That is so true that if milord Chesterfield still lived it would give me pleasure to compliment him. And what he says of the gentleman is true also of the diner. Both for health's sake and for the enjoyment, one must dine leisurely, soberly. It is true, too, that the best of waiters may become the worst when every course is a Marathon.

Abroad, if the guest finds need for haste, he orders his dinner accordingly. Over here, the opposite is the case. In New York the theater begins at, say, 8.15. At seven o'clock, or even later, Monsieur and Madame arrive. They seat themselves at my table and dully regard the menu. After a study of the *carte*, during which Monsieur shows that he either does not know what he wishes to eat or does not care, he looks helpless or bored. Madame, who has laid down the menu to observe the other guests, remarks she will have something simple. Then happens one or the other of two things. Monsieur either does not know what is simple, or he believes it to be beneath his dignity to order simply. So, in nine cases out of ten, there will be ordered a dinner that nowhere on earth could be served properly in less than an hour and a half. To give it full justice, it might require two hours—even more. Therefore the food for Monsieur and Madame is flung helter-skelter on the cloth. The waiter, in his speed, grows careless, clumsy, bungling. Monsieur grumbles, and both he and Madame gobble. Emil gallops. My art is forgotten; I merely pass them the food. If it were a railroad buffet and the trainmen were already crying "All aboard!" it could not be worse. So Monsieur and Madame, who have themselves caused the discomfort, think Emil is to blame. Therefore they take it out of Emil by reducing the tip to a minimum.

Money Must Be Free in the States if Such Clowns Have So Much of It

The Eat-and-Run System

LET me tell you now that few Americans know at all what dining really means. Abroad, they make of the dinner a ceremonial. One full evening is set apart for it, another for the theater. Or if they combine the two, be assured the dinner is ordered early enough to give ample time for its enjoyment. But over here—— *Presto! Vite!* Hurry up! It all gets into the blood. If you yourself are willing to give time for the leisurely enjoyment of food and service, many others are not. This is why service even in the best of establishments is so seldom of the best. If you do not care, neither do we. If you seek to hurry up, we will do our best to help you. Our one object in such a case is to get rid of you as expeditiously as possible, clear the table and make ready for the next hurry-up.

In fact, this is the main idea in many of your restaurants. All is arranged to serve the greatest possible number in the least possible time. Everything is at a gallop. You gallop to a table, we gallop in with the food, the food gallops down your throat. No diner is allowed to linger even if he would. You are urged to order, to eat, to pay your bill and get out. This is because the more people that are served in a given time, the more money there is in it for the house. You Americans do not seem to object; but abroad a place like this would not be tolerated. And in New York I have seen this game even on Fifth Avenue.

In this matter of tips and tipping, you Americans are also unique. You tip, in fact, with as little understanding

The Boots of Pittsburgh Were to be Brushed Before All Others' Boots

as you show in ordering and in eating. Speaking plainly, you have no system in one thing or the other. Personally, I believe you to be less liberal with us waiters than you yourselves think you are. Your tips may seem large, but if one considers what it costs us waiters to live over here, then the tips are not so large as they seem. A tip is to you a species of graft. If you could you would do away with the system altogether. As for myself, I wish you could. It would free us from many abuses, and in the end give us a regular, settled pay. At the same time, I believe it would cost you more than the tips you now are giving.

In New York and the other large American cities a waiter's pay will average around twenty-five dollars a month. At the highest it amounts to ten dollars a week. In few places can a man support a family decently on this. In many, even a single man would find it difficult. Therefore it is by our tips that we survive.

Now there is a general opinion in the States that in many of the large establishments they pay no salaries whatever. The idea is also often expressed that our tips are so large we can afford to pay a percentage of them in order to get a place. Neither of these beliefs is true. Such, however, is the case in some of the European cities, but not in America. Nor is there the system operating here by which all the tips taken in are bulked together and then divided pro rata among the employees. If they tried this on us in New York all the waiters would strike. Each waiter in America gets a salary, and each waiter depends on himself for what he makes in gratuities. This is the case exactly. One good reason for this, perhaps, is that the waiter here is never sure of his place. The whim of a guest may settle him at any moment. There are no laws over here, as there are abroad, to protect the waiter. In many cases his employment is virtually only from day to day. Nor have we the same future here as waiters have abroad. Over there, a waiter may raise himself even to the post of proprietor. Over here, though there are three or four notable exceptions, the proprietors rise from the office force. We waiters merely grow old and remain waiters—that is, unless we go back to the other side. Or, if very fortunate, one may become here a captain, and, after that, head waiter. These posts require appearance and exceptional manner, and for pay a captain will get seventy-five dollars a month; a head waiter from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. In extreme cases, one of us may, perhaps, become a *maitre d'hôtel*, when he will be paid as much as three hundred dollars a month. But this post goes only to the ones with a wide knowledge of the kitchen and the preparing of foods. It is rarely in our line. You, however, will not be interested in this. The only ones you will care to know about are the waiter, the captain of waiters and the head waiter. These are the ones to whom come the tips.

My stand, as we call it, consists of one large table in the center of the dining-room. Here I may serve luncheon for, perhaps, two parties, or, at the very outside, three.

(Continued on Page 32)

OLD REESE

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER KEMP

WHEN Union's town council gave him the office of night watchman Reese got the best job he had ever held. He took it thankfully, for he was coming to that age when jobs of any kind are hard to get. He performed his duties with the faithfulness of one who is determined to give the value of his forty dollars a month.

He was a tall man and awkward in his slow movements, with gray-streaked hair and peaceful pale-gray eyes. He lived alone; no one knew why he had come to the place; no one knew the inside of his cottage; nor did any one save the town clerk know his first name. There was no mystery about him; he was simply Reese. He lived and went his daily way in stoop-shouldered solitude.

There was no reason to discharge Reese; Union did not grow and there were no changes in its politics. So he hung on until at length he became an institution. Householders remembered how they had met him every evening since their marriage. They liked him as if he were one of the elm trees in front of the town hall.

These years of office did not make Reese oversure, as is the case so often in villages; he had not that certainty of self to look upon his position as a sinecure. What was at first a determination to do his work well became in time a large respect for the work; the job grew to command his reverence; he regarded its various duties as large things.

These duties were few and simple: At nine o'clock every evening he rang the curfew; on lodge nights and after council meetings he locked up the town hall. That was about all, save incidental details, such as posting election notices and taking stray animals to the pound. There was a town jail; it was the town joke—a little wooden building with one barred window. There were never any occupants save, periodically, a single criminal, the village drunkard. That also was a village joke. On the average of once a month—sometimes the interval ran longer, but the dipsomaniac was regular, like everything and every one else in Union—this one gave himself over to the bottle and then went to jail with Reese. Always it was the same spectacle: the two proceeding down the brief main street by a series of lurching rushes; the prisoner a bit ahead, the night watchman with right hand entwined in the ragged coat-collar, his worn face serious with the resolve to do it right. Men used to smile as they saw them go by. A group of small boys usually followed in the extreme rear; with the boundless enthusiasm of their years they deemed the event exciting.

On Hallowe'en Reese had his one bad night. The festival invariably saw its sacrifice of gates, and its whooping devotees dodged past the old watchman or ran straight away from him, ignoring all his cries of halt. It worried him; he never could get used to it; he never could forbear hoping that he might succeed in stopping the disorder. But he never did.

Otherwise the peace of Union remained unbroken. Seeing him at his work, one would have thought Reese a janitor—or at the most a gray-haired noctambulist—had it not been for his star. This was nickel-plated and unusually large. He wore it on the outside of his threadbare coat. Every evening on going to work he pinned it there. First, however, he rubbed it with an old silk handkerchief until it shone. Three times a week he polished it with a preparation for cleaning silverware, which came in a small box. He did these things scrupulously and with great care. And, as the years went by, the star became important in his life. It grew to be a symbol of his job; a badge that stood for the sacredness of ringing the bell, locking the town hall and guiding to the jail the uncertain footsteps of its solitary occupant.

Reese was Thinking of the Bold Men, the Manhunters Whose Faces He Had Watched

When the town council gave him the star they also gave Reese a club and a revolver. The former was of hard wood; he used it to tack up election notices, and it became all nicked and battered from this hard process. He carried the pistol in his hip pocket and the cartridges rusted fast in the cylinder; he never had it in his hands excepting when he changed his clothes.

He was one of those men who are strangely slow in attaining the decrepitude of advanced years; one of those who get their worn faces and gray hair soon, and cease forthwith to assume additional signs of age. It would have been hard for men who had known him for years to tell offhand whether Reese was forty-five or sixty.

It was his habit to arise at four o'clock every afternoon. After his breakfast he would walk downtown to the post-office, which was also the village grocery and drygoods store. There he would read the daily paper from the city, of which the smoke sometimes showed nearly twenty miles away, above the green hills. The reading of the day's news took his time until the hour came to go to work. It was a slow process, accompanied by silent and somewhat diffident listening to the gossip of those about the place. Reese always looked forward to it; it was the big relaxation of his life. Coming slowly up the street, with this ahead of him one afternoon, he was surprised to see a crowd about the post-office. Elsewhere it would have been a knot of curious men, fringed by a ring of restless, wide-eyed boys. In Union, however, it was a crowd, with all a throng's significance. Hard by, tethered to the store's hitching-rack, a line of horses stood, and Reese saw a rifle slung to every saddle. In this quiet, old-settled farmland section the weapons bristled, incongruous, suggestive of violence. Reese stared at them; his eyes went back to the ring of men and boys, and strove to penetrate it. Drawing closer, he saw on the sidewalk's edge a group of men. Five of them were strangers. They were of a breed that he did not know.

They were—he learned it from a dozen wagging tongues—the sheriff of the county and a posse; man-hunters out upon a chase. Big-framed, erect, the sheriff loomed. Upon his breast he wore a star of gold; a diamond glistened in its center. Reese remembered having read one day of how it had been presented in appreciation of the taking of a daring criminal. His gaze hung on the badge of bold action.

He glanced curiously at the posse's men. Among the peaceful villagers of Union they stood like bloodhounds in a circle of meek cattle-dogs. The circle buzzed with the tidings of why they were here, the day's big news. The sheriff began repeating the details. Reese stood, bent-shouldered, his peaceful gray eyes and worn face showing rapt attention to the narrative—a plodding workman staring at one whose trade was hunting men.

The sheriff talked briefly, telling much. A desperado was at large—a killer, fleeing from mankind and slaying those fellow-beings who pressed him too closely. A monster from another region of existence, a product of the seething city whose smoke sometimes showed above the hills as a vague reminder of its turbulence. The criminal had burst forth the previous night; he had shot two citizens. All day posses had been following him. The sheriff told it in a matter-of-fact manner, as one tells how his companions have been overbusy with spring plowing. But there was, in the faces of these officers, a certain grimness. They were on their way toward the distant mountains, whither, according to information they had, their quarry was fleeing now. They were eager—it was clear from their bearings, evident behind the calm of their exteriors—to catch up to this man, to fight it out, to capture him, perhaps to slay him. Probably they would do that.

It was their trade. Reese had read of such things often. It hardly seemed possible; yet here they were before his eyes, hard-faced men whose business was to chase desperadoes and murderers; they carried weapons as the tools of their calling. The sheriff ceased his talking and turned to his deputies.

"Well, boys," he said composedly, "we'll be off."

They got their mounts and rode away. One of the deputies was laughing at some joke another had made. Reese watched them go. He forgot to read his paper; he had forgotten the time. Suddenly he remembered to pull out his watch. He was perturbed to find that he had stayed here beyond his usual hour. He must hurry to be on time for his work. He hastened back to his cottage; he took his large nickel-plated star and polished it with care, then pinned it, exactly right side up, on the outside of his worn coat. He went to work, imbued with the idea of doing thoroughly the night's small tasks.

It was the month of June and dusk came late. Union was very quiet now. As is the way of villages, it had lapsed into the only order of affairs it knew, retaining no sign of the brief passage of tumult and human passion from the outside world. The householders had sought

their homes; and the day died as it always died here, in decent silence. The shadows lengthened slowly on the nodding grass. The sunset flared and faded, first to pinks and then, imperceptibly, to lower tones. Twilight began to steal across the meadows by the creek; it advanced beyond the fringe of low willows that lined the stream and crept over the vacant lots. It mantled everything in gray; and dilapidated buildings, thus softened, were beautiful. The wide main street was empty from end to end. A vagrant cow, in wanton disregard of village ordinances, invaded the solitary thoroughfare. Reese captured her and led her away to the pound.

Coming back, he wandered here and there through grassgrown side streets whose ribbons of gray road were bordered by dusty weeds and flanked beyond by mossy paling fences. Over these barriers rosebushes drooped, bowed down with their weight of blossoms. Insects sang until the air was all atremble with their droning harmonies. Old-fashioned gardens exhaled great breaths of soft perfume. The shadetrees blended into vague masses against the evanescent sky.

Reese was thinking of what he had seen that afternoon; the bold men, the manhunters whose faces he had watched, whose voices he had heard. He could not exactly understand them or their work; he was accordingly in awe. A light glowed through the branches of an oak with mellow richness; the voices of some children came from far away. It was nearly time for ringing the curfew.

He went to the town hall; there he stood, with his watch in his hand, until it showed exactly nine o'clock. Then he thrust the timepiece back into his pocket and pulled the bell-rope. The tones pealed clear into the quiet air; they floated above the drowsing village like a song. He counted twenty peaceful strokes and stopped; had he gone twenty-one he would have been disturbed by the idea that he had made a mistake in his work. He tied up the rope and went away reminding himself that tomorrow evening was lodge night, and that the village drunkard would be due for his monthly breaking of the peace by Friday. As he was meditating thus upon the details of his work, a sound came to his ears, the beat of running feet.

He paused and peered into the dusk. Out of the grayness a form materialized; a boy was coming toward him. The watchman saw that he was out of breath, then recognized him as the youngster of a family who lived in the last house of the village, the place where the main street resumed its character of a country road. Panting, the boy ran up and pointed back whence he had come. For some moments he was unable to articulate; then he gasped out his story.

The desperado had come to Union, the man whom the sheriff and his posse were hunting. He had walked into their house; had demanded food; had pointed a gun at the boy's mother; had threatened to shoot them all. He was there now.

"I sneaked away," the boy said, "to tell you, so you can arrest him."

That was the way boys put it when they found Reese and told him that the village drunkard was frightening children. As he had always answered, Reese said now, "Show me where he is, sonny, and I'll fetch him to jail."

He quickened his pace; stiff-limbed, he walked as fast as he was able, in order to keep up with the boy. His face, as it was always when he made his monthly arrest, was serious.

. . . . . .

That was a lively afternoon for the sheriff and his posse of manhunters. When they left Union they rode easily, talking of this and that, untroubled by the work that lay ahead of them. Their horses went along the dusty road at a slow trot; the riders sat loosely in the saddles. But, though they smiled and occasionally bandied rough jests, and though they had no idea of coming on news of their quarry for many miles yet, their eyes remained alert; their hard bodies were like coiled springs, ready to act suddenly. There was, therefore, no effort in their abrupt stop and quick change of bearing when the sheriff, riding at their head, raised his hand.

He was looking into the brush beside the road; his eyes read the broken twigs and disturbed earth as the eyes of other men read plain print. He was suspicious of this trail. Old in his business, he had a well-earned reputation as a tracker of men. The posse waited anxiously while he dismounted and went into the thicket. He came back, frowning, all business now. He explained his various small deductions; all of them began voicing their theories. While they were consulting here, agreed upon one fact—that this dangerous man whom they were hunting was more crafty than most of his kind—a farmhand happened by. He told them that he had seen a furtive foot-traveler pass that way an hour before, with a rifle in his hand. Then they knew they had their scent.

They dismounted and left their horses. The track led them back in the direction whence they had come. Following it slowly, their weapons ready, their eyes hard with the vigilance of those who stalk a deadly animal, they noted how the desperado had passed within a few yards of them as they rode by him on the road. It gave them an uncomfortable knowledge of his craftiness; they were impressed with his stealth; they knew that they could not afford to take any chances from this time on until they had him bound.

The sheriff led them; his face was as hard now as his rifle-barrel, which he kept thrust ahead of him. Once they lost the trail; they spread through the thicket, working over it inch by inch until they picked the trail up again. They beat down every covert cautiously; they stole across the open places; and sunset found them, like a pack of tongueless hounds, strung along a track that led to Union.

Evening was pretty well along when they sighted the last house of the village. It was a low cottage, back a little from the road, surrounded on three sides by an apple orchard. They would have passed it had not the sheriff glimpsed between the trees the form of him whom they were seeking, outlined against a lighted window. The time had come for careful work. He whispered his orders to the deputies. Like shadows they glided to the posts which he designated; in this manner they surrounded the house. The game was cornered, in their power, and yet their seasoned leader knew well that even now they could not risk giving this fugitive the slightest opportunity; it might cost lives or lose them their prisoner. With this knowledge he took his own place among the trees, commanding the front door. He had just reached it when Reese opened the gate.

He was alone; he had bidden the boy to leave him a few yards back. He was walking stiffly, stooping more than usual. The gate swung shut behind him; the click of the falling latch cut the silence; to the attuned ears of the posse it was startling as a pistol-shot. His feet crunched noisily on the gravel walk as he hurried toward the door.

The cottage had a wide porch; from this two steps descended to the gravel walk. Reese had one foot upon the second step when the front door flew open. A flood of yellow lamplight poured forth, bathing everything within the area which it covered. In its radiance two figures showed sharply. Out in the orchard the sheriff raised the butt of his Winchester to his shoulder; his eyes began to seek after the sights.

In the doorway, rifle in hand, his head thrust venomously forward, the outlaw stood, poised on the balls of his feet, a tense figure about to act. The whole man was in harmony with the weapon that even now, like a part of himself, was beginning to leap to his shoulder. In silhouette he stood, the light behind his back. The sheriff, trying to find his sights, saw Reese step between them and the murderer.

The lamp shone on the old watchman's face. It showed his gray-streaked hair, the heavy lines upon his cheek, the threadbare coat fluttering from his bent shoulders. Its rays focused upon the great nickel-plated star and rebounded from the metal, dazzling. The seriousness in every feature stood out as Reese spoke. The sheriff heard him and gasped a whispered oath, holding his weapon with sweating fingers.

"You come to jail with me," said Reese. It was the only way he knew.

The poised figure before him moved as swiftly as a striking snake. The outlaw threw his rifle to the aim; his head sank on his neck until his cheek pressed against the walnut stock; his index finger touched the trigger. The flame streaked out along the path of yellow lamplight.

Below the streaking flame Reese was a swift projectile. He had leaped just before the other shot; his stiffened muscles had unlimbered into action; he hurtled through the air like a young football player tackling an opponent. He caught the desperado about the waist; his arms clamped like a vise. The two of them crashed down together and the cottage windows rattled with the shock.

The light of the lamp showed them now, struggling upon the threshold. It made them plainly visible to the sheriff; the one battling savagely to free himself, striving with all his strength to clear his arms and get his revolver, intent on the idea of killing; the other, with the grim tenacity of one large purpose, clinging to his prisoner. The old manhunter lay there, rooted by the spectacle.

The noises of the grapple smote the evening, bruising the calm air like ugly blows—the impact of the colliding bodies, the tramp of heels upon the floor, the hoarse, indrawn breaths, the growl of oaths. The swiftness of their movements made the moments hours.

Reese was on top. He strained with heart and soul and all his old body toward the one end; he was engrossed in his single purpose; he fought to hold. He turned his head. The sheriff in the orchard saw his face; the lines of age had vanished among deeper lines of grim determination that made his features heroic.

His body heaved, pressed outward by the desperado's knee. His feet flew up; they hammered down again upon the floorboards; he twined his legs about the outlaw's legs. Locked thus, the two writhed in mad unison. The desperado loosed one of his arms and struck the watchman heavily in the face; the warm blood masked them both in red. Still Reese clung; he clenched his teeth until his jaw bulged, and he hung on. The fist swung again; the noise of the blow came sharp and clear; and then once more. The watchman's strength was waning. With a mighty heave the murderer flung Reese from him; he reached down for the revolver at his waistband.

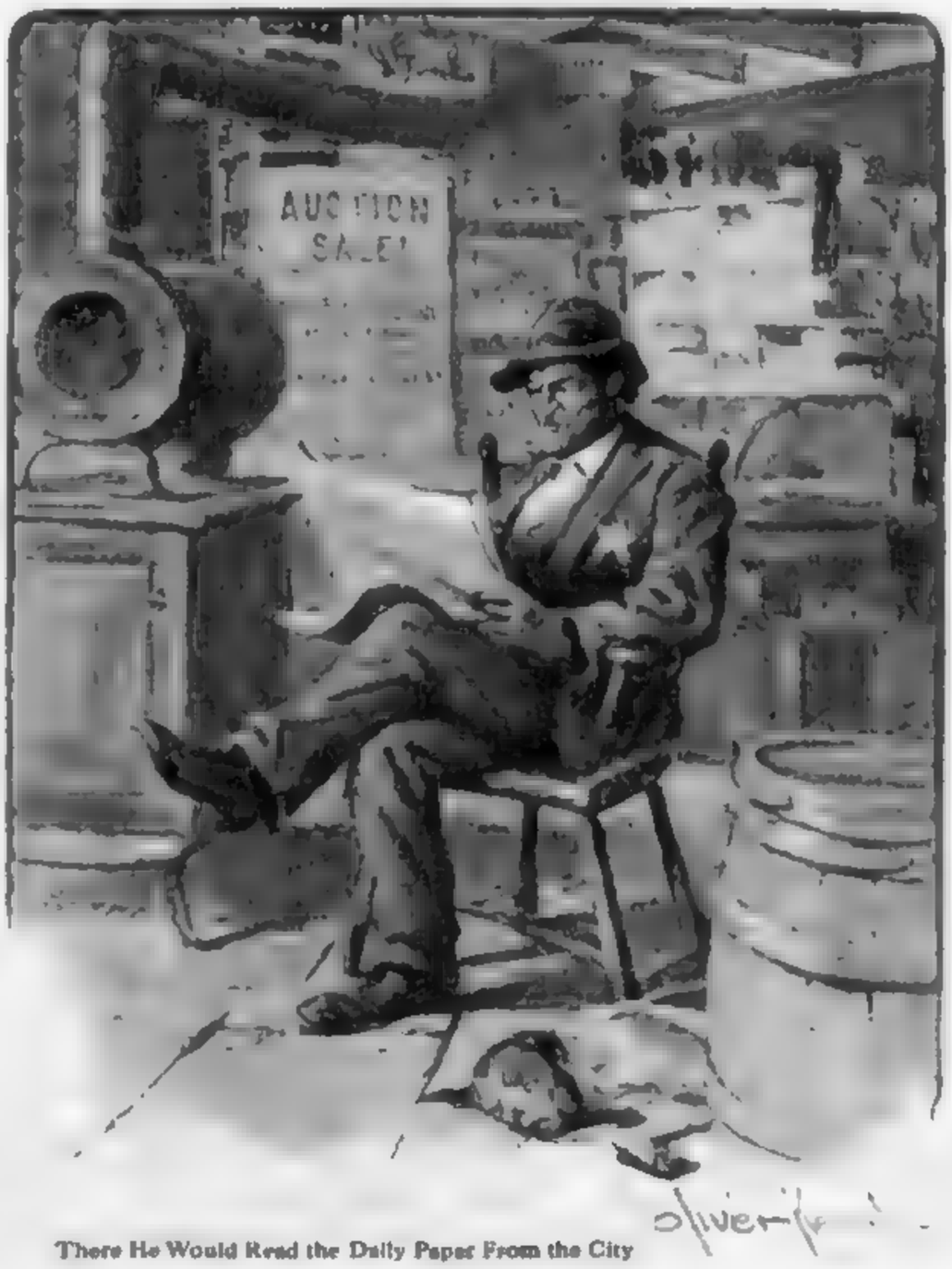
Reese fell backward upon the porch. Struggling to rise he saw the movement of the hand; he caught its meaning. For the first time in his work he remembered his own revolver and what it was for. His hand flew to his hip pocket. In the struggle the other's pistol had become entangled with his clothing; it failed now to come at once; he was tugging at it while Reese jerked his weapon forth and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a dull click.

The outlaw freed his revolver at the same instant; he drew it. Then Reese, with all the force that remained in his body, hurled his ancient pistol; it struck the murderer between the eyes. He went down like lead.

The sheriff was running toward them. He had started when they broke apart; he came up as Reese was reaching down, intwining his hand within the collar of the desperado's coat. The watchman breathed heavily in hoarse gasps; his features were all reddened with his blood, but the face was steady, serious with purpose. Then the sheriff cried out, and his voice struggled with a double load of reproof and admiration; he told the old man what a terrible risk this was which he had run; he asked him why he had made such an attempt alone.

Reese looked around; he turned his peaceful, pale-gray eyes toward the speaker, and his tone was that of one who gives an unanswerable reason, who tells one fact that explains all, as he said, quite simply: "Why, I'm night watchman here!"

In after years the thing remained indelibly in Reese's memory; and every evening, after he had finished polishing his star, he oiled his old revolver carefully. Always he remembered then, with self-reproach, how he had, for a long time, neglected this detail of his work: the keeping of this tool in proper order.



There He Would Read the Daily Paper From the City

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XI

IN A CITY where thousands and thousands of women were now organizing relief work for the troops already in the field, Ailsa Paige had been among the earliest to respond to the call for a meeting at the Church of the Puritans. Here she had left her name for enrolment with Mrs. Gerard Stuyvesant.

Later, with Mrs. Marquand, Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and a hundred others, she had signed the call for the great mass-meeting; had acted on one of the sub-committees chosen from among the three thousand ladies gathered at the Institute; had served with Mrs. Schuyler on the board of the Central Relief Association; had been present at the inception of the Sanitary Commission and its adjunct, the Allotment Commission; had contributed to the Christian Commission, six thousand of whose delegates were destined to double the efficiency of the armies of the Union.

Then Sainte Ursula's Sisterhood, organized for field as well as hospital service, demanded all her energies. It was to be an emergency corps; she had hesitated to answer the call, hesitated to enroll for this rougher service and, troubled, had sought counsel from Mr. Dodge and Mr. Bronson, of the Allotment Commission, and from Doctor Agnew, of the Sanitary Commission.

Doctor Agnew wrote to Doctor Benton:

Mrs. Paige is a very charming and very sweet little lady, excellently equipped by experience to take the field with Sainte Ursula's Sisterhood, but self-distrustful and afraid of her own behavior on a battlefield where the emergency corps might be under fire. In this sort of woman I have every confidence.

The next day Ailsa enrolled; arranged her household affairs so that she could answer any summons at a few hours' notice, and went to bed dead tired and slept badly, dreaming of dead men. The morning sun found her pale and depressed. She had decided to destroy Berkley's letters. She burned all except one, then went to her class-work.

Doctor Benton's class was very busy that morning experimenting on the Doctor's young assistant with bandages, ligatures, lint and splints. Letty lay on the operating table, her cheek resting on one crooked elbow, watching Ailsa setting a supposed compound fracture of the leg and, at intervals, quietly suggesting the proper methods.

Autumn sunshine poured through the windows, gilding the soft gray garb of Sainte Ursula's nursing sisterhood, which all now wore on duty, and touching the red pectoral heart with an edge of crimson fire.

The girl on the table lay very still, now and then directing or gently criticising the well-intended operations on limb and body. And after the allotted half-hour had struck she sat up, smiling at Ailsa, and, slipping to the floor, dressed rapidly, talking all the while in her pretty, gentle way about bandages and bones and fractures and dislocations.

A few minutes after she had completed dressing and was standing before the glass, smoothing the dark, silky masses of her hair, Doctor Benton arrived, absent-eyed, preoccupied at first, later in a fidgety humor, which indicated something unusual was about to happen. Then it happened.

"Could any lady get ready in time to take the noon train for Washington?" he asked abruptly.

There was a startled silence; the call had come at last.

Mrs. Rutherford said quietly: "I will go. But I must see my husband and children first. I could be ready by tomorrow, if that will do."

Another—a young girl—said: "I could not leave my mother at an hour's notice. She is ill. Would tomorrow do, Doctor Benton?"

"I—think I can go today," said Ailsa in a low voice.

"Our quota is to be two nurses," said the Doctor. But no other lady could possibly leave before the morrow; and it was, after all, scarcely fair to expect it of women with families to be provided for and home responsibilities to be arranged.

There Were Letters to be Written for Sick Boys

"I could go today if you could spare me—if I may be permitted," said the Doctor's young assistant timidly.

He swung around and scowled at her, lips compressed, eyes gleaming through his spectacles:

"You are not asked to go, Miss Lynden."

"I—thought ——"

"Do you want to go?"

"If Mrs. Paige is going—alone ——"

Ailsa looked at her, gratefully surprised, but smiled her thanks.

"If Miss Lynden may come, Doctor Benton, I should be very glad. May she?"

"Miss Lynden is not a member of Sainte Ursula's congregation," he said dryly. "She's my—rather valuable—assistant."

"She has been to church with me several times," said Ailsa. "I have spoken to her about becoming a communicant of Sainte Ursula's, and she desired to begin her instruction in October ——"

"But, confound it!—I want her with me!" interrupted the Doctor impatiently. "My house and office require the services of Miss Lynden!" He turned and paced the room rapidly, hands clasped behind his bent back; then, halting:

"Do you want to go?" he repeated.

"You are very kind to wish me to remain. . . . But I feel as though Mrs. Paige should not go alone."

"Oh, all right," said the Doctor gruffly. "And you'd better start at once; that train leaves at midday." And, turning to his class: "Now, ladies, if you will kindly put away those rags and give me your strict and undivided attention!"—his voice rumbled off into a growl.

Ailsa was already putting on her hat. Presently Letty Lynden came out of the inner office, carrying a light scarf over her arm. She and Ailsa bade a hasty and excited good-by to the ladies of the class, thanked Doctor Benton, listened solemnly to instructions, promised to obey, and gave him tremulous hands in leave-taking.

"If those ungrateful dogs of soldiers don't appreciate you two young ladies, come home on the next train, where you will be appreciated," grumbled the Doctor. "Anyway, God bless you both. And don't drink dirty water! And keep your patients clean! Keep 'em clean! clean! clean! I've a notion that cleanness is nine-tenths of surgery; and it's all there is to nursing—but few agree with me. Good-by! Tell Agnew I say that you know your business!"

. . . . . .

Ailsa turned to Letty Lynden:

"It is so sweet of you to want to come. Will you send your trunk to my house? I will have luncheon ready and another gray uniform for you. You'll be a communicant soon, so there is no possible harm in wearing it."

"I should like to wear Sainte Ursula's garb," said the girl wistfully. "Do you really think I may, Mrs. Paige?"

"You shall indeed! Will you be ready by eleven?"

"I have very little to take with me—only a small trunk. I will be at your house at eleven."

Ailsa, nervous and excited, nodded; the suddenness of departure was beginning to stimulate her. She walked rapidly home, summoned the servants, interviewed the housekeeper, sat down and drew necessary checks to cover a month's absence; sent hurried notes to Celia, to Camilla, to Colonel Arran, to Captain Hallam; dispatched a servant to find a hack and another to pack for her.

The household belowstairs was inclined to tears; old Jonas sniffled and shuffled about, shrunken hands hanging helpless, mild eyes following his young mistress as she moved decisively from room to room, gathering up or indicating to servants what she required for her journey.

Shawls, handbags, umbrellas, cloaks and trunk were packed and strapped and carried off below. Letty arrived with her trunk, was taken to Ailsa's room, where luncheon for two was ready.

Later Jonas arrived, still sniffling, to announce the hack; and the two gray-garbed women hurried away amid the hysterical snivel of servants and the friendly mewing of Missy, who trotted after them to the front door, tail erect, followed by her latest progeny on diminutive and wavering legs.

All the way to the ferry Ailsa sat silent in her corner of the hack, worried, reflecting, trying to recollect what it was that she had left undone.

Something important she certainly had forgotten; she knew it, searching her mind, teeth worrying her under lip, while Letty furtively watched her in silence, small gloved hands clasped in her lap.

And suddenly Ailsa knew and a flood of color dyed her face; for the vague sense of leaving something undone was the instinct to let Berkley know she was going—the blind, unreasoning need for some communication with him.

Had it been possible that all this time she had not utterly uprooted this man from her insulted heart? Had hope, all this time, unconsciously lived latent in her? Was it possible that somehow, somewhere, there remained a chance for him yet—a chance for her—a cure—the only cure for all the heartaches he had caused her—himself?

She reddened painfully again as memory, insolent, imperious, flashed in her brain, illuminating the unquiet past, sparing her nothing—no, not one breathless heart-beat.

And Letty, silent in her corner, watched her without a word.

At the station, scarcely knowing what she did, Ailsa stopped at the telegraph office and wrote a dispatch to Berkley, addressing it to his old lodgings:

I don't know whether this will ever reach you, but I can't go without trying to let you know that I am leaving for Washington as volunteer nurse. They have my address at the home.

AILSA PAIGE.

Then the two gray-garbed women hurried to the train, but found no seats together until a lank, sad-eyed lieutenant of artillery gave up his place and doubled in with a sweating, red-necked contractor from St. Louis, who sat in his shirt-sleeves, fanning himself with his straw hat.

The day was hot; the car dusty, ill-smelling, uncomfortable.

At Philadelphia their train was stalled for hours. Two long trains loaded with ammunition and a battery of field artillery had right-of-way, and then another train filled with jeering, blue-clad infantry blocked them.

The soldiers, bareheaded and in their undershirts, lolled and yelled and hung from the car windows, chewing tobacco, smoking, or gazing, jaws agape, at the crowds in the station.

Another train rolled by, trailing a suffocating stench of cattle and hogs from its slatted stock cars, and Ailsa was almost stifled before her train at last moved heavily southward, saluted by good-natured witticisms from the soldiers at the windows of the stalled troop train.

Evening came, finding them somewhere in Delaware; the yellow stars appeared, the air freshened a little. Letty had fallen asleep; her dark lashes rested quietly on her cheeks, but the car jolted her head cruelly, and Ailsa gently drew it to her own shoulder and put one arm around her.

A major of heavy artillery turned toward her from his seat and said:

"Are you a volunteer nurse, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Ailsa, glancing cautiously at Letty.

"Can I do anything for you at Wilmington?"

She thanked him. He was disposed to be very friendly

"You ladies are the right stuff," he said. "I've seen you aboard those abominable transports, behaving like angels to the poor seasick devils. I saw you after Big Bethel, scraping the blood and filth off of the wounded Zouaves; I saw you in Washington after Bull Run, doing acts of mercy that, by gad, madam, would have turned my stomach! . . . Won't you let me do something for you? You don't need any whisky for your sick boys, do you?"

Ailsa smiled and shook her head, saying they had not yet been assigned to duty.

"I haven't anything else to offer you except tobacco," said the major ruefully, and subsided.

At Wilmington, however, he got out, and presently reappeared with hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, a big bottle of cold, sweet milk and a basket of fruit. Letty awoke, realized that Ailsa had been holding her in her arms, looked at her in confusion, then impulsively bent and laid her lips against Ailsa's hands.

"Why—child—I didn't mind," faltered Ailsa, flushing in response to Letty's swift emotion. "See what this very kind officer has brought us for dinner, dear! Isn't it delicious?"

They were as hungry as two schoolchildren and ate everything; and by-and-by the major of heavy artillery came back and reversed the seat he had been occupying and arranged it so he could sit facing them. He was fat, red-faced, with a pair of terrific mustaches and a closely-clipped head showing two scars.

"I've daughters older than you, ma'am," he said in part explanation of his friendliness. "One's got a new baby. He's a devil!"

"W-what?" asked Ailsa.

"The right kind of devil, ma'am. I've been to see him! He wanted my sword; he tried to chew off my shoulder-straps; he almost impaled himself on my spurs. By Heaven, ma'am, that's a boy for you!"

Ailsa smiled faintly. She knew about babies; implanted in her had always been a perfect madness to possess one.

She and the red-faced major talked babies. Letty, knowing nothing about babies and not deeply interested, lay back in her seat watching Ailsa in the dim light of the ceiling lamps. She seemed never to have enough of Ailsa. It had been so from the first.

In Baltimore dawn was breaking when Ailsa awoke at the summons of the major; and he remained devoted to the two nurses of Sainte Ursula, attending to their baggage and transfer across the city, finding seats in the waiting-room already invaded by the officers of several regiments in transit, and finally saw them safely aboard the cars again.

"Good-by, little ladies," he said cheerily. "If I'm hit, God send one of you to wash my face for me! My card, ladies—if I may be permitted the honor. I'm to be at Fortress Monroe as soon as my command leaves Baltimore."

After he had gone away Ailsa looked at his card:

A. J. DENISLOW
MAJOR ART., U. S. A.

"I thought he was a regular," she said, smiling at Letty. "He's a perfect old dear. Shall we open the parcel and see what he has left us for breakfast?"

There was more milk, more peaches and pears, more bread and butter, and a cold roast chicken; and they made very merry over it, doing the best they could without knife and fork.

They were nearing Washington now. Every little while they passed bodies of troops marching or encamped along the roads; and once they saw a line of army wagons, drab-colored, with yellow canvas tops, moving slowly in clouds of dust.

In the limpid morning light buzzards were already soaring over the green fields; the fresh odor of wild flowers came blowing in at their open car window; butterflies fluttered, wind-driven, helpless.

And now they were passing mounds of freshly-turned red earth—long stretches of hillocks banked high and squared at the ends. Hundreds of negroes were at work sodding them; here and there a flag fluttered and a bayonet gleamed

"I believe all these little hills and ditches have something to do with forts," said Ailsa. "Certainly that great mound must be part of a fort. Do you see the cannon?"

Letty nodded, wide-eyed. And now they were passing soldiers on every road, at every bridge, along every creek-bank.

Squads of them, muskets shining, marched briskly along beside the railroad track; sentinels stood at every culvert, every flag-house, every water-tank and local station past which they rolled without stopping. Acres of white tents flashed into view; houses and negro cabins became thicker; brick houses, too, appeared at intervals, then half-finished blocks fronting the dusty roads, then rows and lines of dwellings, and street after street swarming with negroes and whites. And before they realized it they had arrived.

They descended from the car amid a pandemonium of porters, hackmen, soldiers, newsboys, distracted fellow-passengers, locomotives noisily blowing off steam, baggagemen trundling and slamming trunks about, and stood irresolute and confused

"Could you direct us to the offices of the Sanitary Commission?" asked Ailsa of a passing soldier wearing the insignia of the hospital service on his sleeve.

"Bully for You!" Said the Boy; "Step Right This Way, Sanitary"

"You bet I can, ladies! Are you nurses?"

"Yes," said Ailsa, smiling

"Bully for you!" said the boy; "step right this way, Sanitary. One moment——"

He planted himself before a bawling negro hack-driver and began to apply injurious observations to him, followed by terrible threats if he didn't take these "Sanitary ladies" to the headquarters of the Commission.

"I'm going up that way, too," he ended, "and I'm going to sit on the box with you, and I'll punch your nose off if you charge my Sanitary ladies more than fifty cents!"

And escorted in this amazing manner, cinder-smeared, hot, rumpled and very tired, Ailsa Paige and Letty Lynden entered the unspeakably dirty streets of the Capital of their country and turned into the magnificent squalor of Pennsylvania Avenue, which lay, flanked by ignoble architecture, straight and wide and hazy under its drifting golden dust from the great unfinished dome of the Capitol to the Corinthian colonnade of the Treasury. Their negro drove slowly; their self-constituted escort, legs crossed, cap over one impish eye, lolled on the box, enjoying the drive.

Past them sped a company of cavalry in blue and yellow, bouncing considerably in their saddles, red faces very dusty under their tightly-strapped caps, sabers and canteens jangling like an unexpected avalanche of tinware in a demoralized pantry.

"Go it, young 'uns!" cried their soldier escort from the box, waving his hand patronizingly. He also saluted an officer in spectacles as "Bully boy with a glass eye," and later informed another officer in a broad yellow sash that he was the cheese. All of these things painfully mortified the two young nurses of Sainte Ursula, especially when passing the fashionably-dressed throng gathered in front of the Willard and promenading Lafayette Square.

"Oh, dear!" said Ailsa; "I suppose he's only a boy, but I didn't know soldiers were permitted to be so impudent. What on earth do all these people think of us?"

Letty, who had been mischievously amused and inclined to enjoy it, looked very grave as the boy, after a particularly outrageous gibe at a highly respectable old gentleman, turned and deliberately winked at his "Sanitary ladies."

"That's old hoss Cameron," he said. "I made such a mug at the old terrapin that he'll never be able to recognize my face."

"The—the Secretary of War!" gasped Ailsa. "You very wicked little boy, don't you dare to make another face at anybody—or I'll—I'll report your conduct to—to the Sanitary Commission!"

"Oh, come," he said blankly, "don't do that, lady! They'll raise hell with me if you do. I want to get hunky with the Sanitary boss."

"Then behave yourself!" said Ailsa, furious; "and don't you dare to swear again. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am—I will—I won't, I mean. And if I see that old mudsill, Simon Cameron, I'll take off my cap to him, b'gosh!"

It was an anxious and subdued soldier who showed them the door of the Commission's office and stood at attention, saluting carefully as the ladies passed him.

"You won't peach, will you?" he whispered loudly, as Ailsa stopped to pay the driver.

"No, I won't—this time," she said, smiling, "if you promise to be a very good soldier hereafter."

He promised fervidly. He happened to be on duty at headquarters, and the fear of the Commission had been driven into him deep. So Ailsa and Letty entered the door with a stream of people who evidently had business with the officials of the American Sanitary Commission; and a very amiable young man received them in their turn, took their papers, examined their credentials, nodded smilingly, and directed them to a small boarding-house on F Street, where, he explained, they had better remain until further orders.

There had been some desultory fighting in Virginia, he said; also there were a great many sick soldiers in the army.

Perhaps, added the young man, they would be sent to one of the city hospitals, but the chances were that they would be ordered directly to a field hospital. In that case their transportation would be by army wagon or ambulance, or the Commission might send one of its own mule-drawn conveyances. At any rate, they had better get a good rest and not allow themselves to worry, because as long as the Commission had sent for them the Commission certainly needed them and would see that they arrived safely at their destination.

This turned out to be a perfectly true prophecy, for, after a refreshing bath in their boarding-house quarters and a grateful change of linen and an early supper, a big, bony cavalryman came clanking to their door, saying that a supply train was leaving for the South and that an ambulance of the Sanitary Commission was waiting for them in front of the house

The night was fearfully hot; scarcely a breath of air stirred as their ambulance creaked out toward the river.

The Long Bridge, flanked by its gate-houses, loomed up in the dusk.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friends, with the countersign."

"Dismount one and advance with the countersign!" And the sergeant of cavalry dismounted and moved forward; there was a low murmur, then: "Pass on, Sanitary!"

A few large and very yellow stars looked down from the blackness above; under the wheels the rotten planking and worn girders of the Long Bridge groaned and complained and sagged.

Ailsa, looking out from under the skeleton hood behind her, saw other wagons following, loaded heavily with hospital supplies and baggage, escorted by the cavalrymen, who rode as though exhausted, yellow-trimmed shell jackets unbuttoned, exposing sweat-soaked undershirts, caps pushed back on their perspiring heads.

Letty, lying on a mattress, had fallen asleep. Ailsa, scarcely able to breathe in the heavy heat, leaned panting against the framework, watching the darkness.

It seemed to be a little cooler on the Virginia side after they had passed the General Hospital and had gone forward through the deserted city of Alexandria. About a mile beyond, a slight freshness, scarcely a breeze, stirred Ailsa's hair. The driver said to her, pointing at a shadowy bulk with his whipstock:

"That's the Marshall House, where Colonel Ellsworth was killed. God help the Tigers if the Fire Zouaves ever git at 'em."

She looked at the unlighted building in silence. Farther on the white tents of a Pennsylvania regiment loomed gray under the stars; beyond them the sentinels were Zouaves of an Indiana regiment, wearing scarlet fezzes.

Along the road, which for a while paralleled the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, cavalry vedettes sat their horses, carbine on thigh. No trains passed the embankment. Once Ailsa saw, on a weed-grown siding, half a dozen locomotives apparently intact; but no fire burned in their furnaces, no smoke curled from their huge, drumhead stacks, and on the bell-frame of one an owl was sitting.

And now, between a double line of ditches, where a battalion of engineers lay asleep in their blankets, the road entered the pine woods.

Ailsa slept fitfully, but the far challenge and the halting of the wagon usually awoke her in darkness feebly lit by the rays of a candle-set lantern swung up inquiringly by the corporal of some guard. And "Pass forward, Sanitary!" was the invariable formula; and the ambulance rolled on again between a double abatis of fallen trees, flanked on either horizon by tall, quiet pines.

Once she heard singing; a small company of cavalrymen straggled by, and, seeing their long lances and their Belgian forage-caps, she leaned out and asked what regiment it might be. Somebody answered: "Escort squad of Rankin's Lancers, First United States. Our regiment is in Detroit, miss, and thank God we're going back there!"

And they rode on toward Washington, singing their monotonous Do They Miss Me at Home? song, till she lost them against the darkness of the distant woods, and dropped back once more to her bed of shawls and blankets.

After midnight she slept, and it was only the noise the driver made pulling the canvas cover of the frame above her that awakened her, and she sat up, half-frozen, in a fine fog that became a drizzle soon after the cover was up.

"The sunny South," observed the driver in disgust. "Yesterday the thermometer stood at 105 in Washington, and now look at this here weather, lady."

Day broke bitter cold. It was raining heavily, but soon after sunrise the rain slackened, the fog grew thinner and the air warmer. Slowly the sun appeared, at first only a dazzling blot through the smother, then brassy, glittering, flooding the chilled earth with radiance.

Through steaming fields, over thickets, above woods, the vapors were rising, disclosing a shining and wet world, sweet and fresh in its early autumn beauty.

The road to Fairfax Courthouse was deep in red mud, set with runnels and pools of gold, reflecting corners of blue sky. Through it slopped mules and horses and wheels, sending splashes of spray and red mud over the roadside bushes. A few birds sang; overhead sailed and circled hundreds of buzzards, the sun gilding their upcurled wing-tips as they sheared the treetops.

And now, everywhere over the landscape soldiers were visible, squads clothed only in trousers and shirts, marching among the oaks and magnolias with pick and shovel; squads carrying saws and axes and chains. A little farther on a wet, laurel-bordered road into the woods was being corduroyed; here they were bridging the lazy and discolored waters of a creek, there erecting log huts. Hammer strokes rang from half-cleared hillsides where some regiment, newly encamped, was busily flooring its tents; the blows of axes sounded from the oak woods; and Ailsa could see great trees bending, slowly slanting, then falling with a rippling crash of smashed branches.

The noises in the forest awoke Letty. Whimpering sleepily, but warm under the shawls which Ailsa had piled around her, she sat up, rubbing her dark eyes; then, with a little quick-drawn breath of content, took Ailsa's hand.

The driver said: "It's them gallus lumbermen from some o' the Maine regiments clearing the ground. They're some with the axe. Yonder's the new fort the Forty Thieves is building."

"The—what?" asked Ailsa, perplexed.

"Fortieth New York Infantry, ma'am. The army calls 'em the Forty Thieves, they're that bright at foraging, flag or no flag! Chickens, pigs, sheep—God knows they're a light-fingered lot, but their colonel is one of the best officers in the land. Why shouldn't they be a good fat regiment, with their haversacks full o' the best, when half the army feeds on tack and sow-belly and the other half can't git that!"

The driver, evidently nearing his destination, became confidentially loquacious.

"Yonder's Fort Ellsworth, ladies! It's hid by the forest, but it's there, you bet! If you ladies could climb up one o' them big pines you'd see the line of forts and trenches in a half-moon from the Chain Bridge at Georgetown to Alexandria, and you'd see the seminary in its pretty park, and, belike, General McClellan in the chapel cupola, aspying through his spyglass what deviltry them rebel batteries is hatching on the hill over yonder."

"Are the rebels there?"

"Yes'm. Little Mac, he lets 'em stay there till he's good 'n' ready to gobble 'em."

Ailsa and Letty stared at the bluish hill, the top of which just showed above the forest.

A young soldier of engineers, carrying a bundle of axes, came along the road, singing in a delightful tenor voice the

"Is There Any Forgiveness for Me?"

hymn, Arise, My Soul, Arise! He glanced admiringly at Ailsa, then at Letty, as the ambulance drove by, but his song did not falter; and far away they heard him singing gloriously through the autumn woods.

Presently a brigade medical officer rode up, and with his gloved hand signaled the driver to stop.

"Where do you come from, ladies—the General Hospital at Alexandria?"

Ailsa explained.

"That's good," he said emphatically; "the brigade hospitals are short-handed. We need experienced nurses badly." And he pointed across the fields toward a hillside where a group of farmhouses and barns stood. A red flag flapped darkly against the sky from the cupola of a barn.

"Is that the hospital?" asked Ailsa, noticing some ambulances parked near by.

"Yes, madam. You will report to Doctor West." He looked at them for a second, shook his head thoughtfully, then saluted and wheeled his horse.

"Pass on, Sanitary!" he added to the driver.

There was a deeply-rutted farmroad across the fields, guarded by gates that now hung wide open. Through these the supply wagons and the Commission ambulance rolled, followed by the rain-soaked troopers of the escort.

In front of one of the outhouses a tall, bald-headed, jolly-faced civilian stood in his checked shirt-sleeves, washing bloody hands in a tin basin. To Ailsa's question he answered:

"I'm Doctor Hammond, of the Sanitary Commission. Doctor West is in the wards. Very glad you came, Mrs. Paige; very glad indeed, Miss Lynden. Here's an orderly who'll show you your quarters—can't give you more than one room and one bed. You'll get breakfast in that house over there as soon as it's ready. After that come back here to me. There's plenty to do," he added grimly; "we're just sending fifty patients to Alexandria and twenty-five to Washington. Oh, yes, there's plenty to do—plenty to do in this God-forsaken land. And it isn't battles that are keeping us busy."

. . . . . .

No, it was not battles that kept the doctors, nurses and details for the ambulance corps busy at the front that first autumn and winter in Virginia. Few patients required the surgeon, few wounded were received, victims of skirmish or sharpshooting or of their own comrades' carelessness But unwounded patients were arriving faster and faster from the corduroy-road squads, from the outposts in the marshy forests, from the pickets' hovels on the red-mud banks of the river, from chilly rifle pits and windy hill camps, from the trenches along Richmond turnpike, from the stockades at Fairfax. And there seemed no end of them. Hundreds of regimental hospital tents, big affairs sixty feet long by forty wide, were always full. The hospitals at Alexandria, Kalorama, the Columbia and the Stone Mansion took the overflow or directed it to Washington, Philadelphia and the North.

In one regiment alone, the Saratoga Regiment, the majority of the men were unfit for duty. In one company only twelve men could be mustered for evening parade. Typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria and spotted fever were doing their work in the raw, unacclimated regiments. Regimental medical officers were exhausted.

Two steady streams of human beings, flowing in opposite directions, had set in with the autumn: the sick going North, the new regiments arriving from the North to this vast rendezvous, where a great organizer of men was welding together militia and volunteers, hammering out of the raw mass something that was slowly beginning to resemble an army.

Through the wards of their hospital Ailsa and Letty saw the unbroken column of the sick pass northward or deathward; from their shuttered window they beheld endless columns arriving—cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers—all seeking their allotted fields or hillsides, which presently blossomed white with tents and grew blue and hazy with the smoke of campfires.

All day long, rain or sun, the landscape swarmed with men and horses; all day long bugle answered bugle from hill to hill; drums rattled at dawn and evening; the music from regimental and brigade bands was almost constant, saluting the flag at sunset, or, with muffled drums, sounding for the dead, or crashing out smartly at guardmount, or, on dress parade, playing the favorite Evening Bells.

Leaning on her window-ledge when off duty, deadly tired, Ailsa would listen dully to the near or distant strains, wondering at the strangeness of her life; wondering what it all was coming to.

But if life was strange it was also becoming very real and very full as autumn quickened into winter, and the fever waxed fiercer in every regiment.

Life now gave Ailsa scant time for brooding—scarce time for thought at all. There were no other women at the Farm Hospital. Every regiment in the newly-formed division encamped in the vicinity furnished one man from each company for hospital work; and from this contingent came their only relief. But work was what Ailsa needed, and what Letty needed too. It left them no chance to think of themselves, no leisure for self-pity, no inclination for it in the dreadful daily presence of pestilence and death.

So many, many died—young men, mostly. So many were sent away hopelessly broken, and very, very young. And there was so much to do—so much!—instruments and sponges and lint to hold for surgeons; bandages, iced compresses, medicines to hand to physicians; and there were ghastly faces to be washed, and filthy bodies to be cleansed, and limp hands to be held, and pillows to be turned, and heads to be lifted. And there were letters to be written for sick boys and dying boys and dead boys; there were tea and lemonade and whisky and wine to be measured out and given; there was broth to be ordered and tasted and watched, delicacies to be prepared, clothing to be boiled, inventories to be made of dwindling medical supplies and of fresh stores to be ordered or unpacked from the pyramids of muddy boxes and barrels in the courts.

There was also the daily need of food and a breath of fresh air; and there were, sometimes, letters to read. None came to Ailsa from Berkley. No letters came to Letty at all, except from Doctor Benton, who wrote,

(Continued on Page 38)

Coöperation—Colorado Apples; Virginia Potatoes; Retail Stores—By Will Payne

IN THE valley of the Grand River in Colorado, about midway between Denver and Salt Lake, there is now a fine deciduous fruit region some twenty-five miles long and from three to ten miles wide, with a planted area of about twenty thousand acres—a blossoming handbreadth on the slopes of the Rockies.

As late as the eighties Indians occupied the valley and there seemed no particular reason for begrudging them possession of it. "There was nothing here," says a fruit grower, "but a desolate waste of light-colored, insignificant-looking soil that many a prospective settler passed up at fifteen to twenty dollars an acre." Water was there, however—Grand Junction, the metropolis of the valley, standing at the confluence of the Grand and Gunnison rivers.

In the eighties a few fruit trees were planted, and, as those trees began to bear, men with an eye for such matters could see plainly enough that the bare valley, with its light-colored soil, contained the making of a remarkable fruit district. Indeed, fifty dollars has been picked from a single tree there, a thousand dollars from one acre; and last year the valley shipped out more than two million dollars' worth of fruit.

Irrigation Ditches in an Apple Orchard

The Grand Valley orchardist, however, had an unusual proposition to deal with. Directly east of him lay the formidable and sparsely populated barrier of the Rockies. To the west was a great stretch of scantily peopled and more or less barren plains. Moreover, the sorts of fruit that he could raise most successfully required no special conditions of climate.

Apples, for example, are decidedly the most important product of the valley, and, broadly speaking, they grow apples everywhere. The problem was how to induce an Eastern or Southern man to buy apples in Western Colorado, and pay the freight, when he could buy them next door. Obviously, as a rule, this could hardly be done by selling him apples cheaper than he could get them next door. Freight charges alone would often prevent that; but it might be done by selling him better apples. About the only way the Grand Valley grower could hope to succeed on a large scale, in short, was by making himself a sort of orchardist *de luxe*.

Success in Spite of Mistakes

THAT he has succeeded on a large scale is partly due, of course, to soil and climate, but it is also due to the Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association. At first, as usual, the marketing problem was simple, for when the output of the valley was small, points comparatively near by took the fruit readily at fair prices. As soon as the output exceeded the most obvious demands, trouble began. In 1891, a handful of growers met and organized the Grand Junction association for coöperative marketing.

"We organized with seven directors and an authorized capital of twenty thousand dollars," says A. B. Hoyt, one of the original incorporators. "At that time these seven directors represented the bulk of the fruit shipped out of the county. Each director took from five to ten shares of stock, paying down half the par value and agreeing to pay the other half at the end of the season. Some of them had to borrow the money to make the first payment. Fruit growing didn't look like a very good thing then. Practically everything was shipped by express, and the charges were high. We had no experience in picking and packing. Everybody used his own judgment; so there was no uniformity, and we had no inspection system. We were without commercial standing and could not buy supplies except on a guaranty from our local bank.

"On this matter of supplies, however, we were successful from the start, saving money by coöperative buying. In other respects we made a good many mistakes the first few years, but we held on and fought it out, believing we had the right idea and learning a good deal even from our mistakes."

For several years the success of the association was very small. The greatest of its mistakes is described by Mr. Hoyt as follows: "At first we elected a new manager every year—in other words, sort of passed the honor around. This gave us a green man for each year's business, and the result was rather disastrous. In 1897 we elected John F. Moore and he has been manager ever since, growing up with the business. From that time our real success dates Under Mr. Moore's able continuous management the association has expanded steadily and fruit-growing in the valley has expanded with it."

The association now handles about seventy-five per cent of all the fruit grown in the valley and has over eight hundred members. Its capital stock is one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Only fruit growers in the valley may subscribe to the stock and no one man may hold over five hundred shares. Each member sorts and packs his fruit in the orchard according to instructions laid down by the association; then hauls it to the association's loading platform at the nearest shipping point. There an inspector opens several of the packages and examines the fruit, giving the grower a receipt that shows the number of boxes of each grade and variety. The grower's number, the grade and variety are also stamped on the box. The boxed fruit is then sorted on the loading platforms and each variety is loaded separately. This has been found a great advantage, made possible by coöperation, because certain markets have preferences for certain fruits. Some varieties of pears, for example, will often bring a high price in New York though in other markets the same pears will hardly bring enough to cover the freight charges. Still other points have a decided fancy for red apples. If several varieties of fruit were packed in the same car some of the fruit, owing to these market preferences, would often be sold at a loss.

California Methods in Colorado

IT IS only in the last five years that the association has gone after the trans-Missouri market in a big way. Indeed, several years of experimenting and education were necessary before growers learned how to pick and pack fruit for long-distance shipment. It was Manager Moore's idea that Grand Valley apples, peaches and pears should be sold in substantially the same way that oranges and lemons are sold by the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. To accomplish that result careful packing and grading and rigid inspection were necessary. One of the association's first moves was to discard barrels. For one thing it is very difficult to inspect a barrel of apples, while the contents of a box can be easily inspected by opening a side. Again,

A Heavy Crop Starting to Market

Picking Apples in a Colorado Orchard

boxes give the grocer a small unit to handle, and experience has shown that a great many families will take a whole box of apples where they would not take a whole barrel. The association introduced boxed apples into the Eastern and Southern markets—meeting, of course, a vast deal of opposition from conservatives who wanted their apples in barrels simply because their fathers' apples had always been in barrels.

For handling trans-Missouri business the association opened an office in Omaha. The reputation of its fruit is now so well established that practically all apples are sold before they are put on the cars, by forward contracts specifying that so many cars of a given variety and grade are to be delivered at a stipulated price. In the case of peaches and pears the association, or its agent at Omaha, endeavors to find a buyer at a satisfactory price before the car reaches the latter point. If a sale is not made the car is sent on to some Eastern auction market where conditions seem to be most favorable. In each of the large markets the association has its own representative to look after every car, disposing of it by private sale or, if put up at auction, seeing that it receives proper treatment.

The association averages or prorates the prices received on each different grade and variety of fruit that it has shipped within a given number of days, and pays the individual grower accordingly. Thus each member who has shipped produce within the time covered by the prorate receives the same price for fruit of the same variety and grade.

In addition to marketing fruit, the association furnishes its members with supplies needed in the fruit business, such as boxes and nursery stock. Also, in order to give steady employment to its twenty-five or thirty men, it carries a line of merchandise. Last year, for example, it shipped in three hundred and forty-three cars of growers' supplies, merchandise, seed, and so on. As it buys in carlots, its members get their supplies at the lowest price. All supplies furnished are charged to the member's account and deducted from the proceeds of his fruit in the fall.

To improve the quality and pack of the fruit has been a foremost object of the association ever since it was formed. Early in the spring it sends out a circular letter to growers urging the necessity of pruning the orchards, and it employs an expert to instruct new members in the best methods of pruning. A little later the association sends out a letter advising orchardists to spray for certain insects, and telling them the best way to do it. An expert, employed by the association, will visit any member's orchard and give instruction in spraying. Again, after the fruit has formed, the association sends a circular instructing members to thin their fruit, so that the trees will develop nothing but large-sized specimens.

The Best-Paying Fruit

"ALWAYS remember," said Assistant-Manager Davis at the last annual meeting, "that a peach tree will produce more boxes of extra peaches than it will of pie-peaches, and the tree loaded with extra peaches will bring more than three times as much as the same tree full of pie-peaches."

There is no danger of an overproduction of fine fruit, Mr. Davis insists. "Whenever there is an overloaded market," he said, "it is always the poor, medium, or only fairly good fruit that suffers. Eastern markets will take almost any number of Elberta peaches, running sixty or seventy to the box, if in good condition, and pay large prices for them; but small, overripe, wormy or poorly-packed peaches will go begging at the same time."

Manager Moore dwelt on the same point. "There are few seasons," he reminded the assembled members, "when you cannot buy the best varieties of apples in New York for two dollars a barrel. Now take, for example, a box of Ben Davis at a dollar and twenty-five cents: add fifty cents for freight, and twenty-five cents for storage, and the cost to the dealer is two dollars, or the same as a barrel of native apples, the barrel containing three times the quantity that a box does. You can see that your apples must be perfect in every way—size, color and pack—to enable you to get into those markets."

Last year the association shipped one hundred and forty-six cars of fruit to New York, sixteen cars to California, three hundred and eighty-eight cars to Texas, four to Canada, seventy-four to Louisiana, and so on. It shipped, indeed, to twenty-seven states and territories.

The annual meeting, held at Grand Junction, January 14th last, was attended by about six hundred members, many coming in on a special train. The report showed that average prices realized on the crop were: $1.96 a box for fancy Jonathan apples, $1.30 for choice Jonathans; $1.75 for fancy Grimes' Golden, $1.21 for choice; $1.21 for Ben Davis fancy, 79 cents for choice; 76 cents for extra Elberta peaches, 61 cents for choice; $2.09 for fancy Bartlett pears, $1.67 for choice, and so on. As the price for each grade of each variety was stated, growers had a powerful object-lesson in the advantages of raising the best fruit.

"This association," said one of its members, "has increased growers' returns a hundred per cent." That seems to me a very conservative statement. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine what the condition of the Grand Junction growers would be if each of them attempted to market his fruit independently, consigning it to glutted markets, shipping by express or in mixed carlots (since hardly any one grower could fill a straight car), and so on. The association charges a commission of five per cent on the net returns after deducting freight and refrigeration charges. It does not ask members to pledge themselves to ship their fruit through it. Any member who is not satisfied is at liberty to market his fruit through any other channel; but, as a matter of fact, few of them try to do so, and of the few that do try, most soon return to the association. Since this coöperative concern became thoroughly organized and overcame its early mistakes, the planting of fruit trees in the valley has progressed pretty steadily at the rate of five to eight hundred thousand a year, which speaks for itself as to the general state of the industry.

I have shown the results of coöperation among farmers in Michigan, Iowa, California, Texas, Colorado. I wish to take one more example, this time from the Atlantic seaboard.

Two of Virginia's counties lie over in Maryland, so to speak—that is, they are separated from the rest of Virginia by Chesapeake Bay, forming the horn of a peninsula, with the bay on one side and the ocean on the other. The two

Spraying Pear Trees for Codling-Moth

counties together are about seventy miles long and from five to ten miles wide, with many inlets, creeks and lagoons. That neighborhood has been long celebrated for Captain John Smith, the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, diamondback terrapin, oysters, clams, ducks and snipe; but of late years potatoes have been a most important product.

The two "Eastern Shore" counties are flat and rather sandy, bearing pine trees and having the same general appearance as most of the Atlantic Coast from Maryland to Florida. Before the Civil War some cotton was grown there and later farmers generally depended upon grain crops. But twenty years or so ago they began to discover that they could do better with vegetables and berries, especially sweet potatoes. Today you can ride from end to end of the Eastern Shore and see scarcely anything growing, by cultivation, except vegetables and berries. The farmers raise barely enough grain for their own use.

The total population of the two counties is around fifty thousand and there are fully five thousand people growing vegetables and berries, pretty nearly accounting for that portion of the population that the census would designate as engaged in "gainful occupations." Indeed, the coöperative association that I am going to describe has two thousand full-fledged members and markets the produce of fifteen hundred other growers. In a good year the two counties will ship two and a half million barrels of potatoes, and one day in May when I was there the association was shipping twenty-five carloads of strawberries.

Formerly, of course, the growers all marketed their produce independently, with the usual sad results. At first the practice was for each farmer to consign his stuff to some commission house in Philadelphia, Baltimore or New York, often glutting one or the other of those markets when perhaps Boston or Pittsburgh was crying for strawberries. Then a system of marketing through local buyers, or "brokers," as they were called, sprang up. Every shipping point had several of these brokers, who might be working independently with their own capital or who might be representatives of some commission house. Often they were men of small means and not much experience. Having bought or contracted for the produce, they often dumped it in the most convenient market. In short, every grower's stuff was constantly selling in competition with every other grower's. Sweet potatoes were then decidedly the most important product. Usually, for those that were shipped earliest, there was a very good demand; but later in the season, as the bulk of the crop came on, all the evils of individual competitive selling appeared, and were sometimes aggravated by irresponsible buyers, who failed to settle with the farmers.

"From 1895 to 1900," says Albert J. McMath, one of the founders of the association and now its secretary and treasurer, "good sweet potatoes sold here late in the fall at thirty to forty cents a barrel, although it cost a dollar a barrel to produce them."

Under those conditions, cultivated Eastern Shore land, capable of raising the finest vegetables in abundance and within two hundred miles or so of the big Atlantic markets, sold at thirty-five to forty dollars an acre. A number of growers were convinced that the farmers must organize and do their own marketing on a coöperative plan. These men had no model to guide them. They did not know of any existing coöperative association among farmers. They simply thought the thing over at first hand and came to the conclusion that coöperation was the only way out.

For months they agitated the subject, talking with other growers at every opportunity, even driving from house to house. Of course, they met the usual objections, opposition, suspicion and inertia. At length they called a mass-meeting to be held at Onley, Accomac County, on September 16, 1899. The meeting was not very well attended. Farmers were rather doubtful about coöperation. In the main, of course, the local brokers and commission men who handled the produce were not doubtful about it. They were certain it would be a rank failure

Sweets vs. Irish

AT THE village of Onley, however, the meeting was duly held, and a committee appointed to "draft an outline of the working plans of a produce exchange for the Eastern Shore." Says a member of the committee: "We had no precedent to fall back on; no working plans of any other association like the one we wanted to form. We met night after night and talked it over and scrapped it out among ourselves."

Nevertheless, the plan that the committee drew up is substantially in force today. Pursuant to this plan, the Eastern Shore of Virginia Produce Exchange was formally incorporated on January 6, 1900. In its first year the association or exchange shipped four hundred thousand packages, a package being a barrel in the case of potatoes and a crate in the case of berries. Last year it shipped a million four hundred thousand packages, comprising sixty-five to seventy per cent of the total output of the two counties. Because of the exchange, truck gardening has become profitable on the Eastern Shore; the output has gradually increased. Cultivation of Irish potatoes has been encouraged until as many Irish as sweet potatoes are now grown; and farmland has about trebled in value.

The exchange has an authorized capital stock of fifty thousand dollars, divided into five-dollar shares. Any farmer or farmland-owner may become a member by buying one share of stock, and the holdings of any one person are limited to ten per cent of the total capital. At first a member, subscribing for one five-dollar share, need pay only twenty-five cents down and the remainder in installments. But the exchange has been very successful. Its cash dividends have never been less than ten per cent a year, and one year it paid fifty per cent; so its stock of late years has sold all the way from twelve to seventeen dollars a share. A prime object of the management, however, has been to keep the door open for every Eastern Shore farmer who may wish to come in. Therefore, the exchange retains a certain amount of stock in its treasury and any farmer may become a member by buying a share of treasury stock at fifteen dollars. Formerly the treasury stock was sold at par, or five dollars a share; but it was found that a farmer, having joined the association by buying a few treasury shares at par and having marketed his crop through the association, sometimes yielded to

temptation and sold his stock at its market value of twelve or fifteen dollars a share.

Moreover, to a truck farmer who doesn't wish to invest fifteen dollars in a share of stock, the exchange will sell a "shipping privilege" for one dollar. This entitles him to market his produce through the association exactly as though he were a full-fledged member and gives him every privilege of the exchange except that of voting in stockholders' meetings and of receiving stockholders' dividends. Also, the tenants of a member are entitled to ship through the exchange just as though they belonged to it. Thus, while the association has two thousand members, it handles the produce of about thirty-five hundred growers.

Inevitably the troublesome color line comes up here. At the last census negroes comprised about forty per cent of the Eastern Shore population. Though most of them are laborers or tenants, a number own truckfarms. As this is strictly a business proposition, probably the most intelligent whites would be perfectly willing to admit the negro farmer on the same terms as his white neighbor; but out of deference to certain social prejudices against mingling with the colored brother at stockholders' meetings, negroes are not permitted to own stock in their own names. They may either buy a "shipping privilege" or they may buy stock and register it in the name of any white trustee they select, the trustee representing them at stockholders' meetings.

The association has thirty-three local divisions up and down the peninsula. In a few cases the local division includes more than one shipping point, the total number of shipping points being forty-two. The members register their stock in the division to which they belong, and each division elects one director of the exchange. This tends to keep the management in the hands of actual farmers and farmland owners, for if an outsider buys stock he has no local division in which to register; hence he cannot vote for a director.

Each division elects a local agent, who, however, is subject to removal by an order from headquarters. Each division has at least one inspector; but the inspectors, to keep them free from local influence, are appointed directly by the general management.

A Well-Irrigated Pear Orchard

What the Association Has Accomplished

UPON its inspection system the exchange expends about fifteen thousand dollars a year. From the first it has striven by careful inspection and grading to establish a firm market reputation for its trade-marked brands. In this, undoubtedly, it has succeeded. Last year all but eight per cent of the potatoes that it handled were sold f. o. b. at Onley—that is, upon orders that had been received for them before the potatoes moved. The remaining eight per cent was mostly low-grade stuff.

Formerly the potatoes were shipped in rough, clumsy, insecure barrels. The exchange adopted a neater, stronger, flat-hooped package. "I know from experience," said General Manager Burton, "that potatoes in the improved barrels will sell from fifteen to twenty-five cents a barrel higher." As the exchange uses over a million of them, the better barrels cost members only twenty-five cents apiece.

On the selling side, the exchange has agents at Chicago, Buffalo, Boston, Cincinnati and Toronto. If a purchaser complains that a car of potatoes is not up to grade an agent of the exchange promptly drops in to see about it for himself. It has also a list of thirty-eight approved commission houses in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, which act as its selling agents. It sells potatoes as far west as Salt Lake City and almost everywhere east of there.

Last year the exchange completed a handsome and spacious office building at Onley, equipped with every device for the economical dispatch of business. Considering the purposes to be served, no railroad or city bank has a better office. Private wires of the Western Union and the Postal companies run into the telegraph-room on the second floor. The telephone switchboard controls the association's own trunk lines reaching every shipping point on the peninsula, and giving connection, through the public telephone system, with the farms of many individual members, as well as long-distance connections with Philadelphia, Baltimore, and so on.

The telegraph-room and the telephone switchboard, with the web of wires converging there, might stand as an epitome of successful coöperation. Ten years ago the Eastern Shore farmers worked in the dark, each one for himself. A farmer took his potatoes to the local shipping point and there lost sight of them and also lost all control over them. Today reports from every point of importance in the country where Eastern Shore produce is likely to be consumed pour into headquarters at Onley. Through this network of wires the exchange constantly has its finger upon every barrel of potatoes on the peninsula and upon every probable market for it. The industry now works in the light. An individual member can call up headquarters and find out as much about the potato situation as a city commission man knows.

Potatoes are far and away the most important Eastern Shore product, comprising eighty-five per cent of the exchange's business. The best go as "fancy," the second best as "medium," and the others as "ungraded." The local agent at each shipping point keeps in touch with the individual growers and advises the head office about how many cars, and of what quality, he will have next day. The head office finds the markets for them. An individual member brings his potatoes to the shipping point, where the local inspector examines them and determines the grade. The local agent gives the grower a written receipt stating the number of barrels and the grade. Daily the local agent forwards to headquarters a manifest showing how many barrels and of what grade each member has delivered that day. Only potatoes of the same grade are put in the same car. At night the exchange finds that it has shipped so many cars of "fancy," so many of "medium" and so many of "ungraded," almost all upon positive purchasing orders at a stipulated price. It averages the day's prices for "fancy," for "medium" and for "ungraded," and the next day, usually, it mails its check to each local agent for the whole quantity of potatoes handled by him at the day's average price for each grade. The local agent deposits this check in bank and then sends his own check to each individual member. Thus every member gets the same price for potatoes of the same grade shipped on the same day.

Moreover, every member gets the cash for his potatoes within a few days after delivering them to the local agent, although the exchange itself doesn't get paid for them until some time later. On a Tuesday evening when I was there Treasurer McMath was sending out checks for strawberries that had been picked Monday and shipped Monday evening, though the exchange itself would not receive pay for the berries for anywhere from ten to thirty days. In short, the exchange pays the grower for his produce with its own money, not only giving him his cash promptly, but assuming all risk of loss through bad debts—a risk, however, that experience has shown to be very slight. At the height of the potato season a press of clerical work makes payments to the members somewhat slower, but even then members regularly get their money before the exchange has collected it from purchasers.

A Bear Raid on the Potatoes

IN THIS respect, I think, the exchange is unique among coöperative associations, but this is a feature, naturally, that is very popular among growers. To maintain this system the exchange, of course, must be in good financial condition. Its outstanding capital stock is only forty-two thousand dollars; but besides paying dividends of ten per cent a year and upward it has accumulated a surplus of more than eighty thousand dollars. It has found this surplus very useful too, for more than once, in order to maintain a satisfactory price for its own produce, it has gone into a market and bought potatoes.

In its earlier days, as usual, it met with much opposition from the men who were handling Eastern Shore produce—local buyers and commission houses. There were a good many buyers at Cape Charles, an important shipping point where vegetables not only from the peninsula but from across the bay come in. Upon one occasion the Cape Charles buyers got up a little agreement and started to knock the bottom out of the potato market. The exchange sent an agent there with instructions to buy all good potatoes offered, and soon routed the bears.

New York is very important in the potato trade, not only because of its actual consuming power but because its potato quotations are sent all over the country and influence other markets. Several years ago, potatoes were

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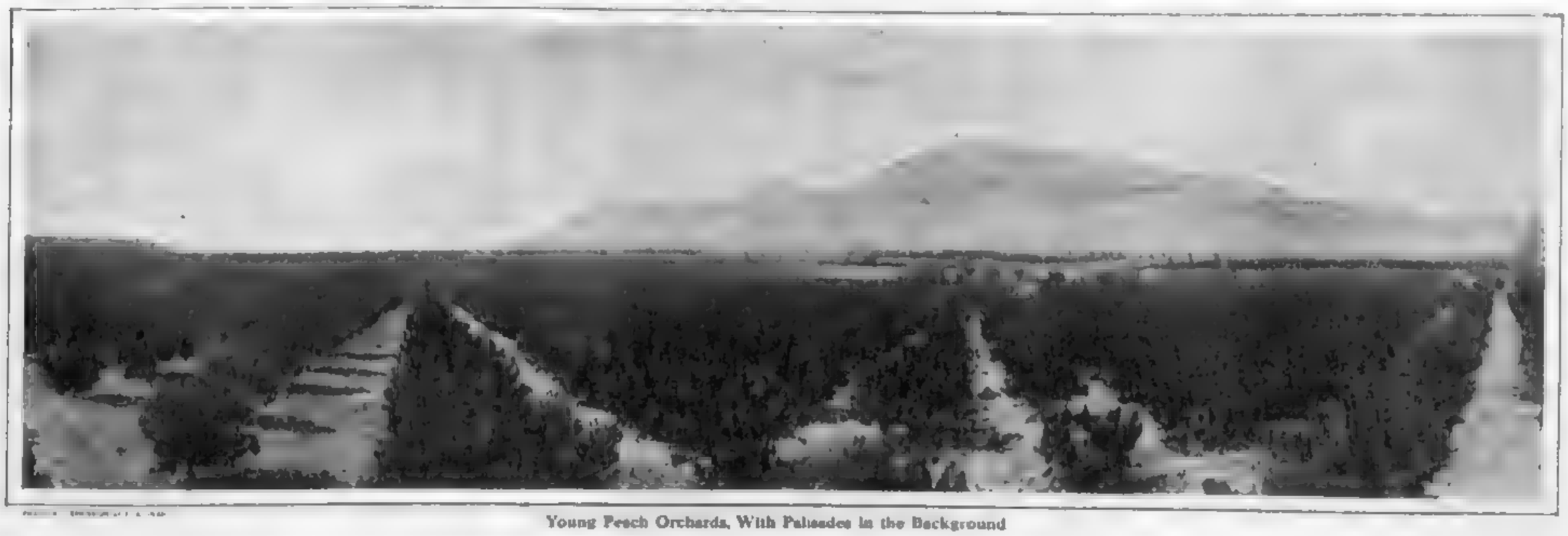

Young Peach Orchards, With Palisades in the Background

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Future of Postal Savings

AS PROMPTLY as possible, no doubt, the Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney-General will set up the postal-savings-bank system authorized by the bill that passed the Senate in June. A danger of some magnitude will at once confront the new system. It is possible that in localities where savings-bank facilities are now inadequate, or of a questionable sort, small depositors may withdraw various sums from the privately-owned banks and turn them over to the post-office. In which case, presumably, bankers will renew their opposition to the bill with increased vigor at the next session of Congress.

For a great many people are still imbued with the theory that this Government has no moral right to interfere with any individual's chance to earn an honest dollar—no matter how much that interference may promote the chances of other individuals to save an honest dollar. To give every man the greatest possible opportunity to better his own individual condition has been described by an acute observer as the constant ideal of government in the United States. Individualists interpret this as meaning that a man who has already seized an opportunity is entitled to keep it, although many other men may thereby be deprived of opportunity to better their condition. The United States is almost the last among civilized nations to establish postal savings banks. The system has been urged here for forty years. Even after both parties had formally declared for it, a powerful effort was necessary to get the enabling bill, in any tolerable form, through Congress. And there was only one real objection—namely, that it might, in some small degree, interfere with the bankers' opportunities for profits. A great many bankers really think the Government has no right to do that in any degree whatsoever, no matter what the benefit to the general public.

Is This Industry Threatened?

UNDER the new railroad bill any proposed advance in freight rates may be suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission for ten months, pending full investigation as to its reasonableness, and "the burden of proof to show that the increased rate is just shall be upon the common carrier." In other words, railroads cannot levy an increased transportation tax upon the country without showing good reason for it. Thus the principle that railroads shall not, on the whole, earn more than a fair return upon the investment is pretty firmly established.

It is rather fashionable in railroad circles to say that this condition must lead to Government ownership of the roads, because private capital will not venture into a field where its gains are strictly limited and there is no impregnable guaranty against loss. But, out of the seventeen billion dollars nominally invested in railroads, eleven billion is very much in that position today. This eleven billion is represented by bonds and preferred stock the returns on which are strictly limited to four or five per cent, though there is no indubitable guaranty against loss.

Wall Street has a more relevant criticism. Setting a limit upon railroads' dividends, it says, will tend to discourage the trade in railroad shares. There will be less opportunity for whooping Great Northern up to 348, as was done in 1906 under the stimulus of a prospective melon-cutting, or for advancing Union Pacific from 138 to 195 within four months, with a "trade" of about fifteen million shares. In this objection, we think, there is considerable force. Government regulation does, to an extent, threaten Wall Street's premier industry and tend to make railroad stocks a legitimate investment instead of an object of stock-market manipulation. But before condemning the new bill on that ground one should take into consideration that the magnificent advances mentioned were followed, the next year, by a panic in which Great Northern sold at 107 and Union Pacific at par.

Insurgency in California

"THE emancipation of the Republican party in California from domination by the political bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad and its allies," is the foremost object of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of that state. Truly, a strange object in a Government professedly free. For forty years California, politically speaking, has been an asset of a railroad whose creatures have been put into the legislature, into Congress and on the bench.

This seems an odd situation in an American state, but the oddness is more apparent than real. In California the ruling politico-business hierarchy happens to center in a single corporation. In other states it consists of a fraternity of many corporations. Pennsylvania, for example, is as much bossed as California, but not to the same degree by its leading railroad. Probably, for one thing, the Pennsylvania Railroad is too intelligent to set up its chief counsel as the political general superintendent of a state.

The contest in California is essentially the same contest that other states are waging—to drive predatory business out of politics. The situation there is, however, both simpler and more galling, because the enemy is so easily identified. And there the contest is more forward than in many states. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League, as California insurgents call themselves, is making a good fight to carry this summer's primaries. In the Second Congressional District the candidate is William Kent—"just the sort of man that is needed in Congress," says the Daily News of Chicago, which city Mr. Kent helped to lead out of its traction jungle. We expect the California insurgents to win. It is not easy to believe that California chooses to be the appendage of a railroad.

The Tariff and Advertising

"THE tariff has been no material factor in causing the advance in prices during the last decade," says the Senate committee which was appointed to look into the increased cost of living. The committee, however, fails to enlighten us as to why manufacturers of steel, cotton, wool and other commodities are so anxious to preserve a tariff that has no effect upon prices; but it makes up for this omission by informing us that advertising enhances prices because "it is clear that the consumer must pay the cost."

It is a painful fact that some really open-minded and intelligent men have been taken in by the same gross fallacy. True, consumers pay the selling cost. They pay the transportation cost also, and if all goods were hauled by wagon instead of by rail they would not have to pay the railroads two billions a year in freight charges. But it doesn't follow that the transportation cost would be lower.

Usually, whenever we achieve a low selling price, it is due to our great and fairly homogeneous population—millions of people having, within limits, like wants, like tastes and like purchasing power, so that the same article may be sold to an almost unlimited number of purchasers. Consequently the article may be produced in immense quantities. This continent-wide market is made possible by the railroads and by advertising—perhaps in about equal proportions. All goods are sold by some method or other. Within the field to which it applies, advertising is simply the cheapest-known method of selling them.

When Women Vote

BEFORE long, probably, some women will be voting in England. A parliamentary committee, after much deliberation, has agreed that suffrage should be granted to adult females who are householders or lessees of premises having a rental value upward of fifty dollars a year. Once the principle is accepted, female suffrage, no doubt, will be extended.

And then the ancient realm will not fall. Society will not be disrupted. Motherhood and cooking the mutton chops will not become obsolete occupations. Politics will not be ennobled. Ancient wrongs will not vanish as mist before the sun. Women, on the whole, will take considerably less interest in politics than men do. In courtship, bouquets will maintain their ancient pre-eminence; and in marriage the wife will love, honor, obey and laud some gangling male who is known to all his men friends as a hopeless "dub." Also, a plausible grafter will stand just about the same chance of getting elected as before—provided he doesn't run a saloon and is good to his family.

On a general view, in short, things will appear to be doddering along in just about the same old way. Indeed, after any signal act of righteousness things do not, on a general view, seem to be much changed. It is only by looking back upon the cumulative effect of many righteous acts that one gets the impression of improvement.

What Will Lynn Do?

LYNN, Massachusetts, has the same cumbrous and wasteful form of government, naturally lending itself to spoils-hunting, that most other American cities have—a numerous council, elected by wards, and a raft of other officials, so that nobody has much power or much responsibility; the form of government which, instead of attracting a few first-class men, attracts many little men; the form for which nobody except its beneficiaries has anything to say. Lynn, for example, has been building a high school. Six governmental bodies besides the mayor have something or other to say about the construction.

In June the Men's Federation of Lynn secured from the legislature an act under which the people, at an election in October, will have an interesting chance. They can preserve the present crazy-quilt system which always makes for inefficiency and extravagance; or they can adopt the thoroughgoing reform proposed by the Men's Federation, with five commissioners to run the city, subject to referendum and recall, on the Des Moines plan; or they can accept a halfway measure brought forward by interested friends of the present system in the hope of heading off real reform. In other words, they can live as they are, clean house, or compromise on merely washing the windows.

We shall watch for the returns with interest because we expect that within ten years nearly every considerable town in the country is going to be confronted with the same chance. We expect, also, that a great majority of them will elect to clean house.

Our Prodigies of Foresight

ONE of Guglielmo Ferrero's chief charms as a historian lies in his insistence that the great figures of the Roman world seldom knew what they were about for more than a day at a time; even Cæsar rarely saw farther than the end of his nose. Confused and groping in the dark, the greatest of them had the courage to strike out, take a chance, do something; and in that "sand" their genius pretty largely consisted. After this boldness had won, they were vulgarly presumed to have foreknown the issue. "In the light of after events," Ferrero quotes with approval, "we are too often inclined to construct prodigies of foresight and penetration which never had any real existence."

One is naturally reminded of this by reading an eminent financier's reassuring statement that even after the present mighty captains of industry have passed away the country will be safe, because their sons and successors, trained in the parental school, will possess the same powers of judgment and foresight. Probably we are cured of the delusion that great wealth results from great industrial developments made by its possessor, and therefore represents great social service. We know by melancholy proof that some of the greatest fortunes merely battened upon the industries from which they were derived and contributed scarcely anything to industrial improvement. But the tradition that a great fortune is the result of great foresight still lingers. Of course it is ill-founded. More often than otherwise the great fortune resulted merely from "sand" and luck.

Judicial Reform

THE other day, while an eminent lawyer was telling the Iowa Bar Association that "the modern murder trial is a curious and startling evolution in the lawless science of the law," a Supreme Court Justice was informing the Illinois Bar Association that there is really nothing much the matter with judicial procedure in this country.

In 1848 New York attempted to follow procedural reforms in England by adopting a new code. But the courts, in interpreting this code, gradually perverted the intention of its framers until procedure, instead of becoming simple and intelligent, grew about as full of stupid technicalities as before. Missouri, inspired by New York's example, tried to make criminal law procedure a mere instrument of justice instead of the esoteric stronghold of a professional cult. It enacted, for example, that no indictment should be judged invalid for any defect that did not tend to prejudice the rights of the defendant upon the merits of the case—meaning that a trial should consist of a search for the facts and for justice rather than of a duel in wit and finesse between two professional antagonists. But the sympathy of the courts was with the professional duelists. The judges' stock in trade consisted largely of their toilsomely acquired knowledge of the occult subtleties of form and rule. They lugged in the technicalities the legislature had sought to throw out.

Taft's demand for procedural reform is echoed by every open-minded student of the subject. But there can be no reform without the coöperation of the courts. To them the pressure of public opinion must be first applied.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Chap From Chemung

RISING in a stately manner to his full breadth, on the sunny afternoon of September 9, 1891, in the old rink in Rochester, New York, a globular, grandiose and exceedingly moist patriot from somewhere upstate—rising to his full breadth, this loyal and dewy friend of the plain people said:

"Gentlemen of this convention: It is muh duty—muh d-u-u-u-ty—as it is muh pleas-su-r-re—er—er, on behalf of those steadfast members of the Grand Old Party in the grand old county from which I come—it is muh duty, bearing as I do the commission of those steadfast members of the Grand Old Party in the grand old county from which I come—it is my honor-r-r—er—er—I may say, to second the nomination to be made here by the Grand Old Party of that grand old—no—not old—young—that grand young son of grand old Chemung, who is to be named here tuhday, and who will lead us on to a grand victory when election day shall come.

"Gentlemen of the convention: As I was saying, I rise here to second the nomination for governor, in behalf of muh county, of that peerless statesman, that brilliant leader, that grand son of grand old Chemung, J. Float Shasset." (Loud applause.)

Well, that is the way J. Sloat Fassett, the grand young man of grand old Chemung, started to run for governor of New York on the Republican ticket, on that sunny September afternoon in 1891. And the way he finished, on a dismal November evening approximately two months later, is too sad to recall, for Roswell P. Flower floated past J. Float by some fifty thousand plurality. The misery of it, from J. Sloat's viewpoint, was that, the very next time the Republicans put up a candidate for governor of New York, they elected him, and they have been electing Republican governors ever since, although I understand there are some persons, more or less identified with the party in that state, who have grave doubts as to whether Governor Hughes is a Republican according to their specifications; but this is no place for ethics, and those persons who hold this view are extremely ethical gents.

The point is that Fassett was about three years ahead of the revolution. He was a peerless young leader, all right, but he didn't peer far enough. Had he been elected governor, or had he been put on the ticket next time, or had he—but—hold—this is no had-he symposium. He hadn't—didn't—couldn't—and hence he retired from politics for the nonce, and went to gold-mining in Korea. Now that's a romantic story for you. To be sure there is plenty of romance about mining in this country—published at one-fifty and one-eight on the stands—but we are sated with it. They have been jamming it at us from the time the argonauts argonauted to California until some prospector with a sense of humor named that camp up under the Arctic Circle Fairbanks.

The Contents of the Sandwich

WHAT I wish to say is that Fassett, having plenty of places in which to go gold-mining at his beck and call in the United States, chose Korea for his—Korea, the hermit nation, which, the commercial sharps tell us, exports cowhides and beans. Whatever the hermit nation may export, along in the nineties it imported J. Sloat Fassett, who was of the opinion that that nation wasn't so hermetical as others had been led to believe. In company with Leigh Hunt, or associated with him, that great mining man who is known in every corner of the world and who has made the ores of most of the world pay tribute to him, Fassett went to gold-mining in Korea.

I do not mean he took a pick and some of those Korean beans and went out and mined in Korea. J. Sloat was pretty well upholstered with money when he invaded Korea, and he bought mines instead of finding them—still, I have heard it was like finding them—however—and having bought the mines he was in on the development and, to this day, is in on the proceeds; for, like every other hermit, the hermit nation had some gold concealed about its jeans, and they found it. Isn't that stirring? Gold-mining in Korea! Far more interesting, I should say, than governor-mining in New York.

Considered imaginatively, Fassett's career is a sort of sandwich: a slice of politics, a choice cut of Korea, and another slice of politics. He comes from Elmira, New York, which is in Chemung County, as you may have guessed, and he has always lived there. After he finished school he was admitted to the bar and, in 1879, was appointed district attorney for Chemung and served one year. Then he went to Heidelberg—not at the time the Kaiser was a student there—regards to John Sharp Williams and Poultney Bigelow—and, absorbing such additional education and malt concomitants as were required by the curriculum, he returned to Elmira and plunged boldly into politics. Thus for eight years, beginning in 1884, we find him in the Senate of New York and, in due time, president pro tem. of that body.

That Grand Young Son of Grand Old Chemung

He was secretary of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1888, when Benjamin Harrison was elected, and was a fine, rising young Republican, which I suppose caused Mr. Platt to pick him out for that event in 1891, of bitter memory. They salved things a bit for him in 1892 by making him temporary chairman of the convention at Minneapolis that renominated Harrison, and he made a good speech, although Mr. Harrison got what Fassett got the year previous—to wit: the axe. This is the bottom slice of the sandwich.

The middle part, the juicy slice of Korea, comes here, with garnishments of other business successes in this country; and then comes the top slice, which consists of service in the House of Representatives since the Fifty-ninth Congress, the present one being the Sixty-first, from the Thirty-third New York District, which includes grand old Chemung. He hopes to keep making that slice thicker and thicker. The sandwich isn't complete yet. A little more politics for that top slice, please.

Fassett took a front position in the House as soon as he came in. His previous experience in the New York Senate and his gift of oratory jumped him over the usual lowly assignments of the new member and landed him on Foreign Affairs, which is an exceedingly nifty committee, whether it is an important one or not. Presently he progressed to Post-offices and Post-roads, and when the insurgent upheaval last March enlarged the Committee on Rules Fassett got a place on that.

It may be judged from this that Fassett is a regular. He is a regular, one of the most regular of regulars. He believes in the House organization, stands with it, battles for it, and gives three cheers for Uncle Joe whenever cheers are demanded. He is a fighting chap, this man Fassett. As he said during the muss that brought about the new rules committee, "A man ought to have opinions and convictions. He ought not to be a political chocolate éclair." Whereupon, to prove that he is no bakery product, politically, he showed that he had opinions, convictions, and the vocabulary to express them in English that had bones in it. There is nothing secretive or secluded about Fassett. When he has anything to say he unreels his thought in good, muscular language. He is alert, active, energetic and courageous. If you had a cause and wanted a champion you would naturally pick out Fassett from any group of Representatives, because his very appearance gives assurance of virility, energy and ability. He is quick, keen, a good debater, a sturdy partisan—a first-class fighting man. Moreover, he is a good politician and a good business man, and a sizable, all-round person.

He is rapidly getting to be one of the big men of the House, and if, so be it, the Democrats get control of the next Congress, and Fassett comes back, there will not be many fights he will not be in, being, as the globular delegate said in Rochester on that sunny September afternoon, still infatuated with the Grand Old Party and willing to go out after its opponents with any weapon that is handy, from sarcasm to a poleaxe—the word opponents including Democrats and insurgents, as the case may be.

A Long Look

A NERVOUS woman went to a throat specialist in New York to have her throat treated. The specialist used a laryngoscope.

As he was adjusting it the specialist said to his patient:

"You'd be surprised to know how far we can see with this instrument."

"If that is the case," said the woman, "before you begin I want to say I just hadn't time to darn that hole in my stocking before I came here."

An Insurgent Lady

SENATOR ALDRICH, of Rhode Island, rarely tells a story, but the position of the insurgent Republican Senators in finally voting for some of the Administration bills, and their attitude toward the regulars when so doing, reminded him of a thin, hatchet-faced woman he saw once in a street car in Providence

She stood in the rear doorway of the car and refused to move up, although several times asked to do so by the conductor.

"Move up, madam; move up," the conductor shouted, pushing her ahead.

"I sha'n't do it," she said. "I sha'n't move a peg."

"Move up," insisted the conductor; "plenty of room in the middle of the car."

"I sha'n't do it," said the woman, clinging to her strap.

Just then a man ran across the track in front of the car and the motorman put on his brakes hard. The car stopped very suddenly. The woman was pulled from her strap and sent skittering up to the front end, where she banged against the door. From that position she glared back at the conductor and shouted:

"Well, I'm here; but you didn't make me come!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Victor Herbert, the musician, is a grandson of Samuel Lover.

¶ Charles Dyer Norton, Secretary to the President, not only looks but dresses the part.

¶ Henry Clay Frick, the steel millionaire, began life as a clerk for his grandfather, who was a merchant and distiller.

¶ Representative Gordon Russell, of Texas, who resigned from the House recently because President Taft made him a judge, was a boy orator when he was in college.

¶ Herbert Knox Smith, the great corporation investigator of the Department of Commerce, is pleased to have people know he is a Congregationalist and a Republican.

¶ Attorney-General Wickersham and James P. Hornaday, Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis News, are doubles, but when it comes to knowing about politics James P. has an edge on the Attorney-General.

¶ Representative Frank Plumley, of Vermont, used to have a terrific effect on Michigan people as a spellbinder. He was sent to that state as a political orator in 1884, 1888, 1892 and 1896. Since then he has been speaking in Vermont.

"Truly refreshing"

ON a sultry day in town Campbell's Tomato Soup is just the thing to bring the flavor of country life right to your table.

It fairly smacks of the vine and the garden.

Its delicate acid taste—combined as it is with the *natural* sweetness of fresh vine-ripened tomatoes—is particularly appetizing on a summer day.

No weather is too warm for

Campbell's

Tomato Soup

Serve it either hot or cold. Notice its tonic invigorating quality; and how easily it is digested. No roasting fire is needed. There is no bother; no delay. And there are so many tempting ways to prepare this wholesome delicacy that it is a wonder any modern housewife ever tries to do without it.

Why not have the benefit of this satisfying and convenient dish all summer long?

Why not order a dozen now?

If there's any Campbell Soup that doesn't match up to your standard, the grocer returns the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

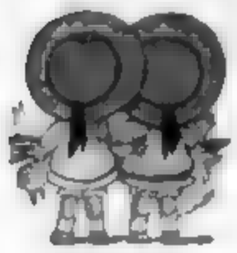
Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's Menu Book will help solve your hot-weather problems.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



Let's play the ship was loaded
With *Campbell's* luscious *Soups*
We'll lay an embargo
Upon the whole cargo
And capture it with scoops.

The Senator's Secretary

THE home-consumption boys certainly had a great inning during the closing days of Congress, and especially during the time Jim Tawney was holding back, in every possible way, his general deficiency bill and waiting for the Senate to do something, so the House might get to work.

Jim Tawney is an experienced retarder of legislation as well as a somewhat skilled accelerator, but he had hard work keeping his general deficiency bill from being voted on. It really had few items that were in dispute, and there wasn't much disposition to talk about those. But Jim knew, if he let the bill go through, there would be nothing to keep the House in town, and the boys would be hopping back home and destroying that quorum that was so needful, particularly in view of circumstances that shall be described later. So he hung out the banner, beat on the tom-tom and told all those who had any oratory in their systems that needed fresh air to come on.

"Speaking's free," said Jim. "All those who have anything to say should now march forward and say it. There is no time limit. There is no limit to subjects. Any man can talk on whatsoever he chooses and so long as he likes. Go to it."

They went to it. The result was that for several days the Record was speckled with items like this: "Mr. Bunk addressed the committee. His remarks will appear later."

Those numerous paragraphs mean that Mr. Bunk and all the other bunks in the House got up and said: "Mr. Chairman: It is my opinion, in speaking on the momentous topics connected with the general deficiency bill, that the tarradiddle of the hoop-te-doodle of the ting-a-ling is not only improsomonious, but also hippicararious, and I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks in the Record."

"Is there any objection?" inquired the chair blandly. "The chair hears none, and permission is granted. Next."

The Overworked Record

And on and on they went. Statesman after statesman stood up and exuded a sentence or two and requested consent to extend his remarks in the Record, and consent was in every case granted. Whereupon, long after Congress shall have adjourned, there will appear dull and soggy disquisitions on the tariff and the trusts and the glories of the Republican party and the beatitudes of the Democratic party in the Congressional Record, headed with nice white lies like this: "The House being in the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 26,370) making appropriations to supply deficiencies in appropriations for the fiscal year 1910 and for other purposes, Mr. Bunk said"—and then will follow what Mr. Bunk did not say and probably did not write, but had fixed up for him by a secretary.

Even Uncle Joe Cannon took advantage of it. He strolled down on the floor one day and caught the chairman's eye. Then he suggested that the speech he delivered in New York, where he cheerfully advocated some little punishment for insurgents in the shape of hanging, shooting or other mild form of correction, had never been printed anywhere in its pristine entirety, and he asked unanimous consent to extend those remarks in the Record, which he did by handing to the copy clerk for the Record a typewritten report of that speech and walking gracefully back to his office.

Anything that is printed in the Congressional Record goes out free under the frank of any member. A hard campaign is coming on and the people back home need to be informed as to just how delinquent the Democrats are and just how disgraceful the Republicans are. Of course it would be all out of reason to think that a member who is a candidate for reëlection could pay for the circulation of his own campaign literature. Those much underpaid statesmen only get seventy-five hundred dollars a year and twenty cents a mile mileage, and an allowance of twelve hundred dollars a year for a clerk, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars or such a matter for stationery—the same being about five thousand dollars, net, more than fifty per cent of them ever have earned in their lives or ever will after they get out of Congress. It is necessary for them to return. The country needs them.

Hence, they think to expedite this pleasing process of return by stuffing their constituents full of the speeches they made—or didn't—and all with the comfortable assurance that the people will pay the bills for handling this piffle in the mails. In the mean time Postmaster-General Hitchcock deplores a deficit in the postal revenues and claims it is caused by a too cheap rate on second-class matter. Overlooking the fact that most of this stuff is about sixteenth-class matter, and worse than that, it isn't the chap who gets his little consent to extend his remarks in the Record who is the worst offender. Take that speech of Uncle Joe's. There was no loud cry for that from the rural districts. It was made on May 18, and the country wabbled along until June 14 before it was deemed necessary to spread those deathless words on the pages of the Record and thus make them susceptible to the franking privilege. The Republican Congressional Campaign Committee wanted the speech. It desired to send out a few millions of copies under frank; so they stuck it in the Record, germane to absolutely nothing in legislation, but for that specific purpose. So, too, they put in Taft's Winona speech, and dozens more. Unanimous consent is all that is needed, and that is easy, for the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee wants to send out Democratic literature also. And anything that is in the Record can be franked.

Once, an enterprising statesman printed all of Henry George's Progress and Poverty in the extension of his remarks; and, not so long ago, a book of four hundred and seventy-seven pages, entitled Story of a Tariff, was and is being and will be franked everywhere, labeled Parts of Congressional Record, which it is, including some of President Taft's speeches, extended in the Record, and much else.

So, when Jim Tawney passed the word there was plenty of time and a good genial disposition on the part of the chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, the boys came running with their manuscripts in their hands. And it certainly is a grand thing in many ways. The members will get credit, back home, for great oratorical ability and profound statesmanship, the printers in the Government Printing Office will have more work, the voters will be instructed to a fare-you-well and held to the eternal principles of whatever party they belong to, and the official indexer of the Record will wax fat and happy, he being paid by the page.

Senator Dolliver Cuts Loose

And, as Congress drew to a close, the regulars in the House rather played it low down on the insurgents, who were planning another demonstration against the hated rules and the revered Speaker; while, in the Senate, Jonathan P. Dolliver arose at his seat one day and festooned the walls of the Senate Chamber with long strips of the hide of President Taft. Dolliver had had it in his mind for a long time to make a few remarks. Consequently, one day, when he thought things propitious, he arose and made them. It was generally known that the Iowa Senator intended to speak freely, but nobody thought he would be as free as he was. It was a remarkable speech, devoted, mostly, to the President, Mr. Aldrich and the tariff, and it probably put Mr. Dolliver in the Burton Harrison class at the White House—that is, among the guests not receivable; which, it may be, will not bother Mr. Dolliver any.

In the House there had been many conferences by the insurgents concerning another demonstration in force to the particular end that the old plan of killing bills in committees should be overcome. This was one of the most valuable adjuncts of the Cannon government and control of the House. The regulars could report a bill and jam it through with a rule. Likewise, the committees being skillfully compounded by Uncle Joe, it needed merely a nod from him to keep a bill in the pigeonholes in committee forever. The rules committee was torn apart by the insurgent-and-Democratic combination last March

POSTUM

"Keeping Cool"

is quite as much a matter of food and drink as of linen and laces.

Folks who look so "delightfully comfortable" in sweltering weather know the art of wisely selecting dress and diet.

Iced Postum

with Sugar and Lemon

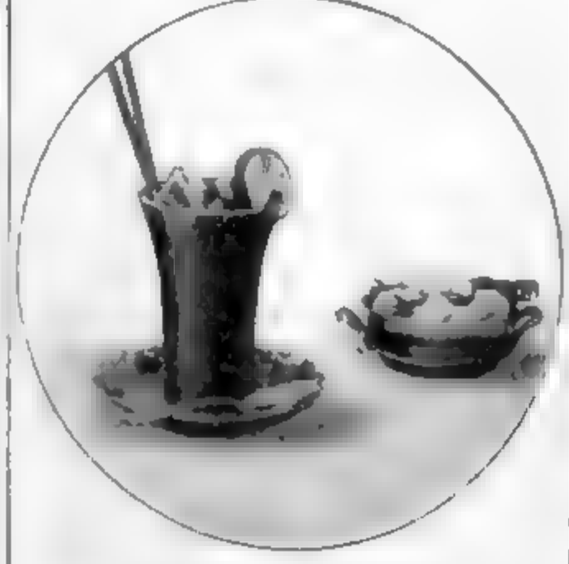
is a delicious beverage for Summer Comfort and one the entire family can freely enjoy.

It contains the nutritive elements of the field grains and is so nourishing that it is really a Food-Drink which relieves fatigue, satisfies the thirst and "freshens" one up.

It is important to boil Postum at least 15 minutes—the longer the better, to bring out its flavour and food strength—the elements that make it palatable and produce that feeling of refreshment and lasting comfort.

The pleasure and satisfaction from one's first glass of Iced Postum is a revelation not soon forgotten.

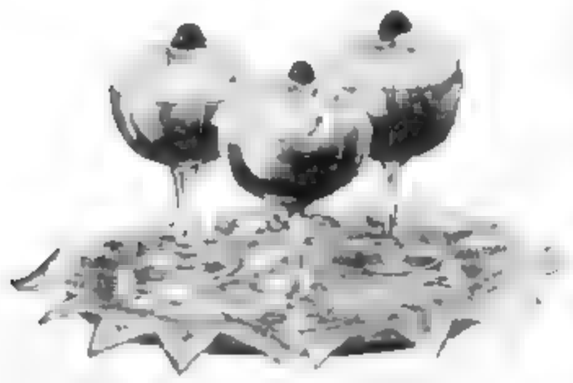
"There's a Reason"



Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walker's
GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because it's Pure."



WALKER SHERBET

Put two cupfuls of sugar into a saucepan with four cupfuls of water and boil for twenty minutes. Strain and add the juice of one orange, the juice of one lemon, three cupfuls of Walker's Grape Juice, and one tablespoonful of powdered gelatine dissolved in one cupful of boiling water. Freeze when cool. Serve in dainty glasses with a spoonful of whipped and sweetened cream on top. Decorate with glacé cherries.

Walker's Grape Juice does not discolor teeth, lips, nor tongue. Ordinary bottled grape juices do. The reason for this difference is found in the fact that Walker's is strictly the clear, pure juice of the edible part of the grape, while some other juices include extracts and ground-up particles of skins, seeds, and stems. It is the pigment extracted from the outside skin by overpressing the grapes that gives ordinary grape juices their unpleasant staining properties. It is the tannin-bearing particles of skins, seeds, and stems that cause some other grape juices to have an astringent, acrid after-taste and a cloudy, murky appearance.

Walker purity has set a new standard of purity in grape-juice making.

Walker's is clear and transparent; no cloudiness, no floating matter, no sediment. Its flavor is full, rich, sweet and mellow; there is no astringent taste or shrivelling sensation in the mouth after its use.

There is no virtue in the elements that make ordinary grape juices cloudy and unattractive to the eye. Those elements are in simply because it is easier and cheaper to let them in than to keep them out.

They are not in Walker's because the Walker standard demands the best—only the desirable elements of only the finest Concord Grapes.

The full, smooth flavor and rich, fruity bouquet of Walker's Grape Juice are a revelation to those who have known only the ordinary juices made from over-pressed grapes.

Be sure you get Walker's—in the "Ten-Pin" Bottle. Sold by the best grocers and druggists. Also at soda fountains.

Write for the recipe book showing many delicious grape juice drinks and desserts.

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY
North East, Pa.

The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

and Uncle Joe extirpated therefrom. Still, the regulars had the committees and they held up all bills not pleasing to them and never let them get the light of day.

The plan discussed was to make a row about this in the House, and then make a fight for a change in the rules that would permit any member to present a resolution to call up a public bill that had been referred to a committee, and that if he were sustained by a majority of the House, after proper notice, the bill might be called up at the proper time. The row was made. Several insurgents told, with tears in their voices but none in their eyes, how their pet measures had been sandbagged in committee. It was expected the insurgents and the Democrats could combine on this, but the regulars took a hand in the game, and they combined too.

The consequence was that Representative Dalzell reported out a rule providing for this very thing, from the new rules committee, and that the insurgents and the Democrats had to join with the regulars in the plan. Only one vote was cast against the motion. Representative Rucker, of Missouri, a Democrat, wouldn't stand for the new rule because he doubted the sincerity of the Republicans on the rules committee who were for it, they being Republicans and entitled to the doubt of a Democrat from Keytesville, Missouri.

And while this was going on the Senate was giving another example of what it really can do in the way of expediting public business when it wants to. Two or three months ago, when it looked as if this session of Congress might last until October, because of the dillydallying of the Senate, as it always does look at the middle of a long session of Congress, the wise old men of the Senate said they reckoned they would be ready to quit along about the last of June.

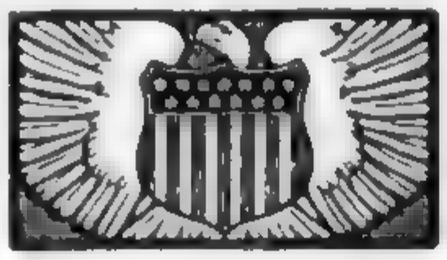
Various pessimists, including that long-experienced legislative observer, Vice-President Sherman, had doubts of anything earlier than the first or fifteenth of August, but the wise old men pottered around and fixed up something here and something there and reckoned they would be ready to quit along about the last of June—a few days either way, perhaps—but along in that neighborhood.

Senators on the Anxious Seat

It looked hopeless—it always does—but suddenly the machine began to work in the Senate, and the way they jammed bills through was remarkable even to persons who had seen the same process for many years. When that Senate gets ready to act, after all its delays and talk and fussing around, it acts like chain-lightning. In one week they closed up all the big bills the Administration wanted, or, rather, to put it correctly, all the big bills the leaders told the Administration it wanted, and then there was nothing to do but clean up the odds and ends and go home. They are marvels, in their way, those men who run that Senate machine. They never do anything before they are ready, but when they are ready, when every pin is set and every bearing is oiled, they let her go—zip-p-p!—and it all seems natural, and everybody wonders why there were those horrible fears that Congress would remain in session all summer.

Twenty-six of those Senators are going home to be reëlected or rejected at the elections this fall, or the primaries. It wasn't a happy Senate at the close. The revolt against Aldrichism and the tariff and the unpopularity of this Administration, coupled with the refusal of the usual sources to help out with liberal contributions, have made things difficult for many a Senator who wants to return. There will be a lot of new faces in the Senate after March fourth next.

ACCIDENT NEWS—Two horrible near-fatalities occurred in Congress along in its last days: John Dalzell was scared into fits by the result of his primary and only won by a few votes, and the correspondent of a Texas newspaper discovered Senator Joseph W. Bailey wearing a silk hat.



MAYER-CINCINNATI ALL-WOOL TAILORING

FALL-1910 styles are ready in Mayer-Cincinnati tailoring. *Fall* styles? Yes indeed—the brand-new fabric-styles for the coming season. Ready and waiting for *you* right now at the store of our exclusive representative in your town. Hundreds of beautiful patterns in *all-wool* woolens from which to pick your Fall suit and overcoat. Prices, from $17.50 upward—made to your own individual measurements.

Simply send us a postal. We'll send you our new style book and tell you where you will find the Mayer-Cincinnati line of tailoring on display.

We guarantee every fabric in our line to be *all-pure-wool* through and through. And we guarantee to every customer clothes that will satisfy him in every detail of fit and workmanship.

Clarence Mayer & Co.

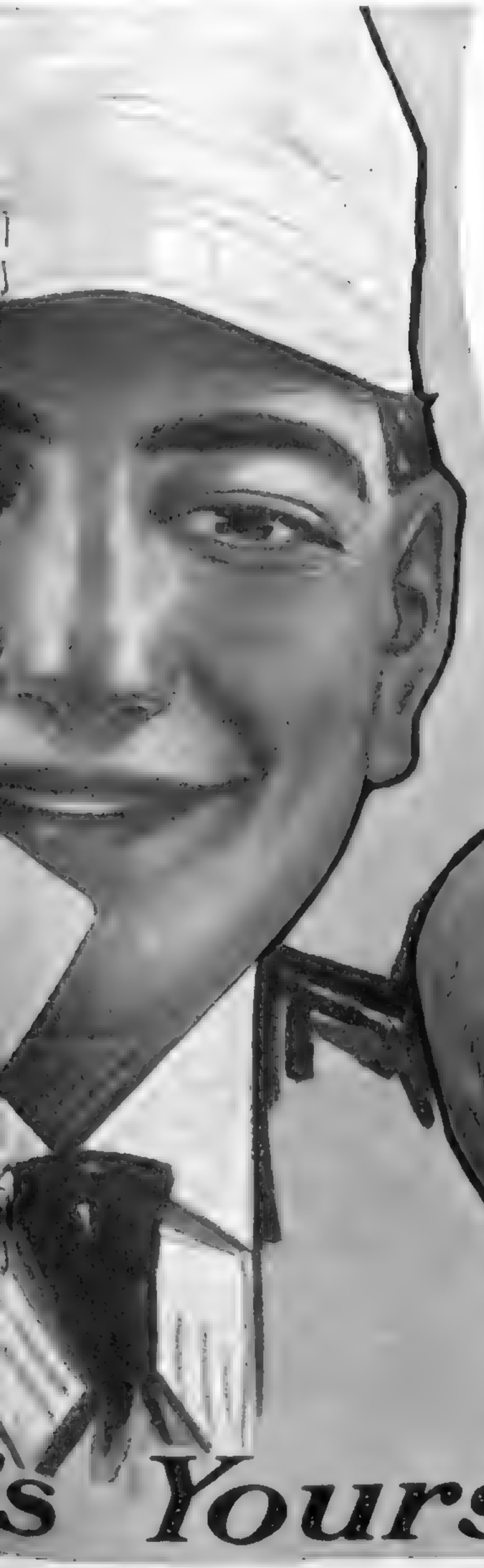
Address Dept. "B" **Cincinnati, Ohio**

NOTE:—We make a great feature of tailoring for **young** *men—styles especially designed for college men and others who fancy the more extreme effects in good tailoring.*

To Wide-Awake Grocers

OCCIDENT FLOUR is now being nationally advertised in the biggest and broadest way. The advertising is reaching, again and again, practically every flour purchaser in the United States. Our unique plan of having the superior quality of Occident Flour do the talking instead of the advertising—our positive money-back-if-Occident-doesn't-prove-superior guarantee has won the public by its square-deal policy. You know that Occident *is* far better than any other flour because you're in the trade. And now the great American public is finding this out—"fast" because we are *proving up* at our risk. Occident Flour has proved that the American people are ready and glad to pay a fair price—a few pennies more per sack—for a flour that is really superior—a flour which is not "made at a price"—a flour which is above price-cutting, quality-cheapening competition.

You know your customers deserve the best.
Are you giving it to them?
Write us today.
You owe it to your customers
—to your business.



To Wide-Awake Women

Tear Off the Coupon Now and Hand It to Your Grocer Today—A Trial Will Not Cost You a Cent

—if Occident Flour *itself* does not *prove* to you, in your own home and to your entire satisfaction that it is by far the best and most economical flour you have ever used.

This is the way Occident Flour is introduced into new homes. Not by empty claims in advertising. But by the absolute *proof* of superiority furnished *at our risk*—not yours.

The simple reason is that Occident Flour is high enough in quality to "make good" on such a method.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

Explanatory Note: *Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.*

We wouldn't dare to charge more and offer the proof of superiority at our risk if we didn't have the extra quality to back up the price.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument.*

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.

Minneapolis U. S. A.

s Yours!"

Special Offer Coupon

Mr. Grocer: I want to accept the Russell-Miller Milling Co.'s trial offer on Occident Flour, at their risk, as they advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is understood that if I do not find Occident Flour to be all that its millers claim it to be, my money will be refunded—no charge for flour used in the test.

Name _____

Address _____

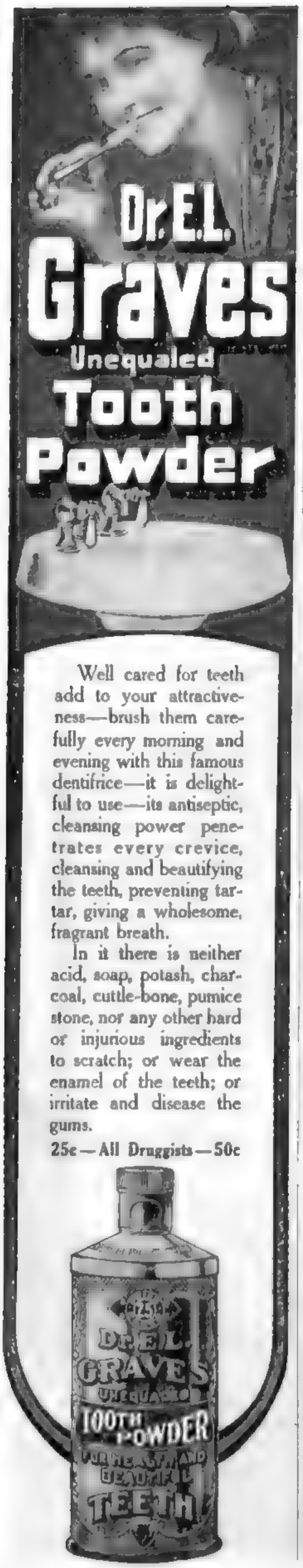
Grocer's Name _____

Grocer's Address _____

(Grocer's Name and Address must be filled in)

Special Notice to Grocers:—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO


Dr. E. L.
Graves
Unequaled
Tooth
Powder
Well cared for teeth add to your attractiveness—brush them carefully every morning and evening with this famous dentifrice—it is delightful to use—its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, cleansing and beautifying the teeth, preventing tartar, giving a wholesome, fragrant breath.
In it there is neither acid, soap, potash, charcoal, cuttle-bone, pumice stone, nor any other hard or injurious ingredients to scratch; or wear the enamel of the teeth; or irritate and disease the gums.
25c—All Druggists—50c
DR. E. L. GRAVES
TOOTH POWDER
TEETH

YOUR SAVINGS

Buying the First Bond

WHEN you look over the investment situation at the time this article is written you find that one of the mainstays of the bond market is the small investor—that is, the man or woman buying one, two or even five bonds. In the same way the odd-lot buyer of standard stocks is helping to keep the stock market alive. This condition is very significant, because it shows that the average man is not only saving his money but putting it where it will be profitably employed.

Many people are buying bonds today who never before owned securities, and for this reason it seems an opportune season to call attention to the rules to be observed on the momentous occasion when the first bond is bought. With many persons it is as much an unforgetable event in their lives as is the occasion of their first sight of the sea or the mountains, and it is usually a more lucrative one. In short, it is a real experience. If people get started right on their investments the chances are that they will remain right; if they get in wrong at the outset they will constantly be trying to recoup by speculation, and in the end they will have lost not only all that they have saved but all that they have been able to borrow or lay hands on otherwise. Hence the great importance of the proper buying of the first bond.

Before going into the subject of buying the first bond, it might be well to consider what kind of money is going into the bond. Upon the source of the funds to be employed depends the degree of risk to be run.

Savings, for example, should be conservatively invested. In many cases every dollar saved has cost some sacrifice and no chances should be taken with this money. It should go into legal investments for savings banks in such states as New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, where rigid safeguards are set up around the people's deposits. This does not mean that any investment not legal is necessarily undesirable. Very often a perfectly safe investment for savings falls outside the scope of "legal investments" on account of a technicality. For instance, the law may stipulate that in order to have its bonds eligible for savings-bank investment a railroad must have paid a certain dividend for ten years. The road may have paid this dividend for only nine years and yet be more stable and have a larger security than one that has paid it for fifteen.

Equally conservative should be the investment of life-insurance money. The employment of such funds is a more sacred charge than savings, because a man who loses his savings can usually work and save more, while a widow, especially beyond middle life, is unable to do this. A widow's money should always be secured by a first mortgage either on a railroad, a public utility of seasoned earning power, or on improved property.

The Cash Reserve

Money outside of the savings and insurance class, such as, for example, the reserve of a business man, may be exposed to some risk with the prospect of a commensurate return. But when you go above six per cent in bonds you usually do so at the expense of marketability. When all is said and done the ideal investment should combine security of principal, assured interest return, a reasonably broad market and a good prospect of appreciation in value.

There is a rule which the novitiate in bondbuying should keep carefully in mind, namely: that it is always advisable to keep a certain proportion of one's surplus or savings on hand in actual cash. If you have saved two hundred dollars and want to make your first investment do not invest the entire two hundred dollars. Divide it in two equal parts, invest one-half in a bond and put the other half in a savings bank, where it will be safe and at the same time will earn some money. If you have a sum greater than two hundred dollars then the proportion of the cash reserve need not be so large. If it is five hundred dollars then keep only fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars; if it is one thousand dollars then put one hundred dollars aside in cash. A safe cash margin will be about ten per cent.

Why is this cash reserve necessary? you ask. Simply in order to have it on hand in case of emergency. Sickness, accident or loss of employment may come at any time to the average wage-earner and then he will need money urgently. If he has all his savings invested in a bond that is not readily marketable he may have to sell it at a sacrifice. Besides, it is a bad practice to sell an investment and not replace it at once. The investor may not be able to buy another for some time, and thus a hole is made both in assets and in income.

Bond proprietorship is a sort of habit. When you own one bond you immediately want to own a good many, and thus the first bond, properly bought and held, starts the larger movement for thrift and a competency that means independence and comfort in old age. Owning a bond or two likewise exerts a kind of moral influence that has heartened more than one man when he was out of a job.

Let us assume that a man has a hundred dollars available for investment. What is he to do with it? There was a time when a sum like this was a waif among the banking houses, but that day has gone. Not only are the representative firms glad and willing to take care of the small investor but they are adjusting their own underwritings to meet his peculiar requirements. During the past few years more hundred-dollar bonds have been issued and sold than ever before. Many new and forthcoming issues provide for them.

Good Bonds in Small Pieces

So keen is the competition among the standard investment bankers for the small investor that some will sell him bonds on the installment plan. The hundred-dollar bond comes under this head, although the houses prefer to sell five-hundred-dollar and thousand-dollar pieces in this way. The plan is to have the investor pay down at least ten per cent of the price of the bond. In a hundred-dollar bond this would only be ten dollars; in a five-hundred-dollar bond it would be fifty dollars. The investor may make payments whenever possible, and these are credited to his account. Meanwhile the bond is laid aside in his name, and as its coupons come due they are cut off and likewise credited to his account. On the difference between the money paid in and the cost of the bond the investor is charged five per cent interest, but this is more than offset by the coupons that are cashed (if the bond has a face interest rate of five per cent) together with the sum paid in. Thus the man or woman eager to be an investor, who may have less than one hundred dollars available, may make a start. Delays in money matters are often dangerous and costly.

It is important for the investor, especially at the beginning, to buy his bonds through houses of experience and unquestioned integrity, because they not only have the means to accommodate and aid his investment but they have the proper organization for the thorough investigation of properties. No money should ever be invested without investigation.

More people would become bondbuyers if they knew that they could get bonds in very small denominations. The city of New York, for example, has issued ten-dollar bonds which are direct obligations of the greater city. An effort was once made to sell them "over the counter" like merchandise, but it failed. The fact remains, however, that gilt-edge bonds are available in ten-dollar denominations.

It has been possible to get United States Government bonds in denomination of twenty dollars. These were a Spanish-American War emergency measure, and they were so issued in order to give everybody a chance to participate in the patriotic service of saving Cuba.

When it comes to fifty-dollar bonds you find that a corporation as great as the American Tobacco Company does not hesitate to issue them. Their 6s, due October 1, 1944, with interest dates in April and October, may be had around 106, which would make the yield about 5.55 per cent. Another fifty-dollar American Tobacco bond is a 4, due August 1, 1951, with interest dates in February and

How to Own The Oliver Typewriter for 17c a Day

You don't have to draw on your Bank Account when you pay on the Penny Plan.

You need not disturb your Dollars. *Keep them at work earning interest!*

We offer our newest model, the Oliver Typewriter No. 5—fresh from the factory—for Seventeen Cents a Day.

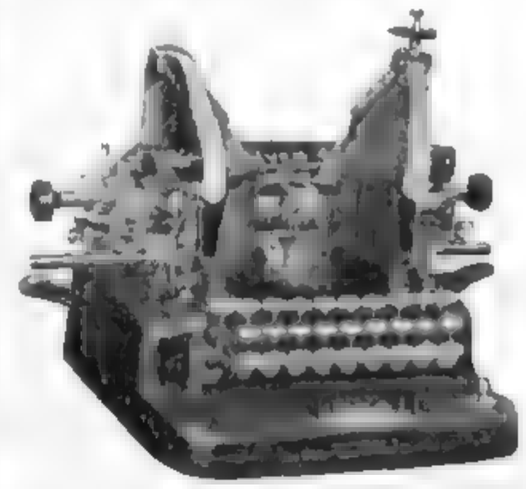
The plan is printed in "black and white" on the Application Blank below.

Simply fill out the blank, attach the small first payment, send it in, and *on comes the Oliver!*

No tedious wait! No red tape! No long-drawn-out correspondence!

You quickly own your Oliver and scarcely notice the outlay. You can have the use of your machine while pennies are "paying the freight."

You will never have a better chance to test the power of pennies.



The Oliver is *everywhere*.

It's the *universal* typewriter. Reels off real work with the ease and speed demanded by this mile-a-minute age. Wherever you turn—in Business Offices, great or small—in the quiet of the Home—in the roar of the Railroad and Telegraph service—in the seething maelstrom of modern Newspaperdom—in countless kinds of service—it's the sturdy, strenuous *Oliver* that's "making the wheels go 'round."

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

You need your Oliver *now*. It's yours almost for the *asking*. The biggest hundred dollars' worth in America—for Seventeen Cents a Day!

Send along the Application Blank, with a small first payment of $15 as an evidence of good faith.

Your check is good—or send draft, post-office or express money order.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

APPLICATION BLANK

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen:—I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find $15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, $85, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

References _____

The New Way to Cool and Ventilate

You must Draw the foul air out—Blow the fresh air in

This can be done only with a scientifically designed ventilator of sufficient power and capacity.

Open windows do not ventilate, they simply admit breezes blowing in the right direction. Desk and ceiling fans simply stir up the dead air and disease germs in the room.

Real ventilation is impossible without a positive blower that will draw the foul air out, or blow the fresh air in.

The Sturtevant ventilator, consisting of a multivane (patented) fan, a small motor, connected by cord with an electric light socket (alternating or direct current), gives **positive** ventilation. It thoroughly changes and purifies the air in an ordinary sized room every ten or fifteen minutes.

Sturtevant

"Ready-to-Run"

Ventilating Set

Reversible Type, Mounted on Window Board

This set (shown below), mounted on a wind w board, can be put in and taken out of the window, the sash raised or lowered behind it. This allows the fan to blow fresh air into the room, or by turning the fan case, it draws the bad air out of the room.

The Sturtevant Set is a perfect device for ventilating and cooling offices, kitchens, dining rooms, closets, smoking rooms, restaurants, telephone booths, boat cabins, lodge rooms, labor rooms, toilet rooms, sleeping rooms, Pullman cars, private cars, etc.

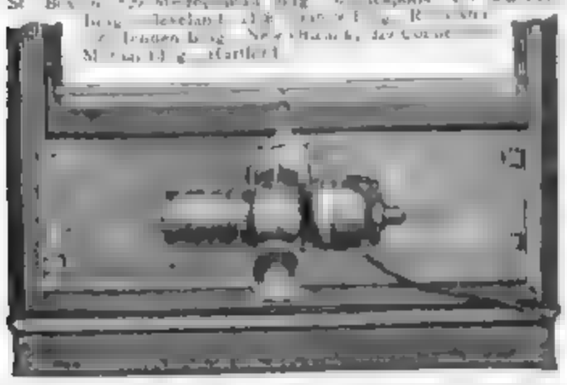
Used in bed rooms it gives the effect of sleeping out of doors. Do not confuse it by the disappointing results given by some hastily designed devices purporting to serve the same purpose, and which are small and complicated that they soon get out of order.

Reversible Window Board sets, all mounted ready to put in your window, $40, express prepaid in the United States. Our Illustrated Booklet describes this set and others for special purposes, and gives facts about ventilation. *Send for Booklet No. 175.*

Trade prices to Electrical Contractors, Hardware Dealers, and Power Companies.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 135 N. 3d St., Phila.; 900 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 11 Park Row, Pittsburg; 1306 Washington Ave. & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 620 St. Paul St., Baltimore; 322 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 620 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland; 1000 Hudson Bldg., New Haven; 322 Colcord Bldg., Oklahoma City; Marquette Bldg., Detroit.



TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT

After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Tabs (antiseptic Tablets) for the foot bath) in the water. It will take out all soreness, smarting and tenderness, remove foot odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Tabs instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot sensitiveness of the feet at night. "FOOT TABS FOR FOOT ILLS." Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, into your shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Avoid substitutes.* Samples of Allen's Foot-Tabs mailed FREE, or one regular size sent by mail for 25c. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

5% 17 YEARS

We have paid 5% per annum on every dollar of our depositors' money for every day it has been in our care since we began business over 17 years ago.

Accounts may be opened at any time and withdrawn on short notice. Assets $2,250,000. Surplus and Profits $175,000. Conducted under supervision New York Banking Department. Write for Booklet.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.
1 Times Bldg., B'way & 42nd Street NEW YORK

6% $100. DEPOSITS

WE Pay You 6% Interest on $100 time certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums. Your deposit insured by [illegible] City. The [illegible] Bank explains plan of operation.

5% SMALLER SUMS

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N
173 York Street Savannah Ga.

August. The price is about 78¼, which would make the yield about 5.30 per cent.

There is a greater variety in hundred-dollar bonds. The following may be regarded as types of railroad issues, with prices prevailing at the time this article was written:

Colorado & Southern refunding 4½s, due May 1, 1935. The interest dates are May and November. At the present price of 97 the yield would be about 4.70 per cent.

Missouri Pacific first and refunding convertible 5s, due September 1, 1959. Interest dates are March and September. At the present price of 94 the yield would be about 5.30 per cent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford convertible debenture 3½s, due January 1, 1956. Interest dates are January and July. With a price of 98 the yield would be about 3.60 per cent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford convertible debenture 6s, due January 15, 1948. Interest dates are January and July. The price is 131¾, which would make the yield about 4.30 per cent.

Western Pacific first 5s, due September 1, 1933. The interest is payable May and September. The present price is about 94¼, which would make the yield about 5.45 per cent.

Now take the hundred-dollar bond among the industrials and you find a good field to select from. Among the types are the following:

United States Steel Corporation sinking-fund 5s, due April 1, 1963. The interest is payable May and November. The price is 103, which would make the yield about 4.80 per cent.

General Electric debenture 3½s, due 1942. The interest is payable February and August. At the present price of 82 the yield would be about 4.55 per cent.

Lackawanna Steel first convertible 5s, due March 1, 1950. The interest is payable March and September. The present price of 96¼ would make the yield about 5.25 per cent.

Among public-utility bonds you will find various issues in denomination of one hundred dollars, as the following examples will indicate:

Buffalo General Electric first 5s, due February 1, 1939. The interest dates are February and August. At the present price of 103 the yield on the investment would be about 4.80 per cent.

Detroit Edison convertible debenture 6s, due April 1, 1920. Interest is payable April and October. At 105, the yield would approximate 5.30 per cent.

Kings County Electric Light and Power convertible debenture 6s, due March 1, 1922. The interest is payable March and September. The price is 113, which would make the yield about 4.55 per cent.

Pacific Gas and Electric debenture 6s, due December 15, 1937. The interest dates are June 15 and December 15. At the present price of 101 the yield would be about 5.90 per cent.

It is well to remember that you can get very desirable municipal, township or school-district bonds in denomination of one hundred dollars.

In five-hundred-dollar bonds there is, of course, a much larger selection. Such standard roads as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Central Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Pennsylvania, the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific issue them. Among the industrials you find such corporations as the Adams Express Company bringing them out, and in the list of public-service corporations such concerns as the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, the Bangor Railway and Electric Company, the Michigan State Telephone Company, the West Penn Railways, and many others that could be named.

The prices quoted in this article are for bonds of the same issue in larger denomination, and a slight advance is usually charged for the smaller pieces. Many large investment houses, however, make the price for their "specialties" in small denominations—that is, the bonds they underwrite include the commission. For example, a hundred-dollar bond offered by them at 101 would cost the investor $101 and whatever accrued interest there might be. He would get this interest back at the next interest date. As a rule members of the New York Stock Exchange charge a commission of one dollar for buying a one-hundred-dollar or five-hundred-dollar bond. On a thousand-dollar bond the fee is one dollar and twenty-five cents.

It will pay you to install Angldile Scales now.

Angldile Computing Scales are based on certain patented principles possessed by no other computing scales.

The Angldile is the scale with the cone-shaped chart; the only scale yet made which shows **A Plain Figure For Every Penny's Value.**

The Angldile's chart is the easiest read, because it stands at 45 degrees—**the natural angle** at which we hold books and papers.

All men—short or tall—read the Angldile chart alike. **There are no hair lines to count—no pin points to guess at.**

Above are shown the two sides of the Angldile. The customer's dial, indicating ounces, is the largest used on any counter scale.

The Angldile is a gravity scale. It has no springs. Hot or cold weather does not affect its accuracy.

The Angldile buys itself because by its accuracy it saves its cost in a few months, and then goes on saving for its owner forever.

The Angldile buys itself because it enables you to wait on customers quicker and more accurately than can be done with other scales.

The Angldile buys itself because it is a permanent advertisement of accurate, good-will-producing store methods.

Write us to-day, using the coupon below. Let us tell you all about the Angldile, and the ease with which you can put one on your counter.

Angldile Computing Scale Co.
110 Franklin Street, Elkhart, Ind.

Angldile Computing Scale Co.
Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the **Free** Angldile book.

_____

_____

_____

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 16
Lowering Prices Can't Raise Quality.

Imitators of Kellogg's—the genius—Toasted Corn Flakes say:
"Just as good and costs you less."
Some dealers are caught—overstock. Result: stale goods, loss of trade.

Kellogg's "square deal" one price to all prevents this—assures fresh goods—protects dealer and consumer. Lowering prices can't raise quality.

The Genuine has this Signature
W. K. Kellogg

Made by Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes

The Overland

The Overland's War on Cost

The most significant event in the past year of motordom has been the Overland's war on cost. Millions have been invested—myriads of costly machines installed—to give you better cars for less money.

For years the main problem in automobiles was to create a perfect machine, regardless of cost. But that was pretty well solved—by a dozen good makers—before the Overland entered the field.

This is a new era, and the new problem is to minimize the cost. The rivalries of the future will be in economies. The car which leads from this time on will be the car which gives most for the money.

It is there that the Overland has outstripped its rivals. On these lines it has gained the leading place in this field. It has done more than all others to lessen the cost of making good automobiles.

This has required an army of experts and millions of dollars. It has compelled the abandonment of hundreds of old machines. It has required the building of countless machines, to perform each operation in the most exact, most economical way.

But the cost of Overlands has been cut 20 per cent within the past year alone. And every cent of the saving has gone to Overland buyers. As a result, Overland sales for the current year will exceed $24,000,000.

Modern Machinery

Each Overland factory is now equipped with modern automatic machines. There are rows upon rows of them—floor after floor filled with them.

There are single machines which cost as high as $7,500, but they save a few dollars on every car. There are hundreds of machines which cost thousands of dollars each.

Over a quarter million dollars is invested in jigs alone. That is more than the entire factory investment of many a maker who attempts to compete with us.

Every dollar of our profit, from the very beginning, has been spent in this model equipment. At this time the investment exceeds $3,000,000.

But every machine cuts the cost of some part. And the sum of these savings—on the thousands of parts which go into a car—amounts to several hundred dollars per car.

But these automatic machines do more than cut cost. They give us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. They make every similar part exactly alike. If an Overland part ever breaks or wears out, any similar part which ever comes from our factory will fit just the same as the old part.

Some of the Savings

We have boring machines which enable one man to do more than a dozen men did in the old way. We have new nut-making machines, each of which does the work of six men and six old-time machines.

We have a machine which mills out the whole crank case at one operation, saving us three-fourths of the old cost.

We have built a separate plant for crank shafts—a $150,000 investment. But we are making our crank shafts, as a result, at an enormous saving over our previous cost.

We have electric welding machines, each of which does the work that twenty men did without it.

Once the metal back of a tonneau had to be hammered in shape by hand. Now a press and dies—costing $20,000—stamp out the back in one operation. And the back is smooth and exact.

Our new aluminum foundry saves us $300 per day on aluminum parts, under the lowest cost elsewhere.

There are hundreds of such savings—some little, some much. Each means a better and cheaper part.

Buying Economies

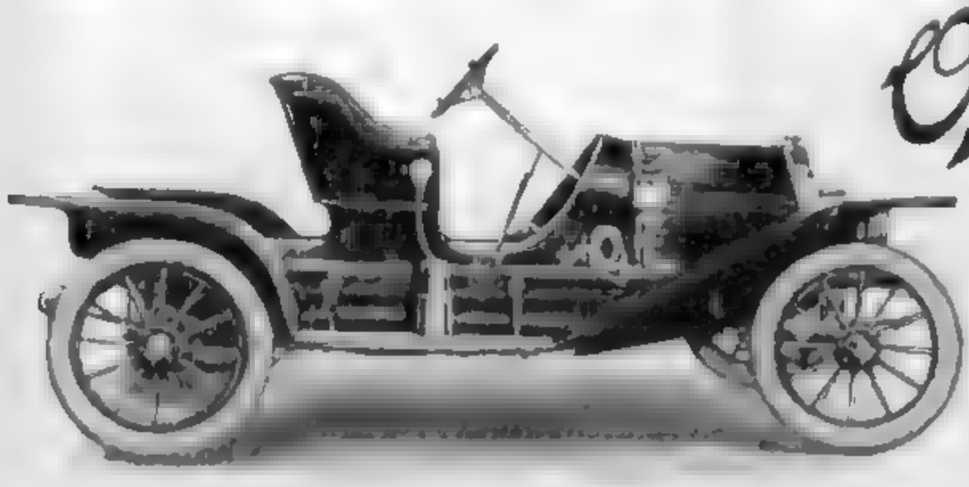
We have on hand at this writing over a million dollars' worth of tires. We bought them under a contract made before late advances. The saving to you runs from $40 to $60 per car.

We also have on hand a wealth of other material bought below today's market price.

Those are some of the reasons why smaller makers cannot meet Overland prices. They cannot afford this modern machinery, so they buy the parts we make. They cannot stock up on a favorable market, so they buy from hand to mouth.

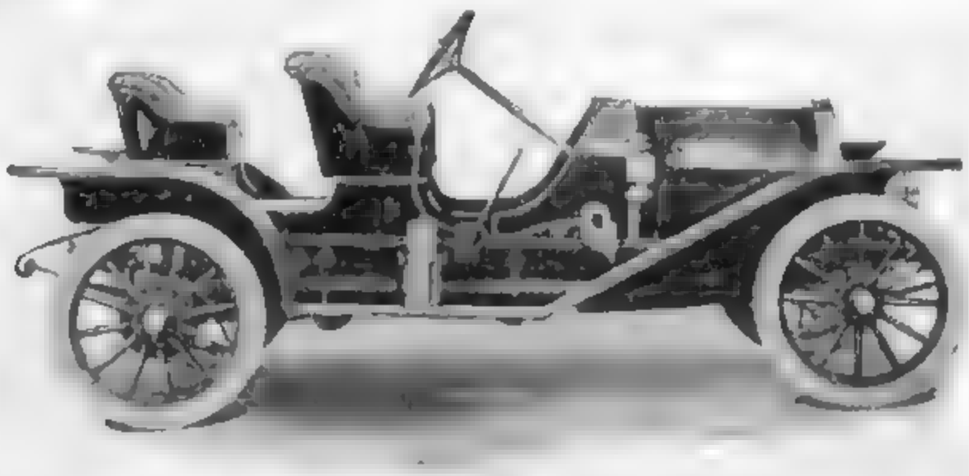
They must use hand work where we use machines. Their costs are all maximum—ours are all minimum. It is that—and not quality—which makes up the difference between Overland prices and others.

The Overland



This is the $1,000 Overland—25-horsepower—102-inch wheel base. Price with single rumble seat, $1,050; with double rumble seat, $1,075; with complete toy tonneau, $1,100.

All prices include magneto and full lamp equipment



This is the 40-horsepower Overland for $1,250. Wheel base 112 inches.

Some Overland Extravagance

The Overland

We have told you about our economies—now let us deal with some counter extravagance. For there is many a way in which we spend more than good engineers deem necessary. Judge for yourself the advantage.

Every important material which enters into an Overland is the best that we know for the purpose.

Many a part could be made of cheaper material, and nine times in ten it would serve equally well. But we insist on the best that any price can buy, simply as a margin of safety.

This is not true of materials used merely for show. There we employ various grades. So our cheapest cars lack some of the trappings—some of the finish—found in our costlier cars.

But every Overland, in its important parts, is as good as men know how to make it. Were you willing to pay us twice the price we could give you nothing better.

1,000 Inspections

We have a small army of highly paid experts who do nothing but inspect Overland parts and material. The various parts of each Overland car are subjected to more than a thousand inspections.

Each material is inspected, then each separate part. Then each combination of parts is inspected.

Then each completed car—in the hands of an expert—is given at least two road tests, over rough roads and hills.

We are told that the Overland is inspected and tested better than any other car in the world. We are told that we waste quite a neat sum per car by what is called over-exactness.

But we avoid mistakes. If an error occurs it is always corrected before the car goes to its owner. Now the Overland has a reputation—as wide as America—for being a trouble-proof car.

Other Extremes

Each Overland crank shaft, before being attached to the engine, is revolved six thousand times in its bearings. Thus the bearings are ground into each other. They are fitted in the only way which gives them absolute smoothness.

Then each engine is run, under its own power, for 48 hours before it goes into the car. That is why an Overland never needs breaking in. It runs smoothly, easily, quietly right from the start.

We employ the direct drive and the unit transmission—all in a dust-proof case. We employ the five-bearing crank shaft used in all the costliest cars. Some economical makers use only two bearings on the lower-powered cars.

The four cylinders are all cast separately, even in our cheapest car. Some makers save much by casting them together.

So in every part. There is no skimping on materials—no economizing in the form of construction. Nor do we employ any piece work on Overlands. Every workman takes his time.

As a result, each Overland car—on the average—sells four others like it.

Overland Prices

A 25-horsepower Overland sells this year for $1,000. It has a 102-inch wheel base—a possible speed of 50 miles an hour.

A 40-horsepower Overland, with single rumble seat, sells for $1,250. The wheel base is 112 inches. Every price includes gas lamps and magneto.

So with every model. The man who knows cars is always amazed when he sees what the Overland gives for the money.

But remember this: There are 275 makers of automobiles. And their average production in a whole year is less than the Overland's output for four days. To the average maker, the Overland facilities are utterly out of the question.

If you will mail us this coupon we will send you pictures of all the Overland cars. We will give you all of the prices—tell you all the facts. Please cut it out—now before you forget it—and mail it to us today.

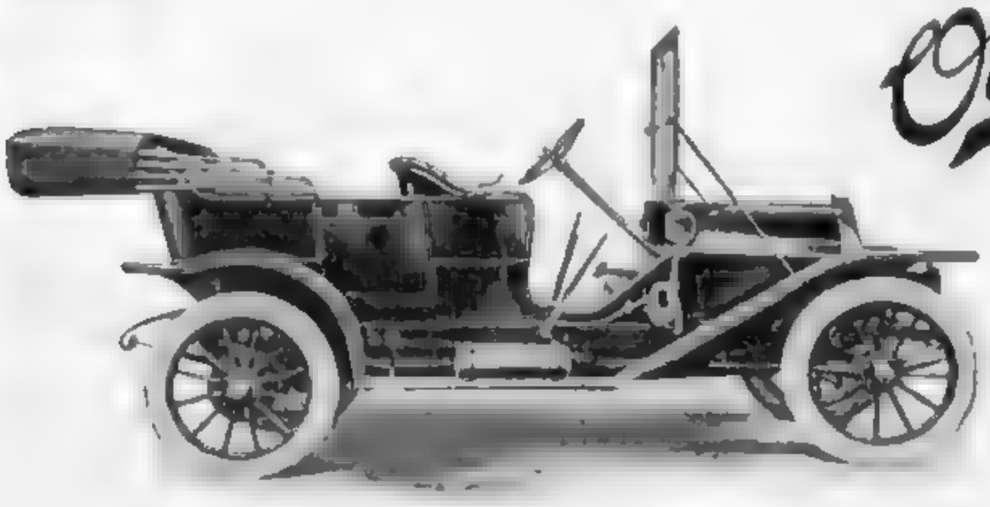
We have dealers in 800 towns.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Send me the facts about

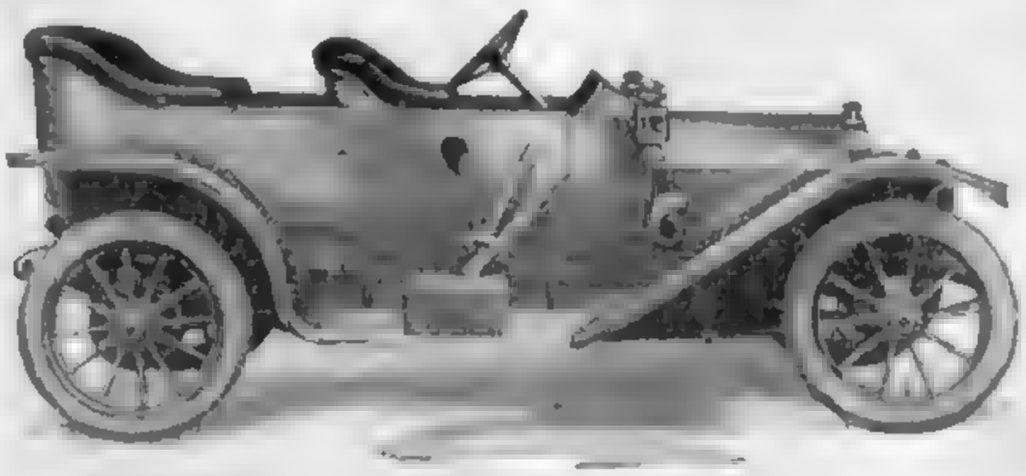
Passenger Cars ☐ *Delivery Cars* ☐
The Marion-Overlands ☐

The Overland



Other Overland models cost $1,300, $1,400 and $1,500, according to style of body, etc.

Licensed Under Selden Patent



The Marion-Overland, with touring body, costs $1,850. Also made as racing roadster, as town car and with torpedo body.

(97)

MAGAZINE MEN

When the Winter's Work is Over

Frederick Courtland Penfield

U. S. Senator Albert J. Beveridge

C. Allan Gilbert

David Gray

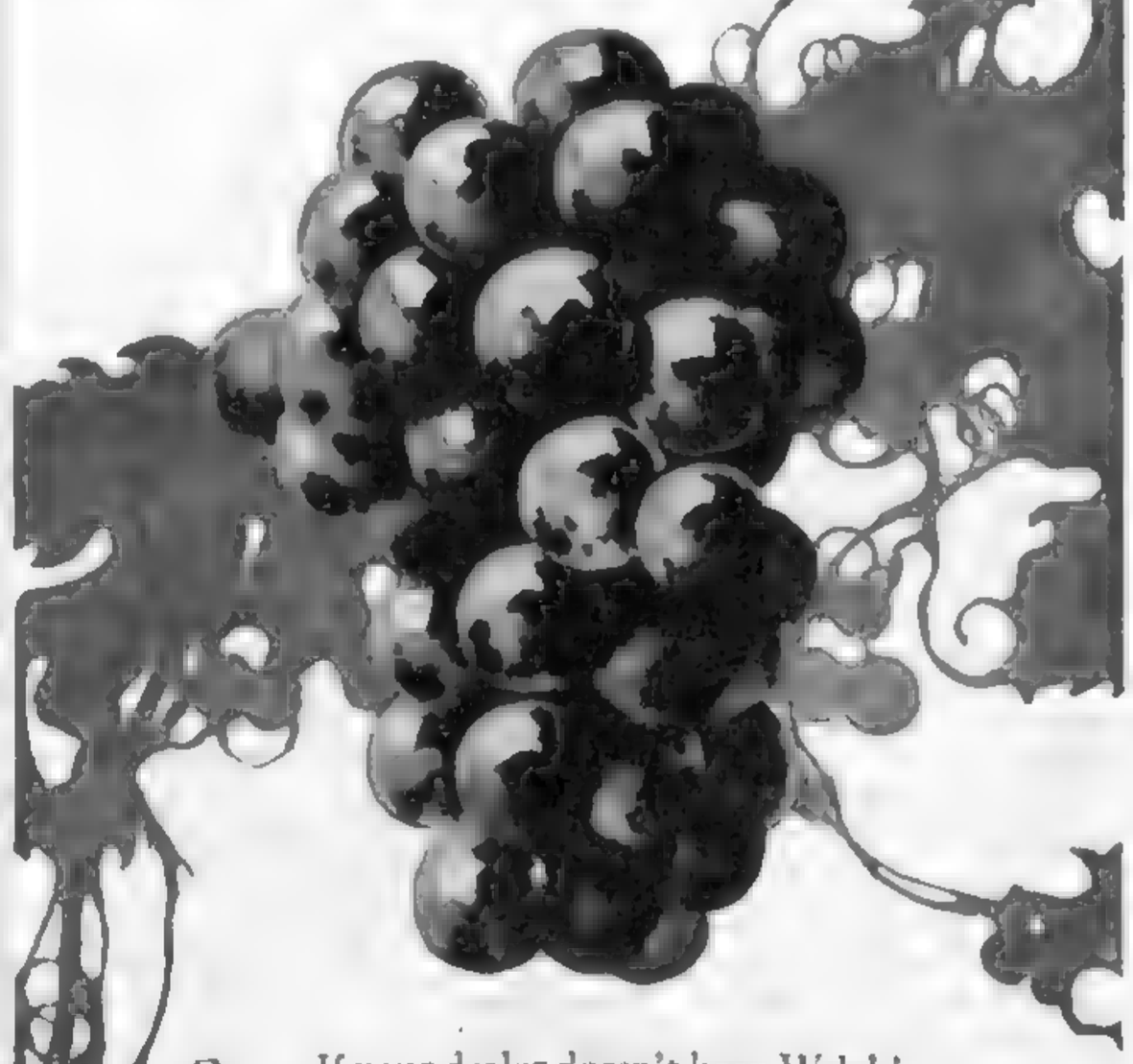
Sir Gilbert Parker

Welch's Grape Juice

hits the thirsty spot. It is the most palatable, most satisfying and most beneficial of all summer beverages.

Drink it plain or as a punch, or if you like the sparkle, try a Welch Grape Ball—Welch's and a charged water, half and half, with a piece of ice.

Welch's Grape Juice is the unchanged juice of choicest Concord Grapes, containing all of the natural flavor and all of the health-giving properties of the fresh, full-ripe fruit.



If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free.

Self-pulling Corkscrew Free

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and send the labels taken from one quart or two pint bottles of Welch's Grape Juice and we will send you by mail a corkscrew such as retails at 25 cents. Only one corkscrew can be sent to a family.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.

Shackamaxon
Guaranteed fabrics

A quick suit and a fine one

Your tailor can make your suit made from any of the fa[brics] to-measure without a day's delay.

Any good tailor who hasn't them will get them for you promptly.

We will send the name of one in your neighborhood who has them if you will write and ask us. A post-card will do. **We will answer by return mail.**

High-grade fabrics are the only kind you can afford to wear.

They are the only kind that give any real satisfaction, either in wearing-quality or style.

Shackamaxon fabrics are all pure fleece-wool; beautifully finished; thoroughly shrunken; perfectly dyed. No more carefully-made fabrics are produced anywhere in the world.

We make them in our own mills; for merchant tailors *only*.

You have your choice of the latest exclusive patterns for outing and business wear. Serges, cheviots and clear-finished and undressed worsteds in many rich colorings and hundreds of tasteful designs.

These fabrics keep their shape, their color and their style while a thread remains.

The "**Shackamaxon**" trade-mark is on every suit-pattern. Look for it. And **if any Shackamaxon fabric develops any fault at any time we will make it good.**

Write us today for the *Shackamaxon* booklet "A Well Dressed Man." Its "Good form" suggestions, particularly, are sure to interest you.

J R Keim & Co Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

It Makes A Difference

Automobile Cylinder Oil is simply required to lubricate—and then burn up cleanly.

The presence of body makes an oil lubricate.

Freedom from carbon impurities makes it burn cleanly.

HAVOLINE OIL

possesses the same lubricating body as other oils; but it burns cleaner because it has been filtered free from carbon impurities.

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Moving Picture Machines Make Big Money

Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, or open air.

FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct this business. Catalogue explains all. We rent films and slides. Write today. Catalogue free.

Chicago Projecting Co., 256 Dearborn St., Dept. 168, Chicago

The Democratic Situation

(Concluded from Page 9)

a good many Republican mass-meetings in the counties of Missouri that indorsed Taft, Hadley and Warner, the Senator. Now Hadley is at heart an insurgent and a great admirer and friend of Roosevelt. There was some surprise at the linking of Taft and Hadley and Warner, and it was said the postmasters appointed by Warner, and all Republicans, and the other Federal officials, had put some politics over on Hadley. However, not long before these meetings were held President Taft visited St. Louis, to go to some ball games and attend to some other official duties. He and Hadley were together all day, and the President evinced his great delight in the national game by talking to Hadley most of the time while he was on the stands. Since then Hadley has shown an inclination to be regular. Taft owes a good deal to Hadley. He ran for governor at Taft's request, and Hadley's popularity pulled Taft through in Missouri.

But, returning to the Democracy and its aspirations, there is a Congressional election also in Missouri, as elsewhere. With the exception of Coudrey, of the Twelfth District, all the present Republicans in the House from Missouri are candidates for return. There are ten Democrats and six Republicans in the delegation in the present Congress. Some of these have opponents in the primaries and some have not. The chances are that some of the Republicans will be defeated. Indeed, the Democrats claim they will elect fifteen Democrats, excluding only Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis, the champion of international peace, from their list. Mr. Bartholdt is a Republican and a German. He couldn't be beaten in St. Louis.

Swing back, now, to the main issue. Missouri may be conceded to be a rather important strategical point in the maneuvering before 1912. And this must be held clearly. Folk is at present the only avowed candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination from Missouri in that year. Neither Francis nor Clark has said he will be a candidate. Neither is, for purposes of publication, a candidate, but both are ready to accept any call the party may make, and both will be listening intently. If Francis can make the Senatorship, and Clark can, by virtue of a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, make the Speakership, each will be important material for consideration by the national convention, even if Folk should appear with the delegates, and whatever other delegates he may get. Folk has a strong sentimental hold on the people of the country and is not to be judged lightly.

What Brother Folk Wants

Still, so far as the interior politics of Missouri is concerned, the intention of Folk's managers to push him and learn who the Folk men are, may complicate matters in that state even more than they are complicated now. Folk's engine, the Missouri Democratic League, and his apparent alliance with Reed will keep Francis hustling. The league is organized on lines similar to a state committee. The Missouri law says that, after the primaries, the nominees of all parties shall meet in separate conventions and draft platforms. What Folk wants is to have the Democratic platform committee adopt a ringing indorsement of him for President this fall at the convention to be held at Jefferson City, and that is what he is working for. These conventions include the nominees for state and national offices under the law. The anti-Folk people may be expected to work against an indorsement of Folk at such an early date, and it may be here that Francis and Reed will make their first show of strength. Folk-for-President clubs are being organized all over Missouri, and the activities of these clubs will naturally be directed toward securing the nomination of candidates who will give Folk the indorsement he wants in the platform convention this fall.

So far as the South is concerned, the opinion among the men who have most to do with politics there is that if Governor Harmon, of Ohio, wins his reelection as governor this fall he will be the candidate for President on the Democratic ticket in 1912. Indeed, one leading Democratic Senator, from a far Southern state, went so far as to say, if Harmon should be defeated this fall the situation will be one of chaos for the Democracy, although there is a disposition to think well of Gaynor.

There is some very bitter state politics in Tennessee, but it is wholly a state fight and not national in any sense. What Tom Watson is doing in Georgia is most interesting. There is a fight on for the Democratic nomination for governor—there always is in Georgia—but that fight lacks a good deal in intensity and picturesqueness because Hoke Smith has refused to contest again with Joe Brown. The indications are that Brown, the present governor, will win again.

Tom Watson is the great figure in Georgia politics just now. Watson was originally a Democrat, then a Populist, and now he is a Democrat again. He announced his return to the Democratic party only a short time ago. When there was nothing more to do as a Populist Watson pervaded the state as a free lance and kicked up a lot of dust. When he wasn't busy with politics he wrote several historical works that received high commendation from the critics and have had many readers.

Watson on the Warpath

Watson apparently aspires to be the La Follette of Georgia. He has a paper, the Weekly Jeffersonian, and it is the medium whereby he gets vigorously into politics. As soon as Watson got back into the Democratic party he began an assault on practically the entire Georgia delegation in Congress. He certainly stirred up a lot of rather complacent statesmen. At the time this was written Watson had not started on the two Democratic Senators from Georgia, but the Democrats opposed to him believe Watson's real motive is to defeat several of the present Democratic Representatives from Georgia, thereby establishing himself as a force, and then go after Senator Bacon's seat in 1913. There is an idea Watson may be able to defeat some of them too.

An idea of the campaign Watson has in mind, and also of his ambitions, may be gained from this extract from an editorial article in his paper, the Weekly Jeffersonian:

"Partner, I can't go to Congress myself; but my aim is to do all in my power to have you represented by energetic, faithful workers. . . .

"If you will help me we can put men in office who will be afraid to betray you or neglect their duties.

"So far as our delegation from Georgia to the House is concerned, not one of them deserves 'more.'

"At present, I am concentrating the guns on the Georgia delegation. If we can replace the Deserters and Do-nothings with New Brooms the effect on the other states will be electrical.

"We can then take up Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi. After that, all the other states of the South: and then our firm would tackle the West.

"It is a grand work, and we can accomplish wonders if your faith and your determination hold out.

"I am enlisted for the war. Are you?"

The Senators from the Southern states are in close touch with their people and have more to do with politics than many of the Senators from other sections. These Senators are practically unanimous in approving Governor Harmon for 1912, with Gaynor for second choice. They say if Gaynor continues to make a good mayor he will be a factor in the convention. They do not take much stock in Marshall, of Indiana, or in Folk. Bryan has no support among the Democratic Senators.

In Washington there are some Democratic Senators who think there may be a chance to gain control of the United States Senate next year. These castle-builders admit the minority cannot win the Senate, but it is expected the Democrats will gain six or seven Senators if things come out in November as they expect. This will put them in a position to make a combination with the insurgent Republicans—if they can—and organize the Senate. The Democrats gained control of the Senate in the nineties by combining with the Populists and giving the Pops patronage and good committee assignments.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of Mr. Blythe's articles on Democratic Politics.

(A)

Which?

Men choose one; Women the other!

1911 "Pompeian Beauties"

(B)

"Men and women have two distinct minds," says Bernard Shaw. We agree with the great English dramatist in the choosing of pictures, at least. For instance, the masculine mind will favor *one* of the above pictures, and the feminine mind will favor *the other*.

Just show the above small reproductions of our 1911 "Pompeian Beauties" to your friends. See if a majority of men won't choose *one* of the above pictures, and a majority of women choose *the other*. We are so firmly convinced of this theory that we are having printed a half-million 1911 "Pompeian Beauties" showing *two* distinct types of feminine beauty.

HARK! THE PRESSES ROAR!

Hark! In your mind's ear you can hear the ceaseless roar of many giant presses. Today, tomorrow and on and on they are printing a half-million beautiful copies of our 1911 "Pompeian Beauties." A half-million people are eagerly awaiting our annual Art offer. Here is the latest news. *Each* copy of the above 1911 "Pompeian Beauties" is now going through the presses *15* times in order that the exquisite colors of her costume and her dainty complexion tints may be reproduced *true to life*. These pictures (much larger than this page) have an art store value of $1.50 to $2.50 each. We practically give them away, charging only 15c. to protect ourselves from curiosity seekers.

ADVANCE ORDERS

Because of the large number of unsolicited advance orders that are being sent to us by those who were pleased with 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" we feel, in fairness to all, that we must permit you to order now.

Understand fully, please, that our new Art Pictures will not be ready until Oct. 1st and that we are not urging you to order now. We are merely granting a privilege.

Of course, advance orders absolutely *insure* your getting as many copies as you wish, and greatly help us to deliver promptly when the pictures are finally printed. Last year we had only 50,000 copies of our 1910 "Pompeian Beauty." These were all spoken for before we had even one of ourselves. As many as 75,000 people were waiting for copies at one time.

This year we have ordered a half-million copies. Because of their expensiveness we can not order more, but it is mere guess work whether we will have a half-million requests or 1,000,000. The quick and tremendous popularity attained by our Art subjects has never been equalled. Read descriptions below, and also send for trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream if you don't know the merits and benefits of this standard product. You may order pictures, or a trial jar, or both.

LOOK AND FEEL "CLEAN AND COOL"

"A Tired Face" has its muscles drawn and fatigued by summer heat. A Pompeian massage will invigorate the tired muscles and impart a wonderfully refreshed feeling and appearance. Try a light Pompeian massage when you dress for the evening. You will look and feel 50 per cent better.

Face Shine. After a hot, dusty day the average skin is dark, "cloudy" and shiny. Soap and water afford only partial relief. Pompeian goes to the base of the trouble—pores clogged by dust and excess oil due to perspiration. Try a light Pompeian massage when you are dressing for the evening. You will be pleased to discover how clear, clean and refreshed your skin will look and also how free from unpleasant face-shine, because Pompeian has removed the excess oil and hidden dust from the pores.

Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one.

"POMPEIAN BEAUTY" (A) by Turner. Size 17¾ in. by 13¾ in. This "Pompeian Beauty" is irresistible with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthy [illegible]. Handsome frame [illegible] on picture. Art Store value $1.50 to $2.50. Price 15c.

POMPEIAN BEAUTY (B) by C. Wendt Turner. Size 19 in. by 13½ in. If you are partial to an exquisitely chiseled profile you will delight in having this picture of Turner's typical American girl. Rich dull gold frame printed on picture. Art Store value $1.50 to $2.50. Price 15c.

No advertising on the front of these pictures, only the artist's name plate. If the readers of THE POST could only see these pictures in their true and beautiful colors, and in their full size, we could not begin to supply the demand. You may order as many copies as you wish, of either or both pictures, for yourself and friends. For your own amusement be sure to try the experiment to prove that "men and women have two distinct minds," in regard to these pictures at least. Clip coupon now before you forget it.

OUR GUARANTEE. *If you are not satisfied that each copy of either "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will gladly return your money.*

USE COUPON

at bottom of page 32 if you wish to order pictures or trial jar.

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PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢ 50¢ and $1.00
Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. STEIN & CO., Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave., Chicago

TINOL A COMPLETE SOLDER IN PASTE FORM

Any One Can Solder With TINOL

No rosin or acid needed. Just put it on like paste, then heat with torch, hot iron, candle, or gas that's all. Makes tight, perfect joints. Mends pots, pans, implements, toys, leaky pipes, tin roofs, etc. Great for electricians, plumbers, machinists, chauffeurs, farmers, housekeepers. Quick work, low cost, little waste. Used by big automobile companies. Approved by U. S. and German Governments. 50 cents a can.

The Tinol Torch (shown above) melts solder, heats glue-pot, water, food, anything. Very hot, pointed flame, no smoke. Holds alcohol to burn two hours, yet goes in vest pocket. Price 50c.

TINOL and torch both for $1.00 at hardware, paint, electrical or supply stores, or

HESS & SON, 1215 Filbert St., Philadelphia. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Booklet free.

Pompeian Coupon

(See Column Offer on Page 31)

Read coupon carefully before filling out your order. Write very carefully, fully and plainly, and on the coupon only.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I have marked below the copy (or copies) which I desire of the Pompeian Beauties me. I have also inclosed 15c. (coin, stamps or money order) for each copy ordered. Prices: A B Quantity

of 1911 "Pompeian Beauties," which I understand will be delivered by

P. S. If I wish a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream (which I understand will be delivered at once) I shall enclose 6c extra and place a mark (x) in this space ☐

Name

Street address

City State

EMIL, THE WAITER

(Continued from Page 12)

It is the same with dinner, but with supper after the play it is rare, indeed, that I have more than a single party. They are leisurely then, and when they go the night is over for Emil. But say that I have two parties for luncheon, two for dinner, and two for supper afterward. As my table is reserved for four persons and will hold six, I will often serve thirty persons in a day. At luncheon the check, including wines, will average a dollar and a half a plate; at dinner the average will be two dollars and a half; and at supper a bit higher than at luncheon. But assume that my table yields the house fifty dollars for the day, which is a very good figure, indeed; then, for my tips—if I am lucky, of course—I will get ten per cent of the gross, or five dollars. And five dollars a day is very good wages. Oh, yes! Only I do not take in five dollars every day; nor does any other mere waiter, even in this, one of the largest and best of establishments. Of course I may make much more than that on occasional days or for several days running. But taking it for all the year, if I, Emil, can average a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month with wages and tips together, I call it a very good year indeed.

This is the truth. Mere waiters in any place do not make seventy-five and a hundred dollars a week, as you seem to think we do. Instead, it is often a problem for many of us to get along at all.

Now, more than once I have been asked by an American what is the proper tip to give a waiter. I confess this is a very hard question to answer. In the hotels and restaurants abroad it is customary to give the attendants ten per cent of the bill. But even in this there are limitations. If the bill be exceptionally large, and the service rendered has been small, ten per cent is not always expected. Or if two persons have been served and the bill amounts to, say, two dollars, then the waiter would expect something more than twenty cents, particularly in one of New York's big establishments. In my own case I would be satisfied—more than that, I would be grateful—if the rule were like this:

How Much to Tip

At dinner for two, in all first-class establishments, never give less than fifty cents. Then, when ten per cent of the bill is above that amount, give the waiter ten per cent of the gross. He, however, who gives a straight ten per cent in every case will rarely give either too much or too little.

But, after all, this question of tips and tipping is endless. Often among us waiters there is as much confusion as there is among the guests. This is because both the amount of the tip and the proper occasion to give it depend on many different things. In France, for example, if your café check comes to a franc it is customary to give the waiter two sous. Here, however, you could not give him two pennies. You must give him a nickel, because long ago it became uncustomary to deal in coppers. But in some places this goes to the other extreme, for I have seen many cafés where the guests gave too much. This is particularly true of the café in one of the big Fifth Avenue hotels. There the waiters are shifted about from day to day between bar and dining-room in order that all shall have a chance. For, in the bar, each time a drink is ordered at the table the tip is usually a dime. Often it is a quarter of a dollar if three or four persons are at the table. Because of this the waiter is often able to make double in one day what he would make in the restaurant.

In a majority of cases where the tip is overgenerous it is so only for a selfish reason. Usually it is because the person fears he will be thought mean by his companions. In other cases it is to obtain some benefit that will give him the advantage over the other guests. Very rarely is the tip given overgenerously because of a generous feeling toward the waiter. This, in fact, brings me directly to the subject of those very large tips you have heard about, the tips that lead you to believe that the waiter himself is overpaid.

Now, I have told you about the waiter whose wife sued him for non-support. I have also told you that no waiter makes anything like seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week. That is quite true. But in

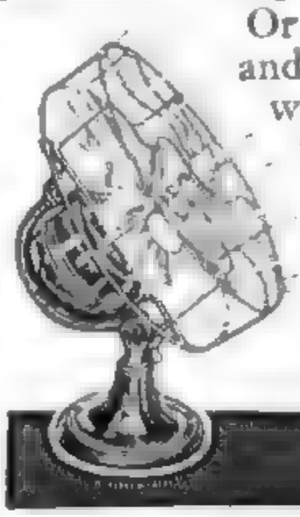
Which Way Will You Get the Most Work Done?

If your employés are sweltering, stewing and fretting during the hot summer weather, with nerves and temper at the breaking point—

Or if they're cool, comfortable and contented, with no weather worries to take their minds from the tasks in hand?

The answer is self-evident.

In comfort, convenience; in actual increase of working power



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pay for themselves several times over during the hot weather.

The moderate cost of the fan and exceedingly low cost of operation will surprise you.

And they're an all-the-year necessity, for impure air in Winter is more dangerous than overheated air in Summer.

We make a very large variety of fans for the home, the office, the factory—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating and exhaust.

For years our fans have been the standard of efficiency and economy of operation. Thousands of users will tell you so.

Lighting companies, electrical supply houses, fixture dealers and contractors sell Robbins & Myers fans and will gladly show you our various types.

Or, write us for our handsome catalog, which shows all our fans and will aid you in selection.

The Robbins & Myers Co.

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Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Rochester. Agencies in all principal cities.

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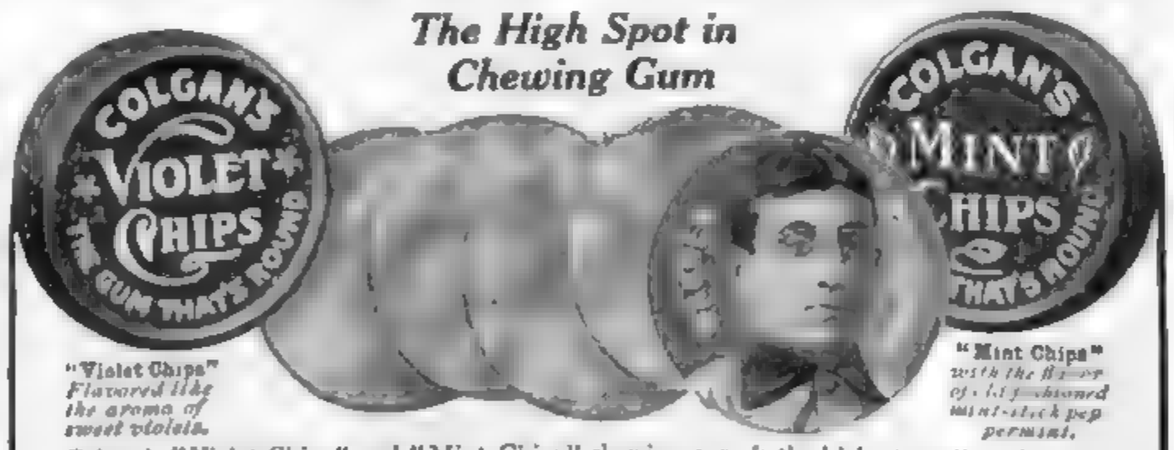

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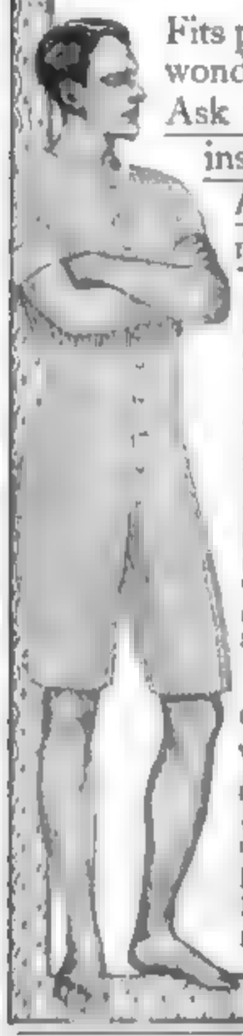

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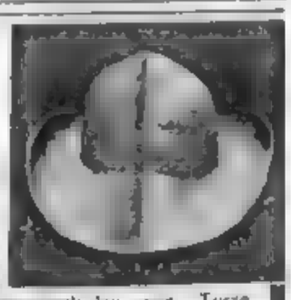

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the case of the captain of waiters—with him and the head waiter—ah, that is different!

There is a certain type of guest that cultivates particular privilege. He seems willing to pay for it and equally willing to gain the kind of attention it gives. He belongs usually to the class of men that have made large amounts of money quickly and with little effort. Usually they are stock-brokers, racetrack people and those others whose society is all in public places. They give up to the graft, for graft it really is. By paying in this way they gain privileges that others are too poor or too proud to pay for. In New York this is worse than in any other city of the world; in fact, a good head waiter along Fifth Avenue or Broadway will average as high as thirty dollars a day during the busy season from October until May. Not only do they get tips in money, but tips in other ways. I know of at least three head waiters who have become really rich, as you Americans estimate riches, through information given to them by their wealthy patrons. Also, I know another who became rich without his patrons' knowledge. It is a very amusing story, if you would care to hear it.

The Captain's Easy Money

This fellow had charge of one of the cafés in a large Fifth Avenue hotel. At night the place is much frequented by Wall Street men; in fact, about all one hears there is the gossip of stocks and bonds. In time, the head waiter learned enough to understand all the lingo; so he began to keep his ears open. He would drift up to a table at which the financiers sat and listen to what they said. Then one day he thought he had heard enough to take a chance. At the start-off he risked only a little in a bucketshop. As he won, he risked a little more. He won again and then again. Before long, he had enough on the velvet, as you Americans say, to open an account in a real broker's office. Here, to the continued amazement of the broker, he continued to win. In the end, he cleaned up nearly three hundred thousand dollars, when he closed out his account and went back to Switzerland. Before leaving, however, he let in some of his friends on the secret. Then they, too, fell to eavesdropping, so that in time the café was as full of ears as a mule stable. Naturally, it was noticed, and that ended the good thing. The big men adjourned elsewhere for their confidential talks.

In this connection there is another story. After a big hotel had been going a few years, it became known around that a few of its staff had become rich through information given to them by the patrons. They had become so well-to-do, indeed, that they were good-enough game for other financiers. One of these, a guest in the hotel, made a specialty of mines and mining shares. He was a fellow liberal enough with his money tips, but heretofore he had remained silent about other tips. However, one night after it became noised about how the head waiters had made so much money in Wall Street, this guest sat down at a table. He called for the head waiter and asked him to order the dinner.

The head waiter smiled profoundly. "Monsieur celebrates, is it not?" he observed deferentially. "Monsieur has had great success, I trust."

It was so good a dinner that the head waiter was not in the least astonished when, at its end, Monsieur sent for him.

"Listen," said Monsieur secretly, as if not wishing for others to hear; "I have a tip for you, but not just a couple of dollars or so. You understand?"

It was as the head waiter wished, as he had hoped.

"Monsieur is too good," said he, rubbing his hands together.

"Without doubt," said Monsieur, and he scowled. "Now, don't you tell all these other fellows around here; but tomorrow you go downtown and load up with all the Flipflap mining stock you can get at 17. Flipflap Consolidated—do you hear?"

The head waiter heard very well. On the day after, as directed, he did, indeed, buy all the stock he could find at 17. He found quite a good deal, in fact; but that did not disturb him. Had not Monsieur, his patron, told him to buy at 17? Also, in great secrecy, he had told the secret to a friend of his, the head waiter in another dining-room. He, on his part, had told one other friend, who doubtless told some more. Certainly, at all events, at least a dozen of New York's best head waiters, and a score

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of others who were mere captains and bartenders and chefs—they, too, bought Flipflap at 17. Together they bought several thousand shares of it, and together they all began figuring out what they would do with their money when Flipflap rose to 50, as Monsieur had said it would.

But ten days later something very unexpected happened. Flipflap dropped suddenly to 7. Afterward it dropped to 3. A month later it dropped out of sight entirely. This, also, was exactly what had happened to Monsieur. He had dropped out of sight so completely that he failed even to return for the baggage in his room.

But I would not care to be Monsieur if he returned to the hotel for another dinner. He would be served, but not in a way he would like.

The Enforcement of Law in Cities

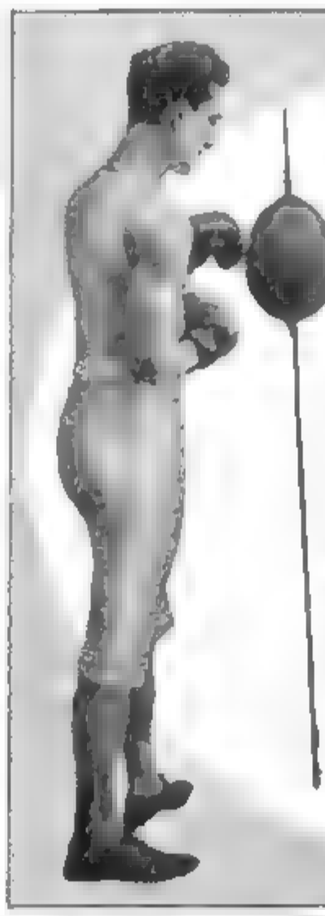
(Continued from Page 4)

would be impracticable, and indeed impossible, without bringing on tumult, and riot, and a whole train of evils much worse than the violation of these statutory regulations could possibly be—that is to say, a certain discretion seems to be, at least tacitly, allowed in the administration of these statutes, measured by the state of public sentiment and the degree of conformity thereto by custom. All who give deep consideration to the problem, and certainly all who have had experience with the practical difficulties with which the problem bristles, inevitably arrive at the conclusion that these statutes can be made applicable to human conduct only in the way of auxiliary aids; they may guide it, to a degree regulate it, and perhaps educate and influence it, but they can never control it.

In the past few years, during a period of agitation and searching criticism, numerous efforts have been made by prosecutors to punish certain rich and respectable men for their violations of the statutes against industrial combinations; and yet, notwithstanding all the agitation, all the effort, here and all over the land, there are not many instances of a prosecutor who succeeded in putting any of these men in prison, and not one single instance in which the people sustained him for doing so or for attempting to do so. It is not yet a custom for society to punish the acts which these statutes, that Heney and Folk and Wachenheimer and other brave prosecutors sought to enforce, were enacted to punish; it is not a law; these acts are inextricably woven and interwoven into the fabric of our industrial system—they cannot be separated from it, nor can their evils be avoided, until the whole fabric is renovated and renewed. And until that is done it will continue to be customary to maintain one law for the rich and another for the poor; certain men will be let alone and certain men punished; and until another ideal and another system shall prevail, courts and prosecutors will be powerless to convict. I would not be understood as wishing to see these men—or, for that matter, any men—in prison: for my wish is the exact opposite to that. No one can safely judge men; no one is wise enough to know what justice is in any case. As Mr. William Dean Howells has so beautifully said: "It seems best to be very careful how we try to do justice in this world, and mostly to leave retribution of all kinds to God, Who really knows about things; and content ourselves as much as possible with mercy, whose mistakes are not so irreparable."

But these instances will show some of the difficulties which an executive encounters, and make clear how very difficult it is to give to a statute the vitality of a law unless the public sentiment, the custom and habit of the people run in the same direction.

The city, as we are slowly coming to understand, is an elemental thing. Its densely compacted masses take on some of the qualities of the hive, displaying vast inherent differences from scattered populations. The city has an individuality, a personality, and its unique conditions, employments, customs, habits, necessities, create a whole body of problems which demand distinct study and separate legislative treatment. Though it has its part and its interest in the state, it nevertheless has problems of its own, and from the failure to recognize this fact have arisen



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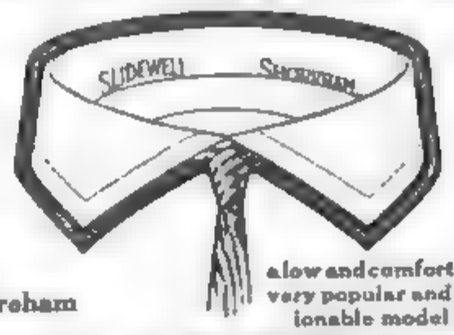

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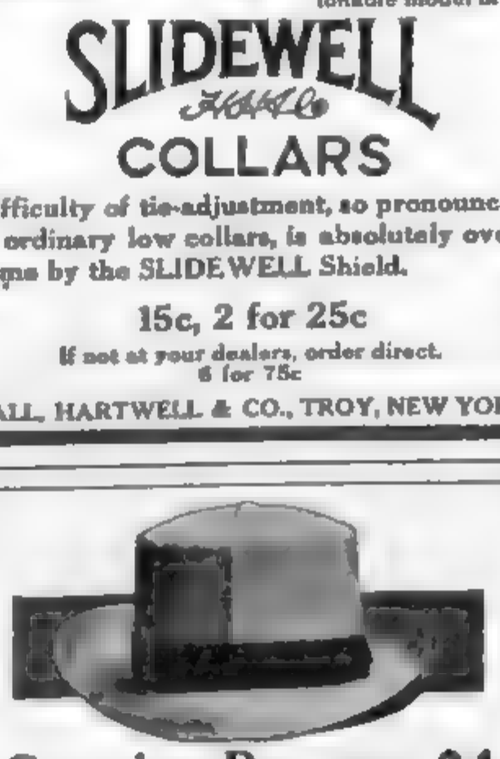

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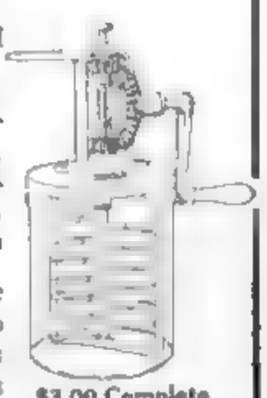

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many of the conditions that give many concern and cause some, indeed, to despair. Though humanity in the cities is not fundamentally different from humanity elsewhere, it has the especial needs of a different environment. The large body of the laws and statutes has the same application, and finds as ready observance in the city as elsewhere; but that different localities require different regulations, in certain small respects, I think there is little doubt.

There is an adage to the effect that the way to repeal an obnoxious or unpopular law is to enforce it ruthlessly. This is so when those upon whom the obnoxious law is enforced have the power, through representatives they themselves elect, to repeal it. When the case is otherwise the adage does not hold good. The state legislature passes certain statutes that attempt to regulate the customs, diversions, sports and appetites of people in the cities. If rigorously enforced the people in the cities, even if they desired, could not repeal them, for they are represented by a minority in the legislature. Each attempt of an executive to enforce those regulations would be met only by renewed applause from those who passed them and with whose habits of life they do not seriously interfere, but they would be intolerable to those upon whom their penalties were visited, those who had elected their executive to represent them and not others. And many instances could be cited in which city populations, resenting what to them savors of tyranny, have defeated administrations that were working out admitted reforms of larger character and more fundamental significance.

The Triumph of Democracy

One of the cures for these ills, as I see it, is first to make the cities autonomous, as they are in Europe, where municipalities are so much freer than ours and hence so much more advanced; to give them the power of local self-government, or home rule, as it is usually called. Then the people of cities, in the regulation of their affairs, can, on matters of purely local concern, make their own regulations. This would insure a more positive and uniform observance of the law, and would do away with much of the disrespect of statutes that now exists. The city must afford wider opportunity for rest and recreation; it must replace evil by substituting good, by providing the opportunity of wholesome and elevating entertainment.

A beginning—a very small beginning—has already been made in the parks, and to these should be added comfort stations, branch libraries, band concerts and other music, public baths and swimming pools, playgrounds for the children and the grown-ups alike, with ample opportunity for indoor and outdoor sports. The school buildings should be freely used by all the people, and noble public buildings should be erected in which the people could take pride and delight. Then shall we have the beginnings of a healthy and an efficient democracy. And, of course, by methods of wider application we should do away with the causes of crime by an improvement in industrial and economic conditions. This cannot be done by the mere enactment of statutes; but, perhaps slowly, gradually, by the discovery and application of juster principles, and by the upward urge of humanity as it becomes more enlightened, this great good may be brought to pass. The city is indeed the cradle of civilization. If it has shown humanity at its worst it has also shown humanity at its best; if it has shown the lowest despair it has also raised the highest hopes, and its contributions to science and literature and art have been the most noble and brilliant achievements of men. It is today the hope of democracy, and if it be set free I am sure that by the harmonious processes of liberty it will become the triumph of democracy.

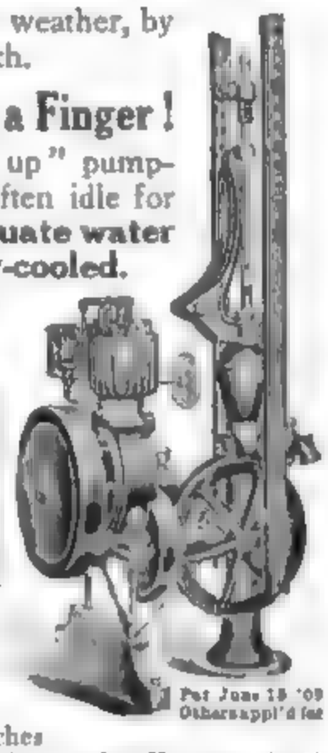
Yet today, when one regards them intelligently and sees the sin, the poverty, the suffering, the shame of millions of wretched men and women and little children living in darkness and squalor and vice and crime, with no light, no hope, no joy in life, the spectacle is inexpressibly sad. Religion teaches that all men are the children of one common all-loving Father, and therefore brothers; our nation has proclaimed to humanity in its fundamental law that all men are equal. Looking out upon the world, witnessing the spectacle of misery, hearing the long, sad litany of human woe, we seem to see that it is all because we have

Cold Water in Hot Weather Without Work!

This classy little engine brings welcome relief in hot weather, by pumping worlds of pure, cold water from wells of any depth.

800 to 1,000 Gallons Per Hour Without Lifting a Finger!

No need of courting "sunstroke" and getting "all het up" pumping water **by hand.** No need to depend on windmills, often idle for days at a time. The Farm Pump Engine **insures an adequate water supply.** It cannot **overheat** because it is **perfectly air-cooled.** The engine is as high grade in materials and workmanship as best automobile engines.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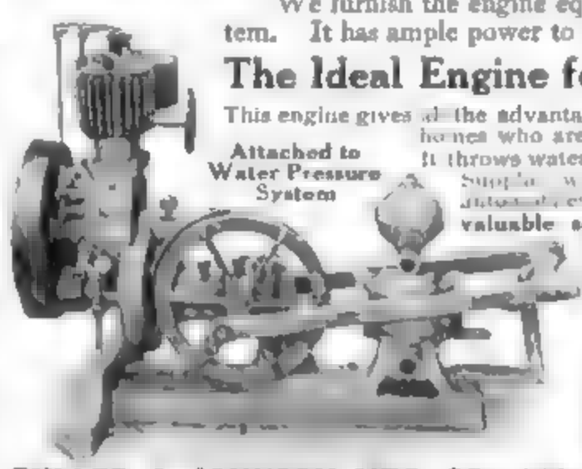
The engine is a complete and perfect little Power Plant. Attaches to any force pump by means of four simple nuts. No belts, arms, jacks or other "accessories" required. No platform to build, no anchor posts, tanks or towers needed.

We furnish the engine equipped to run any standard Water Pressure System. It has ample power to pipe the water anywhere you want it.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By John Adams Thayer

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Pat. Dec. 26, 1905. Pat. Nov. 26, 1907

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Challenge Collars are made in the latest models. They're never shiny—never turn yellow—can be cleaned with a rub—they save laundry bills, too.

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Established 1883
BOSTON, 65 Bedford St. PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St. CHICAGO, 161 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO, 718 Mission St.
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No metal touches the leg!

If you have been wearing an elastic band around your leg that binds your muscles and impedes circulation—or if you have been wearing a galling strap of harness leather, you'll welcome the comfortable

CONGRESS GARTER

Here is a new garter with a light, open-weave, non-elastic band that cannot bind. It fits the leg, tightly, coolly, and will not grow stringy. All the strain is taken up by the "happy thought" elastic triangle. This instantly adjusts itself to every moving muscle without pressure. The fastener grips the sock like a vise and never slips, will not tear nor let go until you loosen it.

Ask for and insist on the CONGRESS GARTER.

Sold everywhere at 25c a pair. Blue, pink, tan, navy, black and white.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct sending dealer's name.

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO.,
Manufacturers,
514-516 Broadway, New York

Typewriter Secrets Brought Into Daylight

To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who believes the cost to be exorbitant and higher than necessary, we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at *one half* the market price and on *very small payments.*

These typewriters represent the climax of countless superiorities found only in the best makes, besides many exclusive features not contained in any other.

This selling plan is not founded on theory—not on guess work—but on actual, provable economy, which totals for you the exact value you pay for it.

Send for free information giving you the inside facts—the secrets. Learn how you can save one-half the full price and about the easy payments without interest—how you can obtain a standard visible writer in your home or office on five days' free trial—*no deposit!*

We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

It costs you nothing to investigate—we will gladly tell you all about it and then leave it *all* to you—*WRITE.*

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
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The Adjustable Globe Ear-Phone

Awarded Gold Medal Seattle Exposition

Is different. You can adjust it exactly and quickly to suit your own ears or changes in hearing in a day or a year. Very compact, weighs only a few ounces. Nothing to be inserted in ears—nothing worn on head. Less noticeable than eyeglasses. The most critical and efficient hearing aid in existence.

Write TODAY for booklet, particulars of our trial offer and easy payment plan. Also name of nearest agent.

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CIVIL SERVICE, teachers and college graduates examinations; positions easily obtained; good salaries. Rapid practical methods; low rates. Write for catalogue.

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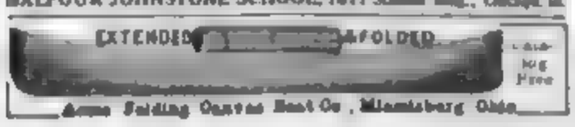


Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

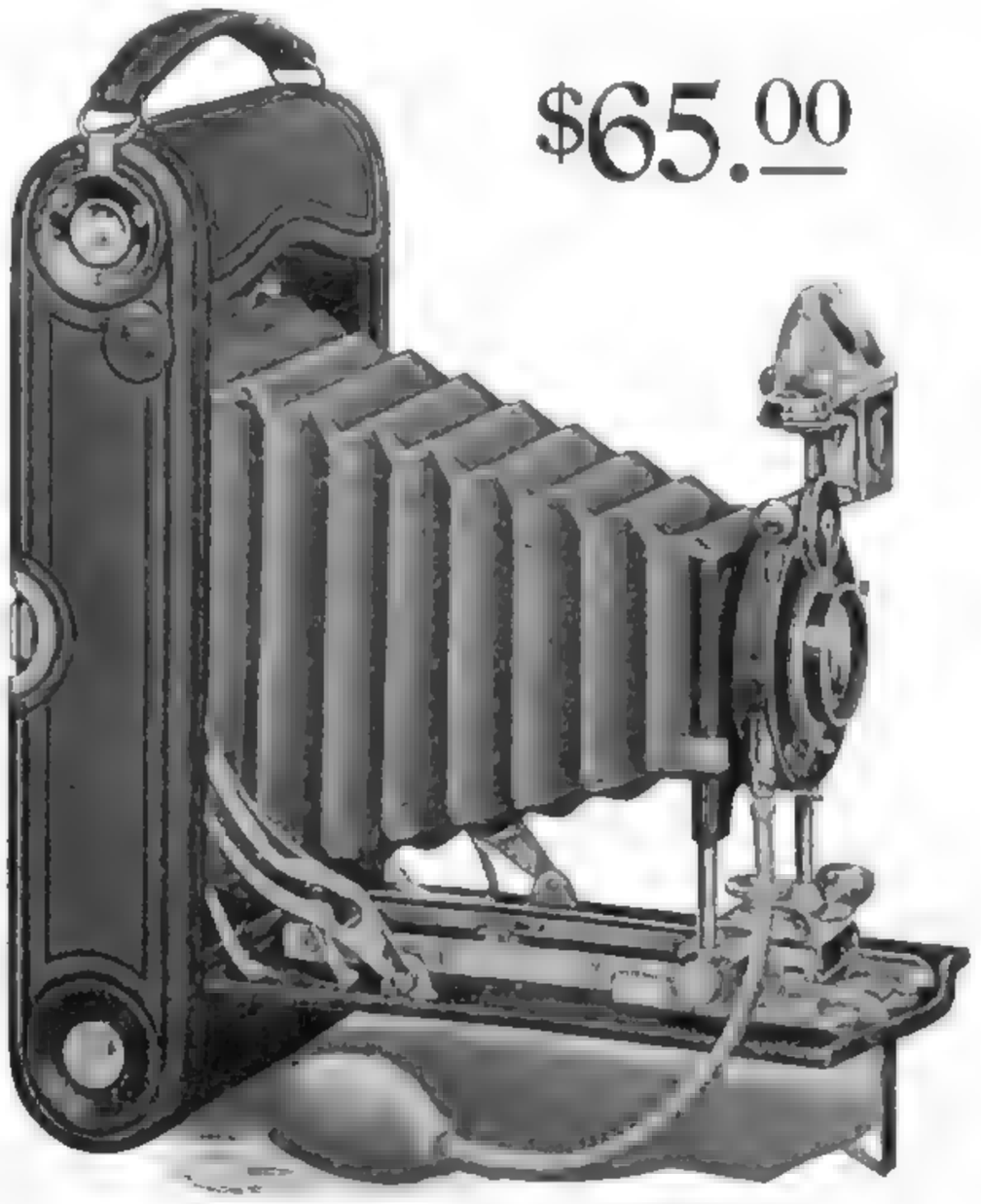
lost faith in these precepts, that we are living lives, administering government, and all that, in a manner that travesties the claim of human brotherhood and denies the proposition of human equality. Looking more deeply, we may fear that our governments have abandoned the principle that all men are endowed with equal rights, and have adopted the theory that some are entitled to more rights than others; and that, accordingly, a few are to be selected and favored by privileges, and that all others are to be proscribed and compelled to toil, and to give the proceeds of their toil to the few privileged ones. As a result of all this, those who have been proscribed and denied equal rights have been driven to poverty and hunger and despair, and thence have come—naturally, logically, inevitably—vice and crime, in them and their children.

If this condition is correctly seen it is a blasphemous denial of religion; it is treason against our theory of government. If that is true there is no other thing for one to do than to try, by the use of such powers and talents as he may possess, to do away with privilege in the land, and to bring about equality and brotherhood. This is the oldest as it is ever the newest cause in the world. Those who have enlisted in it, even the most obscure of them, have found that it demands sacrifice, and yet those sacrifices or any sacrifices are immeasurably outweighed by the consolations that come with the mere effort to serve humanity. They find, indeed, a great solace and a greater satisfaction than any of which they ever dreamed. Life has a new meaning, existence a nobler aim, for in this old cause men come into better and more beautiful relations with their fellowmen, especially those who are suffering and sinning in darkness and misery; and they can look forward with hope to that day when conditions will permit all men to live equal and brotherly and beautiful lives.

The Philosophy of a Great Cause

In this cause, the one for which all the sacrifices of the past have been made, the one in which all the long line of prophets and martyrs and poets have enlisted, the one in which the hope of the future rests, men learn a new philosophy, or learn anew an old philosophy. In that philosophy all crime, all evil, all sin, are as abhorrent on Monday, or on any other day of the week, as on Sunday. They are abhorrent by whomsoever committed, whether rich or poor, high or low. Drunkenness, be it in a squalid or in a luxurious environment, is abhorrent to it. The prostitution of a man who sells his talents as lawyer, or preacher, or editor, or cartoonist, or speaker, to a cause in which privately he says he does not believe, is found to be not only as bad as but even worse than that form of prostitution that drives a girl into the street. Gambling remains gambling whether in a low den or a drawing-room, a fashionable club or a stock exchange, whether on a large or small scale, whether it be for pennies or for street-car franchises. In that philosophy it is as great an offense to steal a railroad as it is to steal a ride, as great a crime to appropriate a coal mine as it is to pick up coal along the tracks; in that philosophy public property is as sacred as private property. And those committed to that philosophy are trying to put an end to these things not by denouncing others who do them but by trying to live lives that have no place for them, and by doing their utmost in every relation of life to stop them; by doing away with the thing which very clearly is the cause of them—that is, Privilege.

That philosophy has no faith in the efficacy of force in making people good. It teaches that people get better and improve not by the destructive processes of hatred and wrath but by the constructive methods of love and reason. It teaches that goodness comes from within, not from without; that you cannot beat goodness into people or give them a prescription for it, to be taken in doses like medicine, but that they must generate it out of their own hearts; and it believes that if we will only make social and economic conditions that will give all men, instead of a few men, a chance to live, they will naturally and inevitably become good. It teaches that you cannot make people good by law, or by policemen's clubs, or by guns and bayonets; for it sees only hatred in these processes, and it knows that "hatred ceaseth not by hatred; hatred ceaseth but by love."



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A new camera having every refinement that can be put into a pocket instrument, but *no complications.*

The 3A Special makes pictures 3¼ x 5½ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. The optical equipment consists of the famous Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat Lens (speed *f.* 6.3) and the Compound Shutter, which has an extreme speed of 1/200 of a second, working accurately on the instantaneous action from that speed down to one second, and giving also "time" exposures. With this equipment, speed pictures far beyond the ordinary range and snap shots on moderately cloudy days are readily made.

And the camera itself is fully in keeping with its superb optical equipment. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care. A high-priced camera—but worth the price.

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16 18 20 22, 27 and 30 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Cruisers, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. Sixty four different models in stock ready to ship equipped with the simplest motors to start and operate. Engines guaranteed and shipped on trial. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. Let us send you [illegible] Don't [illegible] when we can save you money. We are one of the largest power boat factories in the world. Our free catalog [illegible] valuable, money-saving information. We want a live [illegible] Illustrated Catalog and our liberal Selling Agents Proposition.

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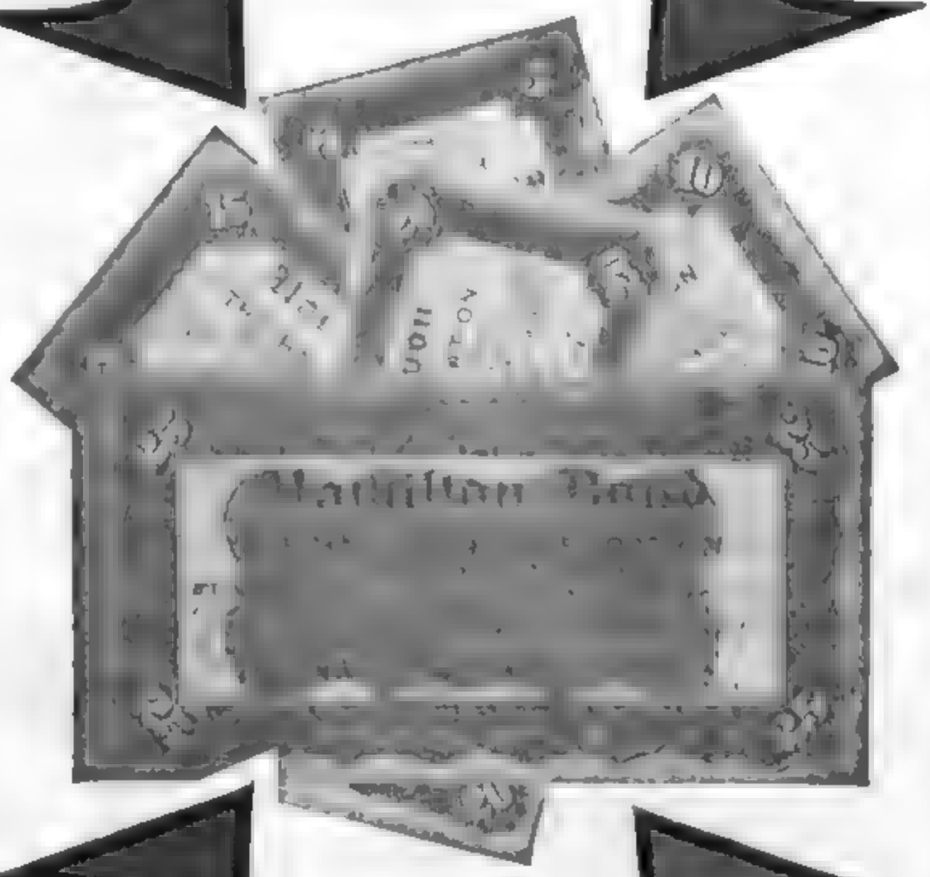
2 HOW YOU GET IT

By the **Hamilton Plan**

the Consumer Gets a Big Part of the

Hundreds of Millions

Annually Spent by the Manufacturer in Marketing His Goods



Hamilton Bonds and Coupons

Packed with your products—Mr. Manufacturer—guarantee to consumers that

(1) Nothing better is made for the price.

(2) That, in addition to High quality, and low prices, they will in an astonishingly short time acquire objects of Use, and Ornaments for their homes **absolutely** without cost.

Send for Illustrated Catalog.

What You Get

A Gigantic Association of National Advertisers—the World's Biggest Manufacturers—are packing **"Hamilton Bonds** and **Coupons"** with their goods. It is the Most Brilliant move ever made by producers to stimulate public interest in their products by giving the Consumer a share of the money spent for advertising. Irreproachable Character and high excellence of his products are **absolutely** essential requisites of the manufacturer permitted to pack **Hamilton Bonds** and **Coupons.**

Why You Get It

Like all advertising, the object is to sell goods.

But this particular method of advertising is a vital part of the wonderfully successful and very simple policy of giving Consumers what they Want.

That means the Consumer will henceforth heavily share in the National advertising appropriation.

How You Get It

The **"Hamilton Plan"** excels every other, for the reason that you can combine the **"Hamilton Coupons"** you get with Cocoa, Coffee, Soap, etc., with those obtained from Thousands of independent Retail Cigar and Tobacco Dealers everywhere. There is no need to separate them. All will be accepted for your **heart's desire** at any of our 460 odd Premium Stations. By the old way you could not obtain your Premium until you had used a large quantity of some one thing. That took years.

Where You Get It

Hamilton Coupons collected from products of every kind in Boston or New York or Baltimore or Chicago can be added to those obtained in Pittsburg, Minneapolis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Los Angeles,—or anywhere else—and exchanged for Beautiful Premiums.

3 WHY YOU GET IT

4 WHERE YOU GET IT

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

Guaranteed Resources $1,000,000.00

Home Office 29-33 West 32nd Street New York City

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 16)

without any preliminary explanation of why he wrote at all, once every fortnight with absolute regularity.

What he had to say in his letters Ailsa never knew, for Letty, who had been touched and surprised by the first one and had read it aloud to Ailsa, read no more of the letters which came to her from Doctor Benton. And Ailsa asked her nothing.

Part of Colonel Arran's regiment of lancers was now in Washington—or near it, encamped to the east of Meridian Hill, in a field beyond Seventh Street—at least these were the careful directions for posting letters given her by Captain Hallam, who wrote her cheerfully and incessantly; and in every letter he declared himself with a patient and cordial persistence that, perhaps, merited something more enthusiastic than Ailsa's shy but brief replies.

Colonel Arran had been to see her twice at her hospital that winter; he seemed grayer, bigger than ever in his tight blue-and-yellow cavalry uniform; and on both occasions he had spoken of Berkley, and had absently questioned her; and after both visits she had lain awake, her eyes wide in the darkness, the old pain stirring dully in her breast. But in the duties of the morning she forgot sorrow, forgot hope, and found strength and peace in a duty that led her ever amid the shadows of pain and death.

Once Hallam obtained leave, and made the journey to the Farm Hospital; but it had been a hard day for her, and she could scarcely keep awake to talk to him. He was very handsome, very bronzed, very eager and determined as a wooer; and she did not understand just how it happened, but suddenly the world's misery and her own loneliness overwhelmed her and she broke down for the first time. And when Captain Hallam went lightly away about his business, and she lay on her mattress beside Letty, she could feel, furtively, a new jewel on the third finger of her left hand, and fell asleep wondering what she had done and why, too tired really to care.

. . . . . .

The sick continued to drift north; new regiments continued to arrive; the steady, tireless welding of the army was going on all around her, night and day; and the clamor of it filled the sky.

Celia Craig wrote her and sent her boxes for herself, but the contents of the parcels went to her sick men. Camilla wrote her and requested information concerning Stephen, who was, it appeared, very lax in correspondence; but Ailsa had not heard from Colonel Craig since the Third Zouaves left Fortress Monroe, and she had no information for either Celia or Camilla.

Christmas boxes for the hospital began to arrive early; presents came to Ailsa from Colonel Arran, from Hallam, from Celia and Camilla.

Letty had only one gift—a beautiful watch and chain from Doctor Benton; and Ailsa, going up to undress for a short sleep before supper, found the girl sitting with the little timepiece in her hand, crying silently all to herself.

"Why, dear!" she exclaimed, "what in the world is the trouble?" and put both arms around her. But Letty only laid her head against Ailsa's breast and sobbed anew, uncomforted. "Won't you tell me what is wrong?" urged Ailsa, mystified.

"Yes. . . . I am. . . . Don't pay attention to what I say, Mrs. Paige. You—you like me, don't you?"

"I love you, dear."

"Please—do. I am—very unhappy."

"You are only tired out. Listen: don't the wards look pretty with all the laurel and evergreens and ribbons? Our poor boys will have something to remind them of Christmas. . . . I—do you know that young Langley is dead?"

"Yes—I helped him—die. Yesterday Doctor West seemed to think he would get well. But the surgeon couldn't stop the gangrene, and he cut him almost to pieces. Oh—I'm very, very miserable—my boys die so fast—so fast ——"

"You mustn't be miserable on Christmas Eve! I won't let you be silly!"

"I'm gay enough in the wards," said Letty listlessly; "I've got to be. Can't I cry a little in my own room?"

"No, we haven't time to cry," said Ailsa decisively. "Lie down beside me and go to sleep. Flannery has promised to wake us in time for supper."

"I can't get Langley's terrible face out of my mind," whimpered Letty, cuddling close to Ailsa as they lay in bed in the wintry darkness. "It was all drawn up on one side."

"But coma had set in," said Ailsa gently. "You know he wasn't suffering when he died. . . . You'll write to his mother, won't you, dear? Or shall I?"

"I will. . . . She wanted to come, you remember, but she's bedridden. . . . Her only son. . . . Yes, I'll write. . . . I think Peterson is going to die next ——"

"But Levy is getting well," interrupted Ailsa. "Stop it, Letty dear! I won't let you become morbid. Think of your beautiful watch! Think of dear Doctor Benton."

"I—I am," gasped Letty, and fell to crying again until she sobbed herself to sleep in Ailsa's tired arms.

Supper was spread in Doctor West's private office; Hallam had obtained leave, and Ailsa expected him; Colonel Arran was in Washington and could not come, but the company was to be a small one at best—Ailsa, Letty Lynden, Doctor West, Doctor Hammond and Hallam were all who had been expected for Christmas Eve supper.

They waited for Hallam until Doctor West decided to wait no longer, saying that he was either stuck in the mud somewhere or had been detailed for duty unexpectedly.

So Ailsa lighted the Christmas candles, and the two young women in their fresh gray garbs and the two civilian doctors in clean clothes sat down before a rather thin roasted turkey. But the bird proved tender and juicy, and it was beautifully cooked; and a glass of wine sent the color into Letty's pale cheeks and straightened Ailsa's drooping neck.

Candles, laurel branches, evergreens, bits of red ribbon and flags made the office very gay and attractive. Doctor West rose and delivered an unexpected speech, complimenting the ladies and praising their skill and devotion; then dinner began, and Doctor Hammond told about an intensely interesting operation, which made the negro waiter turn almost white.

"Christmas comes but once a year!" cried jolly Doctor Hammond, warming up. "Let's be merry!" And he told about another operation even more wonderful than the first, and Letty, catching a glimpse of the negro's wildly rolling eyes, threw back her head and laughed. It was the first genuine laughter of the evening, and rested everybody.

A few moments later there came a jingle of metal from outside, and Hallam walked in, his wonderfully handsome face aglow, and plenty of red mud frozen on his boots.

"I've a green orderly outside. Where can I stow him?" he asked, shaking hands and exchanging preliminary Christmas greetings all around.

"I'll attend to him," said Ailsa, flushed and a little shy as she felt the significant pressure of Hallam's hand and saw him glance mischievously at her ring.

"No," he insisted; "I'll see to him myself if you'll tell me where he can put the horses and find some supper."

"Poor fellow!" said Ailsa. "Tell him to stable the horses in the new barn and go to the kitchen. Wait a moment, Captain Hallam, I'd rather do it myself!" And she turned lightly and ran out to the dark porch.

The trooper holding Hallam's horse sat his own saddle, wrapped to the eyes in his heavy overcoat, long lance with its drooping pennon slanting stiffly athwart the wintry wilderness of stars.

"Soldier!" she called gently from the porch. "Stable, blanket and feed; then come back to the kitchen, and there will be a good hot dinner waiting."

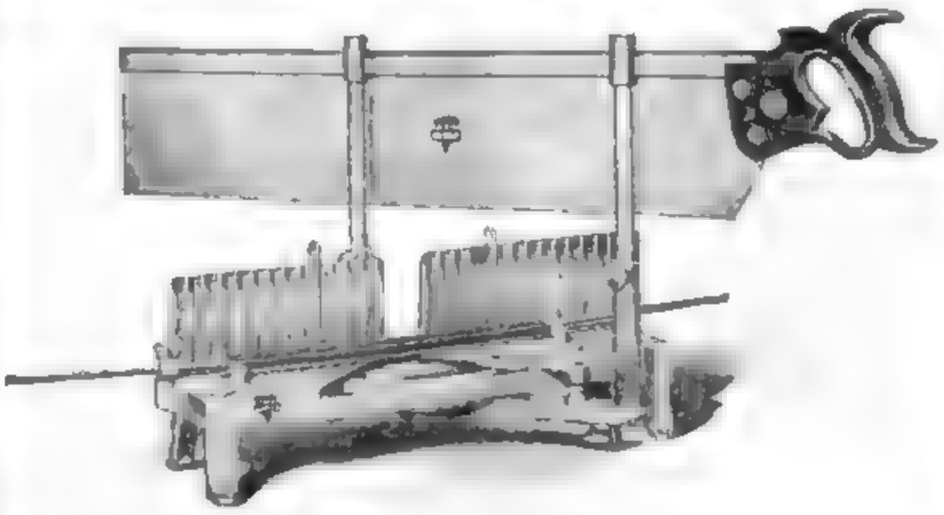
The cavalryman slowly turned his head at the sound of her voice. And, as he made no movement to obey:

"There is the stable over there," she said, pointing across the frozen field. "Follow that gate-path. There's a lantern in the barn."

An orderly, passing, added:

"Come on, lancer. I'm going to the barn myself," and very slowly the trooper turned both tired horses and walked them away into the darkness.

When she returned to the table there was considerable laughter over a story that Hallam had been telling. He jumped up,



Work You Can Do Yourself

For any important work call in a carpenter, but think of the fun you could have around the house with a few really good tools.

The above illustration, for example, shows how easy it is to make frames for pictures or mirrors. Anyone could do it with the proper tools.

Think of the shelves, drain boards, weather strips, screens, coal bins and many other improvements you could make yourself. Plane off a door that sticks—put in a new lock—fix a broken window cord.

These things cannot be done with the outfit so often seen around the house—an old battered hatchet, hammer and screwdriver.

KEEN KUTTER

QUALITY TOOLS

are best for home work because they are perfectly accurate in adjustment and balance—they hold their edges through lots of hard work—they have an identifying name and trade mark so that anyone can buy any tool and be sure of getting the best.

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It gives the owner the maximum of efficiency at the minimum of cost, because it is constructed on sane, common sense principles.

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works fast and true and quickly produces the most charming desserts, no matter how economical the ingredients.

One of these famous "White Mountain" Freezers lasts a lifetime. It is *always* ready and *never* out of order. *It is failure-proof* because it is *made right!*

Write for "Frozen Dainties." It gives lots of information and tells all about frozen desserts.

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You can make sweeping a pleasure instead of a drudgery. No other cleaning device can take the place of a

Bissell Sweeper

It is the popular, economical and efficient machine for the great masses.

On sale at all first-class dealers. Prices from $2.75 to $6.50.

Buy now, send us the purchase slip *within one week from date of purchase*, and receive a fine quality leather card case with no printing on it.

Write for booklet.

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seated Ailsa, hovered over her for a second with just a suspicion of proprietary air which made her blush uncomfortably. Talking had become general, but everybody noted it, and Letty's eyes grew wide and velvety, and the blood was making her cheeks and lips very pink.

Doctor West said: "The new regiment on Pine Knob was recruited from the Bowery. I happened to be with Kemp, their surgeon, when sick call sounded, and I never saw such a line of impudent, ruffianly malingerers as filed before Kemp One, I am convinced, had deliberately shot off his trigger finger; but it couldn't be proved, and he'll get his discharge. Another, a big, hulking brute, all jaw and no forehead, came up and looked insolently at Kemp.

"Kemp said: 'Well, what's the matter with you?'

"'Aw,' said the soldier with a leer, 'I've got de lapsy-palls, and I wanter go to de horspittle, I do.'

"I never saw such a mad man as Kemp was.

"'So you've got the lapsy-palls, have you?'

"'Bet yer boots I have!'

"'And you want to go to the hospital?'

"'Aw—w'at's der matter wit youse, Doc?'

"And Kemp gave him a bang on the eye with his fist, and another on the nose, and then began to hit him so quickly that the fellow reeled about, yelling for mercy.

"'Sure cure for the lapsy-palls,' said Kemp; and, turning his glare on the rest of the shivering line: 'Anybody else got 'em?' he asked briskly.

"At that a dozen big brutes sneaked out of the line and hurriedly decamped; and I don't think that disease is going to be popular in that regiment."

A shout of laughter greeted the story. All present had seen too many instances of malingering not to appreciate Surgeon Kemp's cure for the lapsy-palls.

A plum pudding was brought on and set afire. Ailsa poured the burning sauce over and over it. Doctor Hammond got up and threw some more pine logs on the fire. Huge shadows rose up and danced in the ruddy light, as the candles burned lower. Then Doctor West began another story, but was checked by the appearance of a hospital steward:

"Davis, Ward A, Number three, is very bad, sir."

"Going?"

"Yes, sir."

The Doctor bent above the table, took a hasty spoonful of pudding, nodded to the company, and went out.

Doctor Hammond and Captain Hallam both told stories, and presently Doctor West returned; the tiny Christmas tree, cut in the forest and loaded with beribboned cakes and sticks of chocolate and a few presents tied in tissue-paper, was merrily despoiled.

Ailsa and Letty had worked slippers for the two doctors, greatly appreciated by them apparently; Hallam had some embroidered handkerchiefs from Ailsa, and she received a chain and locket from him—and refrained from opening the locket, although everybody already had surmised that their engagement was a fact.

Letty sent an orderly for her guitar and sang very sweetly an old-fashioned song:

When the moonlight
Shines bright,
Silvery bright on the sea.

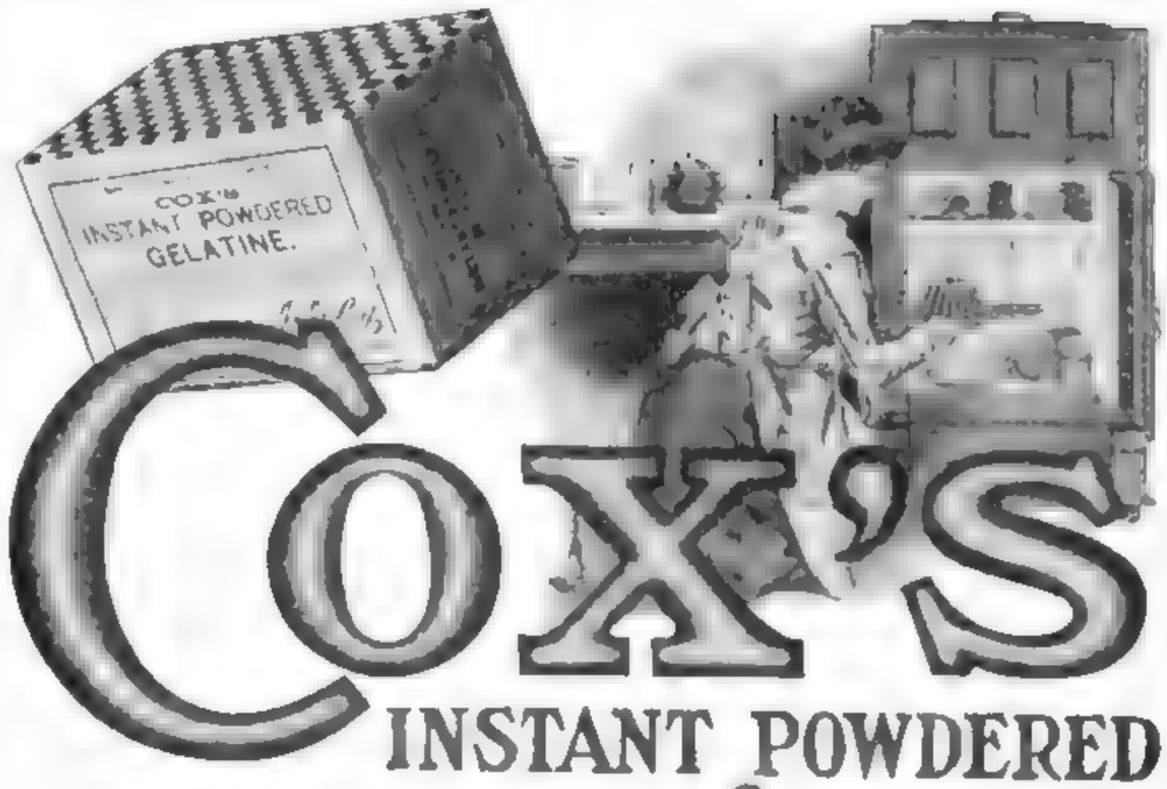
Ailsa sang Aileen Aroon and Oft in the Stilly Night, and later everybody sang The Poor Old Soldier.

The fire glowed red in the chimney; gigantic shadows wavered on wall and ceiling, and, through the Christmas candles dimly burning, the branches of the little evergreen spread, laden with cake and candy.

"They're to have a tree in every ward tomorrow," said Ailsa, turning toward Hallam. Her eyes smiled, but her voice was spiritless. A tinge of sadness had somehow settled over the festivity; Hammond was staring at the fire, chin in hand; West sipped his wine reflectively; Letty's idle fingers touched her guitar at intervals as her dark eyes rested on Ailsa and Hallam.

Ailsa rose and went up to see one of her patients, and a moment later, seated at the side of the dying man, all thought of self vanished in the silent tragedy taking place before her.

"Davis!" she whispered.



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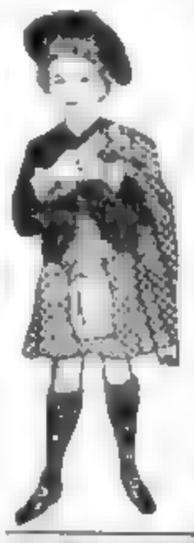

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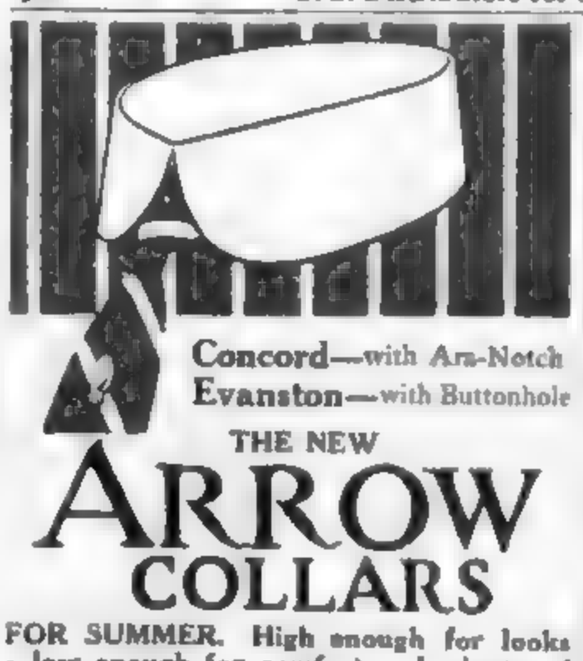

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The man opened his sunken eyes as the sleepy steward rose, gave his bedside chair to Ailsa, and replaced the ominous screen.

"I am here, Private Davis," she said cheerily, winking away the last teardrop.

Then the man sighed deeply, rested his thin cheek against her hand, and lay very, very still.

At midnight he died as he lay. She scarcely realized it at first. And when at length she did, she disengaged her chilled hand, closed his eyes, drew the covering over his face, and, stepping from behind the screen, motioned to the steward on duty.

Descending the stairs, her pale, pensive glance rested on the locket flashing on its chain over the scarlet heart sewn on her breast. Somehow, at thought of Hallam waiting for her below, she halted on the stairway, one finger twisted in the gold chain. And presently the thought of Hallam reminded her of the trooper and the hot dinner she had promised the poor fellow. Had the cook been kind to him?

She hastened downstairs, passed the closed door of the improvised dining-room, traversed the hall to the porch and, lifting the skirts of her gray garb, sped across the frozen yard to the kitchen.

The cook had gone; fire smouldered in the range; and a single candle guttered in its tin cup on the table. Beside it, seated on a stool, elbows planted on both knees, face buried in his spread fingers, sat the lancer, apparently asleep

She cast a rapid glance at the table. The remains of the food satisfied her that he had had his hot dinner. Once more she glanced at him, and then started to withdraw on tiptoe.

And he raised his head, and she gazed into the face of Berkley.

Neither stirred, although in the shock of discovering she felt that she would drop where she stood. Then, instinctively, she reached for the table's edge, rested against it, hand clutching it, fascinated eyes never leaving his face.

He got up leisurely, walked toward her, made an abrupt turn and faced her again from the window recess, leaning back against the closed wooden shutters.

Her heart was beating too rapidly for her to speak; she tried to straighten her shoulders, lift her head. Both sank, and she looked down blindly through the throbbing silence.

Berkley spoke first, but she could not answer him. Then he said again, lightly:

"Do you wish me to go, Ailsa? If so, where? I'll obey with alacrity."

She raised her dazed eyes.

"W-was that you with Captain Hallam's horse—when I spoke?"

"Yes. Didn't you know me?"

"No. Did you know me?"

"Of course. I nearly fell out of my saddle."

She strove hard to collect herself.

"How did you know it was I?"

"How?" He laughed a short, mirthless laugh. "I knew your voice. Why shouldn't I know it?"

"Did—had anybody told you I was here?"

"No. Who is there to tell me anything?"

"Nobody wrote you?—or telegraphed?"

He laughed again. "Nobody has my address."

"And you never—received—receive—letters?"

"Who would write to me? No, I never receive letters. Why do you ask?"

She was silent.

He waited a moment, then said coolly: "If you actually have any interest in what I'm doing ——" and broke off with a shrug. At which she raised her eyes, waiting for him to go on.

"I went into an unattached company—the Westchester Horse—and some fool promised us incorporation with the First Cavalry and quick service. But the First filled up without us and went off. And a week ago we were sent off from White Plains Camp as K Company to"—he bit his lip and stared at her—"to—your friend Colonel Arran's regiment of lancers. We took the oath. Our captain, Hallam, selected me for his escort tonight. That is the simple solution of my being here. I didn't sneak down here to annoy you. I didn't know you were here."

After a moment she raised her pallid face.

"Have you seen Colonel Arran?"

"No," he said shortly.

"I—it would give me—pleasure—to recommend you to his—attention. May I write ——"

"Thank you, no."

There was another painful interval of silence. Then: "May I speak to Captain Hallam about you?"

"No, thank you!" he said contemptuously; "I am currying no favors."

Hurt, she shrank away, and the blood mounted to her temples.

"You see," he said, "I'm just a plain brute, and there's no use being kind to me." He added in a lower voice, but deliberately, "You once found that out."

She quivered and straightened up.

"Yes," she said, "I found that out. I have paid very dearly for my—my ——" But she could not continue.

Watching her, cap hanging in his gauntleted hand, he saw the color deepen and deepen in neck and cheek, saw her eyes falter and turn from him.

"Is there any forgiveness for me?" he said. "I didn't ask it before—because I've still some sense of the ludicrous left in me—or did have. It's probably gone now—since I've asked if it is in you to pardon ——" He shrugged again, deeming it useless; and she made no sign of comprehension.

For a while he stood, looking down at his cap, turning it over and over thoughtfully.

"Well, then, Ailsa, you are very kind to offer what you did offer. But—I don't like Colonel Arran," he added, with a sneer, "and I haven't any overwhelming admiration for Captain Hallam. And there you are, with your kindness and gentleness and —everything—utterly wasted on a dull, sordid brute who has already insulted you once. . . . Shall I leave your kitchen?"

"No," she said faintly. "I am going."

He offered to open the door for her, but she opened it herself, stood motionless, turned, considered him, head high and eyes steady:

"You have killed in me, this night this Christmas night—something that can never again live in me. Remember that in the years to come."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Nevertheless, I ——" he added, partly to himself. Then, drawing a long breath, he turned, unhooked his saber from a nail where it hung, buckled his belt, picked up the lance which stood slanting across a chair, shook out the scarlet, swallow-tailed pennon, and walked slowly toward the door and met Letty coming in.

"Mrs. Paige," she said, "we couldn't imagine what had become of you," and, glancing inquiringly at Berkley, started and uttered a curious little cry: "You!"

"Yes," he said, smiling through his own astonishment.

"Oh!" she cried, with a happy catch in her voice, and held out both hands to him; and he laid aside his lance and took them, laughing down into the velvet eyes. And he saw the gray garb of Sainte Ursula that she wore, saw the scarlet heart on her breast, and laughed again—a kindly, generous, warm-hearted laugh; but there was a little harmless malice glimmering in his eyes.

"Wonderful—wonderful, Miss Lynden"—he had never before called her Miss Lynden—"I am humbly overcome in the presence of holy Sainte Ursula embodied in you. How on earth did old Benton ever permit you to escape? He wrote me most enthusiastically about you before I—ahem—left town."

"Why didn't you let me know where you were going?" asked Letty, with a reproachful simplicity that concentrated Ailsa's amazed attention on her, for she had been looking scornfully at Berkley.

"Why—you are very kind, Miss Lynden, but I myself didn't know where I was going."

"I—I wanted to write you," began Letty; then she suddenly remembered Ailsa's presence and turned shyly.

"Mrs. Paige," she said, "this private soldier is Mr. Berkley—a gentleman. May I be permitted to present him to you?"

And there, while the tragic and comic masks grinned side by side, and the sky and earth seemed unsteadily grinning above and under her feet, Ailsa Paige suffered the mockery of the presentation, felt the terrible irony of it piercing her; felt body and senses swaying there in the candlelight, heard Letty's happy voice and Berkley's undisturbed replies; found courage to speak, to take her leave; made her way back through a dreadful thickening darkness to her room, to her bed, and lay there shivering, pressing her palms tight to her burning eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Coöperation—Colorado Apples; Virginia Potatoes; Retail Stores

(Continued from Page 19)

selling there at a dollar and a half a barrel, and a number of people in the trade thought the price too high. They made an agreement that upon the following Monday morning they would bid only a dollar a barrel, expecting that a profitable demoralization would ensue. The exchange got word of this benevolent intention and promptly offered its potatoes in the Western markets at concessions of fifteen to twenty-five cents a barrel. The Western markets rose to the bait, taking all the potatoes the exchange had to sell. Thus on the appointed Monday not a single barrel of the exchange's output reached New York. Instead of dropping to one dollar a barrel, the price of potatoes there rose to two dollars a barrel, and before the end of the week it reached three dollars and twenty-five cents; whereupon the exchange resumed an amicable relationship with its friends in the metropolis. The association always keeps a watchful eye on New York because of the influence that the quotations made there have on other points. It aims not to overstock that market but to keep it supplied with some choice goods that are sure to fetch top prices.

Potato Growers Always Busy

The Eastern Shore farms run all the way from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty acres. The average is probably about sixty acres; but this includes the woodland as well as the land that is tilled. The proper cultivation of sweet potatoes requires about as many acres of pine woods as of plowed field. The pine leaves are spread on the potato fields and plowed under, not only helping to fertilize the land but keeping it loose. Manure is spread in the winter and in early spring the fields are plowed and harrowed. In March the farmer puts down a "hotbed," under glass or canvas, in which the seed potatoes are planted. From each eye the seed potato sends up a sprout. Beginning the latter part of April, these sprouts are picked and transplanted into the potato field proper. This picking and transplanting of the sprouts goes on for four or five weeks, and after that constant cultivation is necessary until harvest. Directly after harvest the farmer begins hauling manure and preparing the land for next season. Every month in the year the sweet-potato grower has something to do in connection with his crop.

With about five hundred pounds of common fertilizer to the acre sweet potatoes will yield around seventy-five barrels to the acre, although a good farmer, in a good year, may get a hundred and fifteen or a hundred and twenty-five barrels. The cost of production is put at a dollar a barrel; and a dollar and a half a barrel is regarded as a reasonable net price. Last year, owing partly to competition with North Carolina potatoes and partly to heavy rains that lowered the quality, the exchange's average net price was only a dollar and a quarter a barrel.

Irish potatoes need better land than sweet potatoes, and require, for an acre, from a thousand to eighteen hundred pounds of good fertilizer, costing thirty-five dollars a ton. The average yield is only about fifty barrels to the acre, and last year the exchange's average price was one dollar and seventy-five cents a barrel. Still, Irish potatoes are growing in favor among the farmers, and the production of them, compared with that of sweet potatoes, is steadily increasing, because sweet-potato cultivation requires much more labor. The going wage for farmhands is a dollar a day, but the supply of farm labor is limited.

On the other hand, that great pest of potato-growers, the potato-bug, never attacks sweet potatoes; but there is a constant struggle to keep bugs from eating up the Irish potato crop. On the Eastern Shore they use machines, drawn by horses, which automatically sprinkle over the vines a mixture containing Paris green. Whether the bugs can ever be exterminated is a debated question. Certainly they never have been. Men of high veracity and temperate habits report that, on fishing expeditions in the bayous and inlets, they have seen the surface of the water thickly covered for yards with potato-bugs. What the bugs do at sea nobody seems definitely to know.

The marketing of potatoes of both varieties goes in geographical zones. Florida's product comes in first; then some from the Carolinas. Directly after the Eastern Shore's turn potatoes begin to ripen in New Jersey; while as to Irish potatoes the whole crop of the North is marketable in the fall. The first sweet potatoes from the Eastern Shore usually sell around four dollars a barrel. As the output increases the price declines to, say, two dollars, where it remains for some time. As a rule, late in the season, it drops considerably lower than that. Thus promptness in marketing is an important factor.

Though there may have been some variations from the rule, the exchange proposes not to handle the produce of outsiders, and its members are required not to market any produce except through the exchange. If a member does sell produce outside, his shipping privilege is cut off and he must sign a pledge of good behavior before he is reinstated. It seems likely that violations of this rule will be treated less leniently in the future. There appears, also, to be a sentiment among some of the members in favor of limiting dividends on the stock to, say, six or seven per cent, and of reducing correspondingly the exchange's charges for handling produce. However, that charge at present consists of a flat commission of only five per cent, which covers all expenses of inspection, selling and collection. Though the exchange has accumulated a substantial surplus, that surplus, as I have pointed out, has been used in a way that was decidedly advantageous to growers.

That the exchange has been of the greatest benefit to Eastern Shore farmers cannot be doubted. It handles sixty-five to seventy per cent of the total output of the two counties. The remainder is handled mostly by local buyers. Among the farmers who do not belong to the exchange some are chronically hard up, and the buyers "carry" them through the season, making them advances of money and so on, which the exchange has never seen its way to do. Other outside farmers see the handsome office building at Onley, with its staff of reasonably paid officers and clerks, and say the exchange is extravagant. Of course they do not see that if there were no exchange a still larger staff of commission-house officers and clerks would be drawing pay for handling their potatoes. However, the exchange has grown steadily in membership.

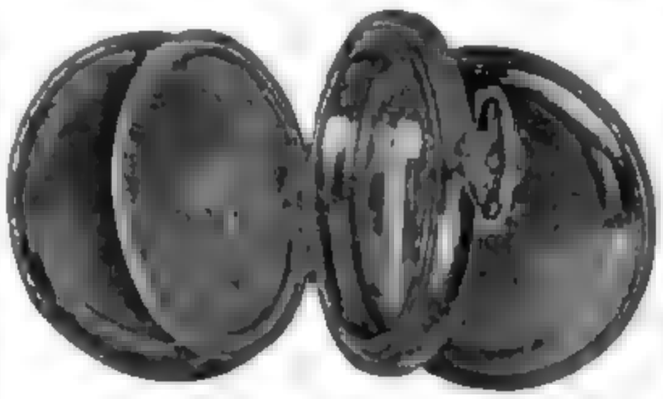
In this country coöperation has developed principally among farmers for the purpose of marketing their produce. In England its great development has been on the other side—among city workmen for the purpose of buying supplies. In a good many California towns you may notice the sign "Rochdale" over a store. The name refers, of course, to the English town where the greatest coöperative movement of modern times had its beginning.

The Coöperative Idea in England

The principle of coöperation seems always to have appealed to men who were hard up. Behind the oldest coöperative movements that have succeeded were still earlier ones that failed. For coöperation, however fine it may be in principle, will not work automatically. It is not enough that a number of producers or consumers agree to coöperate. If they succeed at it they must discover capable management, and be guided by good, sound business judgment. So there had been many attempts at coöperation among the cotton-mill hands of Lancashire before the successful one of 1844, although that date is sometimes mentioned as the beginning of modern coöperation.

If being hard up is a condition precedent to successful coöperation, the cotton-mill hands were certainly eligible. An old report mentions six shillings a week as an average income. To make a penny go as far as possible in purchasing food and clothing was a matter of quite vital importance.

George Jacob Holyoake has described the Rochdale meeting, in 1843, at which he



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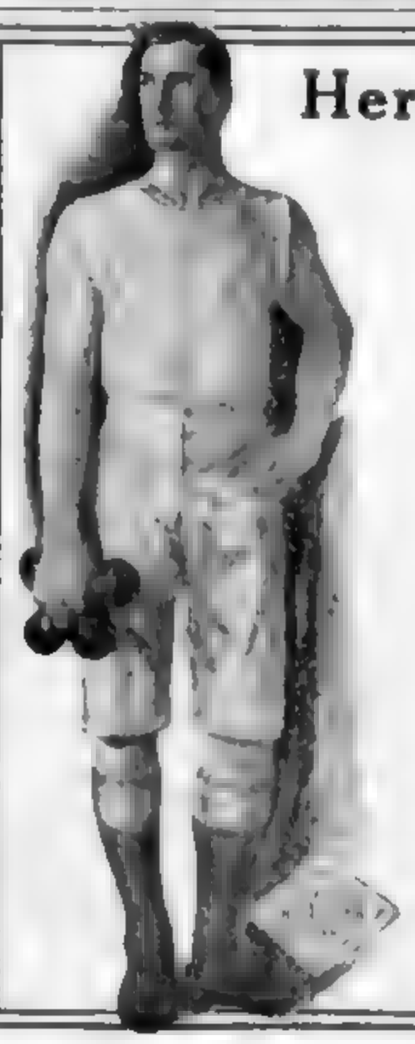

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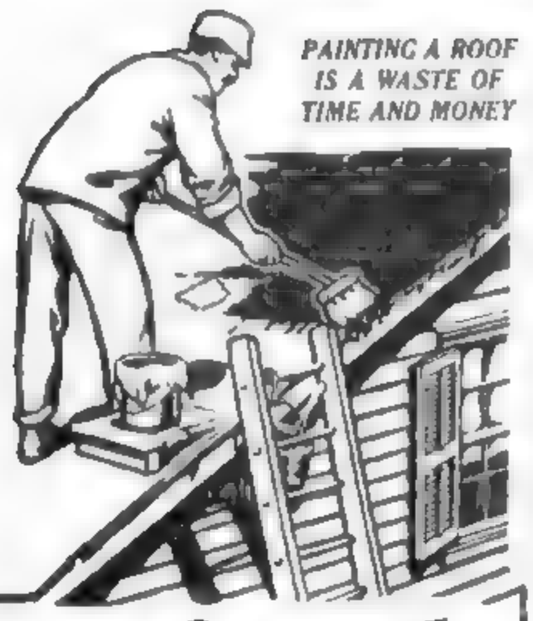

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spoke upon coöperation—a meeting held in a room belonging to Zach Mellor, the town clerk, its back window looking over a low, marshy field. "It was at the end of a damp, drizzling day," he says, "and people came in one by one from the mills, looking as disconsolate as the weather." How a handful of flannel-weavers met, the next year, in Toad Lane, and solemnly resolved to start a coöperative store, has often been told. There were twenty-eight of them finally, and they were to contribute one pound each, constituting the capital of the venture, but hardly one of them seems to have had a whole pound. Most of them paid in a shilling a week, or whatever they could. They had the right idea, however—to divide the profits among their customers. James Smithies was elected secretary. It is related that, when the tiny enterprise seemed likely to wink out, Secretary Smithies, after working until ten or eleven o'clock at the store, would make the rounds of the town, routing out of bed such persons as were known to believe in the movement and were suspected of possessing a little money, with the summons, "I'm come for thy brass, lad. We maun ha' it."

Such was the original Rochdale store, started by a handful of flannel-weavers who could barely scrape together the capital of a hundred dollars. As the movement grew, it provoked opposition. One of the charges brought against Cobden was that he favored coöperation, and on that ground some candidates for Parliament were defeated.

Twenty years after the Toad Lane meeting, coöperative retail stores in Great Britain, founded on the Rochdale plan, were selling ten million dollars' worth of goods annually. The Coöperative Wholesale Society, with headquarters at Manchester, was then formed, its capital stock being divided into shares of five pounds each and subscribed for by the retail stores. Five years later the Scottish Wholesale Society was organized in the same way by retail coöperative stores in that division of the kingdom. The Wholesale Society's report for 1909, a volume as large and interesting as an ordinary novel, shows yearly sales by the retail stores to the amount of three hundred and seventy million dollars and sales by the Wholesale Society to the amount of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

The Rochdale System

Such is the significance of the word "Rochdale," probably the largest merchandising enterprise in the world, and conducted on a strictly coöperative plan.

Fifteen years ago the first "Rochdale" store—a small, local affair—was started in the San Joaquin Valley. At present there are nearly fifty retail coöperative stores in California. There are several in Washington and Oregon, but they are independent of those in California. The Rochdale Wholesale Company occupies a good brick building on Commercial Street in San Francisco. Its capital stock is held by the several retail societies, and it looks especially to their trade; but, like the retail stores, it sells to any and every one who will buy. The retail stores are in the main small establishments. Their capital stock is divided into shares of one hundred dollars each, and each member subscribes to one share and has one vote. However, any one who seems likely to make a desirable member and hasn't the hundred dollars handy may buy a share by paying down ten or twenty dollars, meeting the remainder in partial payments. An association is formed and a store started wherever about forty persons will come in, giving a capital of four thousand dollars.

Aggregate sales of the retail stores last year amounted to about two million dollars. The growth of the movement has been slow.

During the last three years the Rochdale movement in California has grown but little. Those connected with it, however, feel that it has now accumulated a fund of experience that will serve as the foundation for a much larger growth. The problems have been pretty well worked out, the coöperators think, and they have discovered pretty definitely how to run a coöperative store and how not to. A weekly paper, The Coöperative Journal, published at Oakland, is devoted to the enterprise, and a more organized effort to push the movement is in sight. Some of these stores handle drygoods, boots and shoes, and other lines; but much the greater part of the trade is in groceries. The Wholesale Company and many of the

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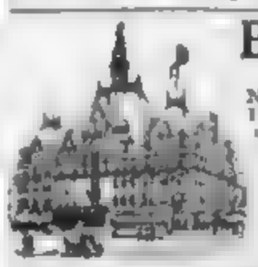

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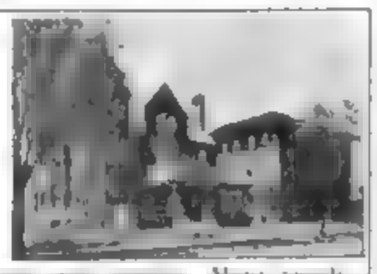

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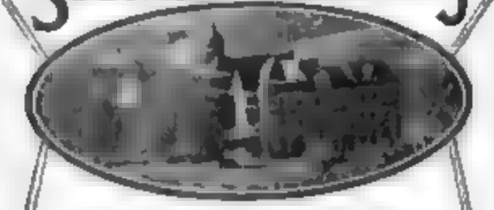

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retail associations practically confine themselves to that line. Practice differs somewhat among the retail stores, but usually, out of the profits, eight per cent is paid in dividends on the stock and the balance is distributed among members in proportion to their purchases.

In the Northwest is a larger coöperative merchandising enterprise—decidedly the largest, I believe, in the country. Under the auspices of the Right Relationship League, with headquarters in Minneapolis, about one hundred local retail coöperative stores have been organized in the last five years, and nearly all of them are now in successful operation. The stores have an aggregate membership of about eight thousand, ninety-five per cent of the members being farmers.

The Right Relationship League itself has no capital stock and is incorporated "not for profit." Its main function is to preach coöperation, organize the local stores and furnish, in general, a rallying point for the movement. It is indorsed by the secretary of the University of Minnesota and other disinterested judges who have examined its work. Whenever it is proposed to establish a coöperative store the league advocates taking over some existing store whose proprietor is willing to join the coöperative movement. Its rules are: Before starting get enough members—farmers and others—so that their patronage will at least pay all expenses of the store. Let each member subscribe one hundred to one thousand dollars of capital stock, but give each member only one vote, regardless of the amount of stock held. Choose a manager of known business ability; let him manage the daily business according to his best judgment, and hold him responsible for results. Buy and sell for cash; "credit business is a curse alike to those who give it and those who accept it." Sell all goods at the prevailing market price, the same price to everybody, members and non-members alike. Out of net profits, after setting aside a reserve fund, pay a reasonable fixed dividend, say six per cent, on capital stock; divide the remaining profits among members and patrons who are not members in proportion to the amount each has purchased at the store, but give members twice as much proportionately as non-members.

Mistakes in Methods

Of course, each local store-owning organization is legally independent and the rules laid down by the league have not always been followed. Some of the stores, for example, decline to divide profits with non-member patrons; but the greatest stumbling-blocks, I infer, have been selling on credit and poor bookkeeping. At the league's third annual meeting, in January, 1909, Secretary E. M. Tousley said: "Paying the long price for goods bought on long credit, loss of the cash discount, paying interest on borrowed money, and so on, all tend to a very large loss of profits, to say nothing of loss of reputation and commercial standing, and the loss by bad accounts. The credit system is not coöperation."

Of late the league has been busy organizing a wholesale store the capital stock of which will be held by the various retail stores, thus further extending the coöperative principle. It has also succeeded in organizing an auditing department for the purpose of introducing an adequate and uniform system of bookkeeping in all the retail stores, and of giving their books a thorough, expert auditing yearly.

The league stores have had their troubles, of course, with inexperienced and incompetent managers; but they have learned by experience, and through the league each store may benefit by the experience of all. The league publishes a monthly magazine, Coöperation, which is energetically and intelligently devoted to the interests of the movement. Probably the best measure of the success of the movement is found in its steady growth. Two years ago there were forty-six stores with not quite twenty-four hundred members. One year ago there were seventy-four stores with nearly five thousand members. Now there are about a hundred stores with nearly eight thousand members. In addition to a coöperative wholesale store the league proposes to introduce coöperative marketing, in the Twin Cities, of its members' produce, such as butter and eggs.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Payne's articles on Coöperation.

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THE DERELICT TRAIN

(Continued from Page 8)

"They will not fire on us till it is necessary," says Nick; but Coffin only nods, and the other notes with uneasiness that the eyes behint the divil's beak have been growing greener all day.

"Tomorry we will be without wather," groans Nick, "for next they will empty the tanks. And there are three more days av the derelict thrain, if ye have to push it up grade while I run it down. We are not carrying passengers or freight, but lawyers can argue around that and save the road if the thrain only runs. It is lawyers who are a crooked lot, Coffin."

Wance more the other says nothing, and night coming on prisintly Nick goes to sleep in the cab, leaving his fireman to stand guard and keep up steam.

Afther a time he felt the twitch av nerves and woke to find his blood all curdled, and there was a squeaking as if he had died and rats were fighting over his body. And there crouched low befoore the open door av the firebox, his eyes like the fumes av molten copper, and his beak with a live coal at the end av it, sat Coffin, writing on a piece av slate.

As Nick gasps a curse av surprise, Coffin whisks to the gangway.

"I am under conthrol," he hisses; "all day my brains have hummed like telygraph wires befoore a storm. Now I have received a message."

With that, and his voice dying away in the darkness, he flees down the thrack and all the five miles into Gold Hole, where he delivers his message by pitching the piece av slate through Flannagan's window.

"He has vanished," says Nick; "and I wud do well to follow him, for the tanks will be impty tomorry, and that will be the end av the game."

Still, though heavy as death with sleep and lowering danger, he wud not desert his post and the fortune av Katy O'Boyne; and in the steel-blue dark av the false dawn he seizes the lever as a dim figure springs into the end av the gulch. A moment and he is running it down, but the figure stands up proudly in the center av the thrack, and, a flush av morning overleaping the mountain at that insthant, he recognizes Jerry Coffin, and sands and reverses and drops the brakes like a madman. The wheels skid along the rails, and Jerry steps aboord the cowcatcher.

"Ye scared me out av ten years' pleasant wickedness, ye scum av hell!" says Nick. "Where have ye been?"

"In time ye will listen to the screech av the pencil," replies Jerry darkly; "it will become music to ye," he says. But not a word will he say av his message.

"I must humor ye for the prisint," thinks Nick sadly. "Jerry," he says in persuasiveness, "if the head hums again today, think it is nothing but bees and bir-rds, and not messages." Then he starts the ingine toward the tank, hoping to get a last load av wather befoore it is emptied.

The pride av the Steeplechase Division snorted and seemed picking up wan wheel afther another in striding over a road paved with iron cobbles. Nick luked at the medium with bulging eyes.

"Are we on the ties?" he asks, and stopping her quickly he jumps out to make inspection. Then he hurls a chunk av coal through the cab windy at his soobordinate's head, the latter retreating quickly to the car av coal which has been switched next to the ingine.

"It is flat wheels we have now," ixplains Nick, pursuing him. "Betther a thousand times I had not used the brakes and run over ye."

But afther a time he thinks, "The game was up anyway," and taking Jerry aboord sets the ingine limping toward the tank.

They are just in time to see a man letting down the spout; but Jerry drops from the cab and hunts the man up the yard with the long howl av the bloodhound, and Nick fills his tank with the last av the wather.

"That was hot sport," he tells Jerry with a grin. "Ye understand they will not kill us till it is necessary. Yesterday they figured we wud come to a standstill without fuel and they cud arrest us at leisure. But, learning av the car av coal we confiscated, they are draining the tanks and are laughing to reflect how this square-wheeled ould calliope will soon pant and die av thirst. Then we will take to the mountains and there will be a fine man hunt."

They whistled and rang the bell, and calling "All aboord!" to the man who had been chased away, ran up to Poker Station and back to the gulch.

"I cud spit out pieces av ribs," Nick tells his assistant with a glare as they come to a stop. "I am churned loose from the floor to the top av the cab, and have only wan request to make av the posse when they catch us—and that is they will hang ye first. I wud not miss it."

But prisintly, as pressure falls low on the gauge, and life dies out av the ingine's heart, his own spirits sink and he says nothing. Suddenly he springs up and jerks the lever; there is a low panting like a death rattle, and slowly he tolls the bell as for a funeral.

But Jerry Coffin is whistling to himself.

"Have ye no respect for death?" asks Nick sternly.

"The pencil last night was in the grip av ——"

"It is best not to wait for the posse to catch us, afther all," says Nick, weighing the shovel. "I cannot take chances on your escaping me."

At this insthant a man walks from the brush at the foot av the mountain, almost beside them.

"Ye come through the mountain; yet I am not surprised," says Coffin, and goes on whistling.

"I make only wan request, Sheriff," begins Nick, but the man interrupts with a bitther laugh.

"Do ye not know me for Callahan, the miner?" he asks. "Many's the drink ye have beaten me out of at the dice-box till I am a poor man and thirsty."

"I do remember, now ye spake av it," answers Nick; "but I have been conducting a spirit ixcursion and must not believe what I only see and hear. Coffin, ye may take down what he has to say on a slate."

"I notice ye have been acting queerly," Coffin tells Nick, in order to clear his skirts with the miner.

"It is little I care for aither av ye," says the miner with decision. "It was a dark day for Callahan when he took up dealings with men who have made crime infamous. Remember, it is not myself, but the mule who brings ye assistance." And with that he plunged through the brush and the others followed into a narrow ravine which turned sharply around a shoulder-blade av the mountain.

They came to a swift stream pouring over a low dam, and Callahan says, "It is here we did the hydraulic mining last spring," and opens the sluiceway and ixamined the pipe which stuck from the dam.

"It is all right," he says, and prisintly leads a mule, wound round with coils av hose, from behint a boulder.

Without a word he works in a fever, joining the hose together and then screwing it on to the pipe. "It is the firehose which I stole at Gold Hole and carried away befoore daybreak," he says; "it will run to the ingine. Bad luck to me for mixing in this matther. It was yourself who was willing to move for the first time, and so led me into it," he ixclaims, kicking the mule in the ribs. "I did not do this av my own accord, and if we are captured with the brigands, it is ye who must hang for it," he ixplains, again kicking the mule, who ran away around the mountain with Callahan afther him. And that was the last av the two av them.

"Stretch out the hose," cries Nick, with a pull on his nerves, and it is done. Then Coffin cries to him from beyant the shoulder av the mountain. Nick raises the gate av the dam; the hose swells and squirms like a poison-adder, and in a moment it is disgorging the spring into the tank av the ingine.

Then they close the dam, conceal the hose in the bushes, and afther an anxious time in getting the fire started are again under a full head av steam.

"Ye have as many lives as a flagman's dog," says Nick to the ingine, as they move with the vapor hissing out av her nostrils; and he gives a whoop with the whistle that is heard in Gold Hole itself.

And this is the hail that brings the fat sheriff and his deputy to the door av Flannagan's saloon, where they have waited three days for Nick Wheedle's ingine to perish av want.

"He was reported at Poker two hours agone," speaks the sheriff in anger. "His

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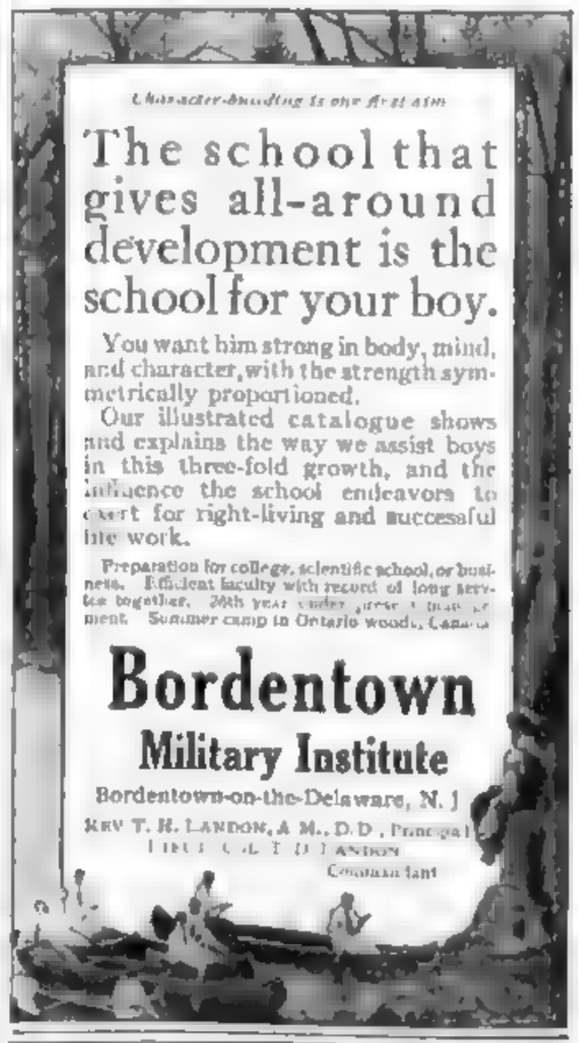
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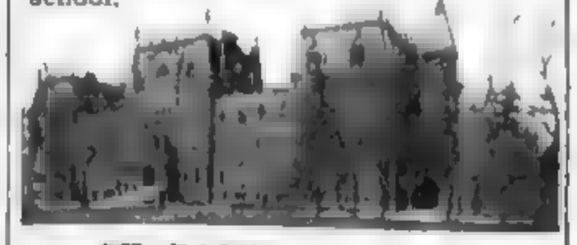

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ingine was reeling with weakness at the time, and now he comes back and insoolts me with a whistle like the trump av judgmint. I am disgusted with your advice, Flannagan. This time I will get out a handcar and spare him no longer."

He does not have to pick up scent along the rails, for prisintly they begin to buzz aloud, and Nick Wheedle swoops down on the handcar, smashing it to bits during the while it takes the sheriff and his deputy to climb ten feet up the mountain.

But the two av them return to the track, and revengefully hunt the ingine down to the end av the line.

"We must lie low," says Nick, and charges again, while Coffin and himself sit down in the tender and watch the officers' target-practice on the cab windows.

That day there is no other adventure, for the officers return to Flannagan's for consultation, and all night the outlaws run the ingine back and forth.

"I can make little av the case," says the sheriff to his friends. "The two av them are not fugitives from justice, for instead av running away they sprang at me. And they did not resist arrest, because I did not catch them. There is some infloonce here that I can't detect; the ingine, without water, bucks up and down the line, the little domes askew, the stack tilted over the headlight like the hat av a desperate man, and I did not see a soul aboord av her. Tomorry I will go wan step further and wreck the ingine," says the sheriff to the riprisintative.

"Ye must not do that yet," replies the other, at his wit's end. "To effect our purpose I believe thrains must be abandoned voluntarily, and not through accidint."

Then he calls in Scrymie. "As Prisidint av the P. D., ye must lend us an ingine to chase down these trespassers," he says.

"They are crazy, and wud make no more av smashing my ingine than they did the sheriff's handcar," replies Scrymie. "If ye will wait a few days, Sheriff, they will run out av food."

"Ye know well we can't wait. And if we come to wrecking, it will be the worse for ye, Scrymie," warns the riprisintative darkly. "Ye are in this plot, but prisintly we will smash the dommed ingine, yourself will be involved as a criminal, and we will cut down our prisint offer av twenty-five thousand for the mine to ten thousand."

But Scrymie wud not lend him the ingine. "Can it be that Nick Wheedle will pull through?" he asks himself. "The shcoundrel must be drunk or he wud not run the risk. The saints prosper him in it! I wud like to send him more whisky."

And yet such is the character av the man to waver, and be on all sides at wance, that next morning he tells Katy O'Boyne they will be ruined by Nick Wheedle.

"The syndicate will make me pay for his spree," groans Scrymie, waving his hands in the air, and niver a word does he speak av the golden hope Nick Wheedle is carrying through closing dangers on his tumbledown ingine.

"Flag him!" cries Katy; but her uncle makes answer that Nick acknowledges no flag, and he goes away disthracted.

Then a threatening anger heats the face and lightens from the eyes av Katy O'Boyne.

"Come with me!" she says, afther a bit, to Mrs. Flannagan. "At wance!" she cries, with a stamp av her little fut. "Shall a Wheedle run over an O'Boyne, even on an ingine? I know the man betther than railroad prisidints and sheriffs."

She is in her cloak and hat, and dragging Mrs. Flannagan bewildered afther her.

"Shall he carouse with a desperate spiritualist—asking your pardon, Mrs. Flannagan—on a mixed thrain, and pitch the Scrymie fortunes into the ditch? He shall not!

"I will flag him with my handkerchief, no bigger than this, Mrs. Flannagan, and he will set his brakes and come down to beg my pardon, and then take to the brush, or I do not know the man.

"And I will call afther him: 'Shall ye pretind to be a respectable man to me, afther this, Nick Wheedle, and get drunk on wheels in my very prisince?' and he will flee to the mountains to hide his face—poltbroon as he is, Mrs. Flannagan."

"It is blasted the man Wheedle will be," she thought, "unless Coffin has conthrol av him."

Near five miles they walk to the end av the cut, and the outlaw, spying them at a distance, swoops down in a whirlwind av

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dust and smoke; for this day he must have a clear right-av-way and will bide no strangers along the thrack.

But Katy had little fear av ingines at that moment, and fluttered her handkerchief from the middle av the thrack into its very face, as with a long shtring av words Nick Wheedle sets the brakes and skids up to her.

"Down! Out av the cab!" she commands him sternly, as the hiss av steam dies away. "Ye shud be ashamed to run such a luking ingine; but there is no shame in ye. The spree is ended. Shall a disgraced loafer ruin the uncle and myself? Not while I have a handkerchief no bigger than this to flag ye. Now, go!"

Nick Wheedle has dropped from the cab and approached her. He is a scarecrow av a man, with tattered clothes and matted hair, and the white face av him streaked and wrinkled

"Katy O'Boyne," he croaks, and smiles; but it is a crooked smile that wud frighten children. He houlds out both hands; but they are stiff, and clutch like a witch's claws.

"Thank ye for coming to me, Katy," he says; but she waves him back and grinds her heel into the ground.

"Come to ye!" she repeats, eying him in disgust. "Oh, if I was a man I wud come to ye. Out av my sight, disgraced and terrible as ye are!"

"What is this?" says Nick Wheedle in a low voice. "What are ye saying, Katy? Wud ye stay me in this good course I run, and call me disgraced?"

For an instant she was choked with wrath. "Let yur conscience yell guilt afther ye; I will admit that ye live and stand befoore me no longer," she says proudly.

Nick Wheedle comes a step nearer. Again he smiles the crooked smile, but his eyes glitter, red as they are with sleeplessness and dust.

"Ye will not give me right-av-way on my own chosen thrack?" he croaks; but she stares over his head and does not heed him.

"Ye will block the line when I have business like a sentinel to come and go?" he says, with another creeping step. Still Katy heeds neither word nor motion.

"Then, by the saints!" he cries suddenly, "ye shall have your own way, raging in front av a man, as a woman will; but ye shall go along with him."

And, clasping her arms to her side, he steps aboord the pilot, calling Jerry to run into Gold Hole. This Jerry does, first pulling Mrs. Flannagan into the cab, with the man clinging to the cowcatcher and the girl clinging to him as they pitch around the curves on the flat wheels, and the air crashes past their ears like the discharge av cannon.

Ten minutes later Nick leans Katy O'Boyne against the wall av the depot, with her hair streaming about her face and her breath coming in gasps.

"I have respected your wish, that ye remain in front av the ingine," says Nick, "so ye have no complaint av me; but let no wan try this trick again, for I will run blindfolded."

Then, having Jerry tightly bandage his eyes, he mounted the cab and plunged into the dangers av two stricken days, with darkness above his sight and night in the soul av him.

"However, it will end tomorry," he says, and the women overheard.

As the ingine hobbled out av sight Katy turned to her friend.

"He is a terrible man," she said at last, with a shudder.

"He is a monsther," agreed Mrs. Flannagan, with indignation.

"Perhaps ye are too sure av it," said Katy sharply. "It may be an affair av humor with him. Shud he not trundle up and down on that nice little Shetland ingine for a bet?"

"Ah!" says the other, with a winking eye and her head aslant. "It was Flannagan who had the sporting blud when he was young, and wud ingage in throuble for the pastime."

"But he wud dare nothing like this," protested Katy.

"And wance," went on Mrs. Flannagan as they walked homeward—"wance, Flannagan shook his fist at me for meddling in his business av getting into whichiver kind av throuble he preferred. But he shook it too close and I got a black eye. He stood back angry, but scared, to take whativer I wud hand him in return. But

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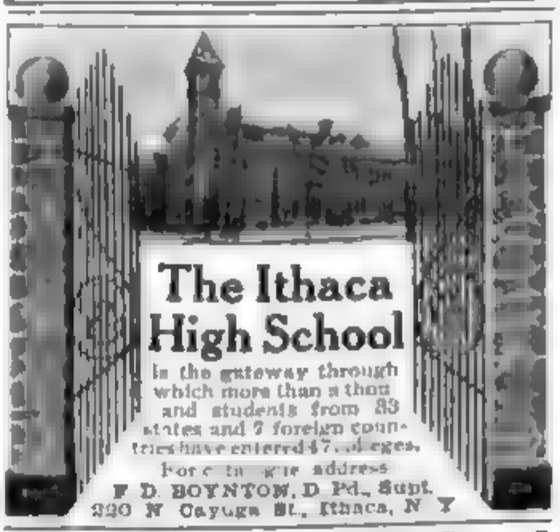

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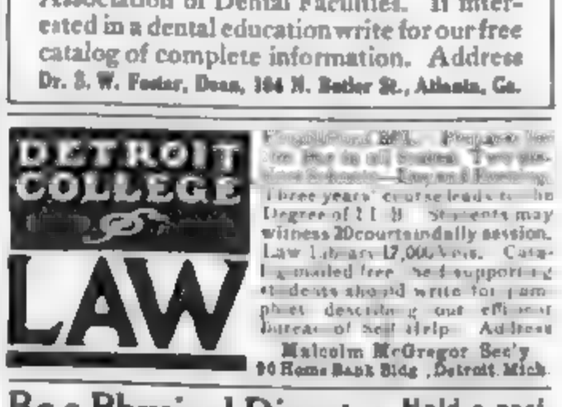

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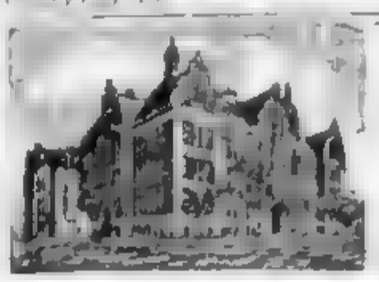

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I only luked at him out av the black eye, and said, 'Micky, Micky!'—just like that—though he knew I had no fear av him."

"What did Flannagan say to that?" asked Katy in a low voice.

"Ah, Katy, I can hardly tell ye. But it was a great happiness the way that strong fellow trimbled and made a fuss over me. Those were the dear ould days, and I wud buy thim back with many a black eye."

And it is said that when Katy was alone, afther a time, she luked modestly into the mirror; and her cheeks flushed and she touched her eye to feel if it was blacked.

That day, unknown to Katy, the sheriff and his deputy and the riprisintative had gone to the mountainside to pot the ingineer; for there they cud shoot him aisily in the tender. But he sat bouldly in the cab, and turned on them his bandaged eyes at the first repoort.

"He is blind," cried the deputy, "and he is a hot sport, and I will not murder him in cold blud."

"I cannot do it," groaned the sheriff, taking aim and missing.

"Then worst has come to worst," says the riprisintative. "We will arrange an act av God to stop him." And they toppled an ould tree with many branches into the cut.

But Nick, pathrolling the line, batthered into it as Jerry dragged him from his seat. He got through on the rails, stripped av the sand dome and a part av the stack and cab; and a great hole was knocked in the head av the ingine, so that the enthrails av boiler pipes prothruded in a ghastly fashion.

"Was it an earthquake?" asks Nick.

"It is only the forest we are running through," answers Jerry. "We now have the ghost av an ingine."

"Then we may soon fly away on it; glory be!" says Nick, with his hands feeling for the lever and his crooked smile frozen on his face. "Perhaps I will niver see the wur-rld again," he thinks joyfully.

That night Katy O'Boyne heard av the incidint. "It is myself who has caused him to run into danger blindly," she wud sob, and crept lonesomely about the room.

"How gentle he was, to grab me and hould me carefully on the cowcatcher," she said with a tearful smile, "when he might aisily have run over me!

"Why shud ye care for the monsther when his just fate hounds him down?" came into her mind.

"It is no fair question at this hour," she answered, and, afther such a night as rides the memory foriver, she went early to the station. She had asked her uncle to interfere, and he had rebuked her sternly.

Ye know well how women, who are not passengers, have waited in depots for crews that will niver be called again. And it was not an hour till the batthered ingine came tolling in and she counted the strokes with her hands to her breast.

The riprisintative, driven desperate, had taken up a rail. And had it not been for the deputy, who wud not kill a hot sport, Nick Wheed'e wud niver have seen light again. But this deputy had lingered all night on the mountain and had seen Coffin as he finished filling the tank in the cut to make the last run. He had shouted and run down the mountainside; but Jerry whisked into the cab, the thrain started, and with a burst av speed the deputy caught the last car. Then, revolver in hand, he ran the length av the thrain and came down the tender on the sliding coal.

Jerry sprang for the pick, but he was covered and driven forward through the cab's window. The deputy grasped Wheedle, and held him, ixhausted as he was, with wan hand. With the other he closed the throttle and the ingine stopped a little short av the uptorn rail and destruction. The derelict thrain was hunted down and Nick Wheedle's venture had come to nothing. Riprisintative and sheriff came up to the ingine.

"Ye have saved the game, perhaps," whispered the former to the deputy; "for I did not wish an accidint."

"He is blind; stone blind," says Jerry Coffin, av Nick. "Be aisy with him, for he was not to blame." They were both under guard; but, now that the game was played out, they had sunk to the floor with their backs to the side av the tender, the bandage still over Nick's eyes.

"Wasn't he to blame?" began the riprisintative angrily.

"Ye speak without reason," ixclaimed Jerry, fixing him with a fiery eye. "I had him hypnotized."

"Ye may tell it in court," answered the other. "Take the prisoners down and

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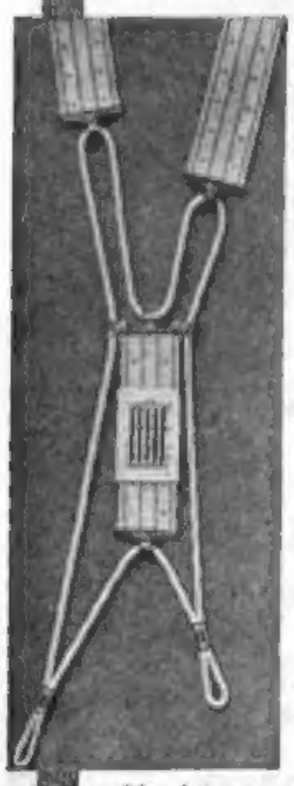

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send back for me in an hour," he tould the sheriff. Then he went up the thrack to replace the rail; for he wud not have it appear that the road had been blocked.

Katy O'Boyne crept down the platfoorm as the ingine stopped. She saw the sheriff guard Jerry Coffin forth; then her heart leaped in thanksgiving as Nick Wheedle was helped down by the deputy.

"He is blind," said people; for all Gold Hole was there to see the tragic end av the famous run. As the crowd followed up the platfoorm, Katy kept beside the prisoners. How her face blushed and her eyes pitied! It was much for a proud and modest lass to do, but suddenly she touched the tips av Nick's fingers; then clasped his hand.

Ould Scrymie broke on them like a thunderstorm, and cursed Nick to his bandaged face. But Nick wud not answer for Katy's sake.

"Ye know well why he ran the gauntlet," roared Jerry Coffin. "I am less than his friend if I do not answer that he did this to save your fortune. Thrue for ye, Katy O'Boyne; stand to him, for he is a man. And he has fought the fight for ye."

Coffin watched Katy O'Boyne, who heard these things with a heart on fire, and she turned to Nick with such a luk—but his eyes were blind to it.

"Will ye get Nick's hat from the box in the cab?" Coffin requests Katy; "the light still strikes through against his eyeballs."

Heedless av her uncle's word, and av the crowd, she goes.

"Nick Wheedle," says Coffin in a thundering voice, "ye are under conthrol. For the girl and the railroad—run, I tell ye, run!"

The sheriff and the deputy were strong men, but they were slight to Jerry Coffin. It seemed as though strength had grown in him during all the time av adventure till his limbs cud hardly contain it. Now it sprung through him in a current av lightning.

He laid a hand on each officer and pitched with them headlong into the door av the agent's office, and for three minutes the crowd outside cud hear the office going to pieces.

. . . . . .

The Old Switchman paused; the auditors breathed heavily.

"It is near midnight," he said; "and 36 to let out."

"Go on, ye ould fool; I will close the switch," commanded the Foreman irritably.

. . . . . .

Then I can tell ye that Katy O'Boyne broke the law, and made the last run av the Derelict Special with Nick Wheedle's arm around her.

"Oh, ye are not blind; I was not sure!" she cried, for av coorse he had torn away the bandage for the dash across the platfoorm.

"I can see ahead," answered Nick; and they were married at Poker Station.

The riprisintative had the rail replaced, and they met with no adventure. Av coorse Scrymie forgave a winning man, and afterward sold the mine for a million.

. . . . . .

"Is that the whistle av 36?"

"It is not," answered the Foreman, his hand on the door. "Tell me av Coffin!"

. . . . . .

Coffin was put in jail swearing to Nick's innocence. "Wheedle was under conthrol," he sa'd.

Katy alone knew betther. "He was an outlaw for my sake," she said proudly, but confidentially, when she tuk flowers to the prisoner.

"Perhaps I am mistaken," admitted Coffin; "'tis little we know. But a spirit message brought us the wather from Flannagan to fill the tank; and the mysthery av it kept the soul av Nick alive when his flesh was dead. I may send wan to the joory."

"I believe your word will save Nick's characther," said Katy, deep in thought; "but ye so nearly made a ghost av the sheriff that he will ——"

"Perhaps some supernatural influonce from the outside ——" interrupted Jerry.

"There is hope av that," smiled Katy; and, in fact, a hole appeared in the back wall av the cell on a weird, stormy night, when Nick Wheedle was seen av no man.

. . . . . .

"Foreman, it is the whistle av 36."

The door slammed sharply, the Foreman had vanished, and the others stood close to the stove, thinking of many things as the flaws of sleet burst scattering against the shanty.

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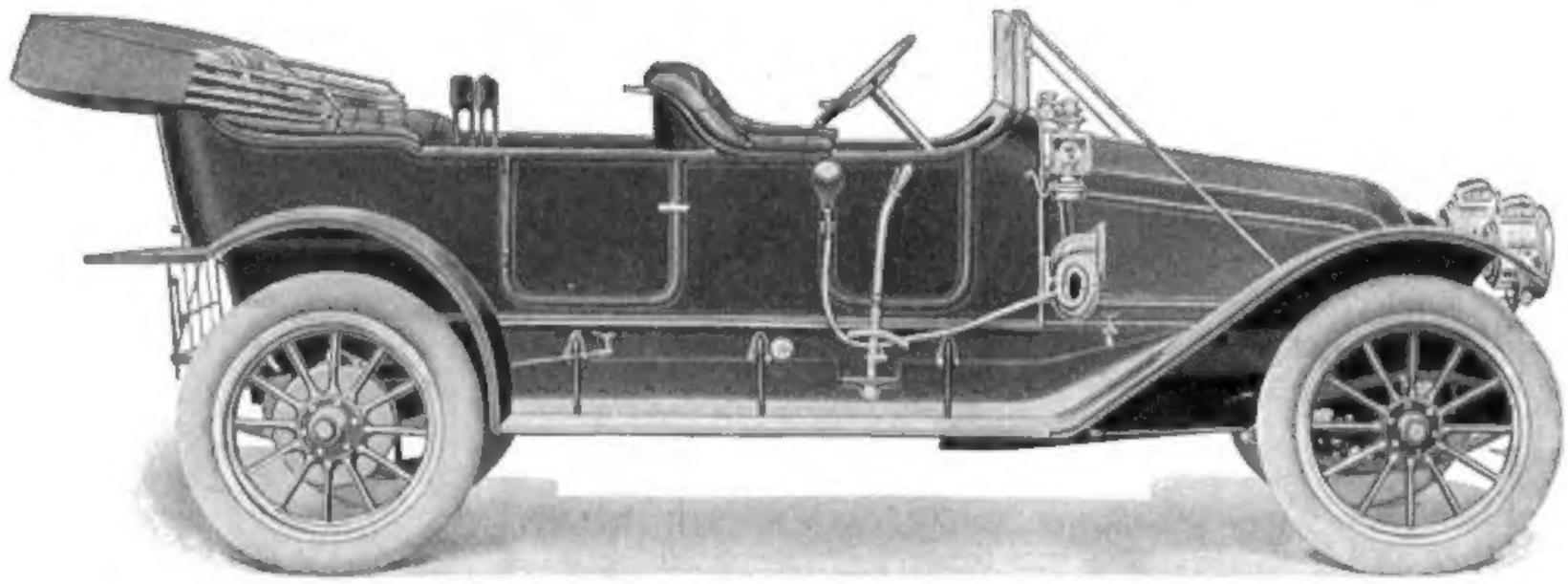

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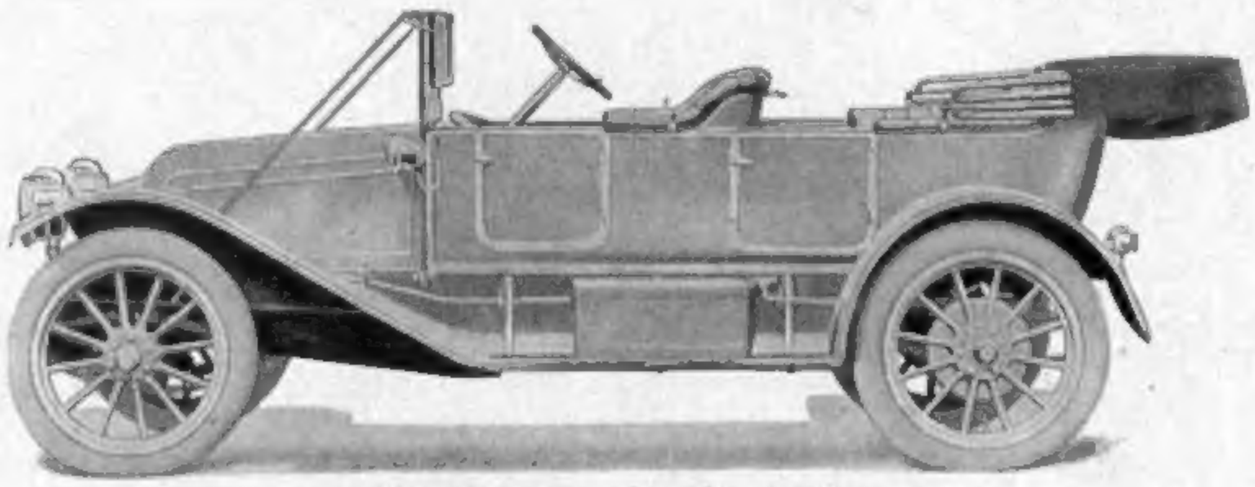
No strut or reach rods.	Strut and reach rods.
Control by throttle lever.	Control necessitates both throttle and spark lever.

Franklin air cooling is the ideal system for an automobile engine; it presents the greatest latitude of operation; it affords the lightest, simplest construction. It does all that water cooling can do, and more. The extra service it gives makes it superior to all other cooling systems.

To set forth in detail all the advantages of Franklin air cooling over water cooling would require another page, but the features which are bound to decide you are: Simplicity, freedom from attention, independence of climate and weather conditions, reliability, there being nothing to break down, and a higher thermo-dynamic efficiency.



Double torpedo-phaeton

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